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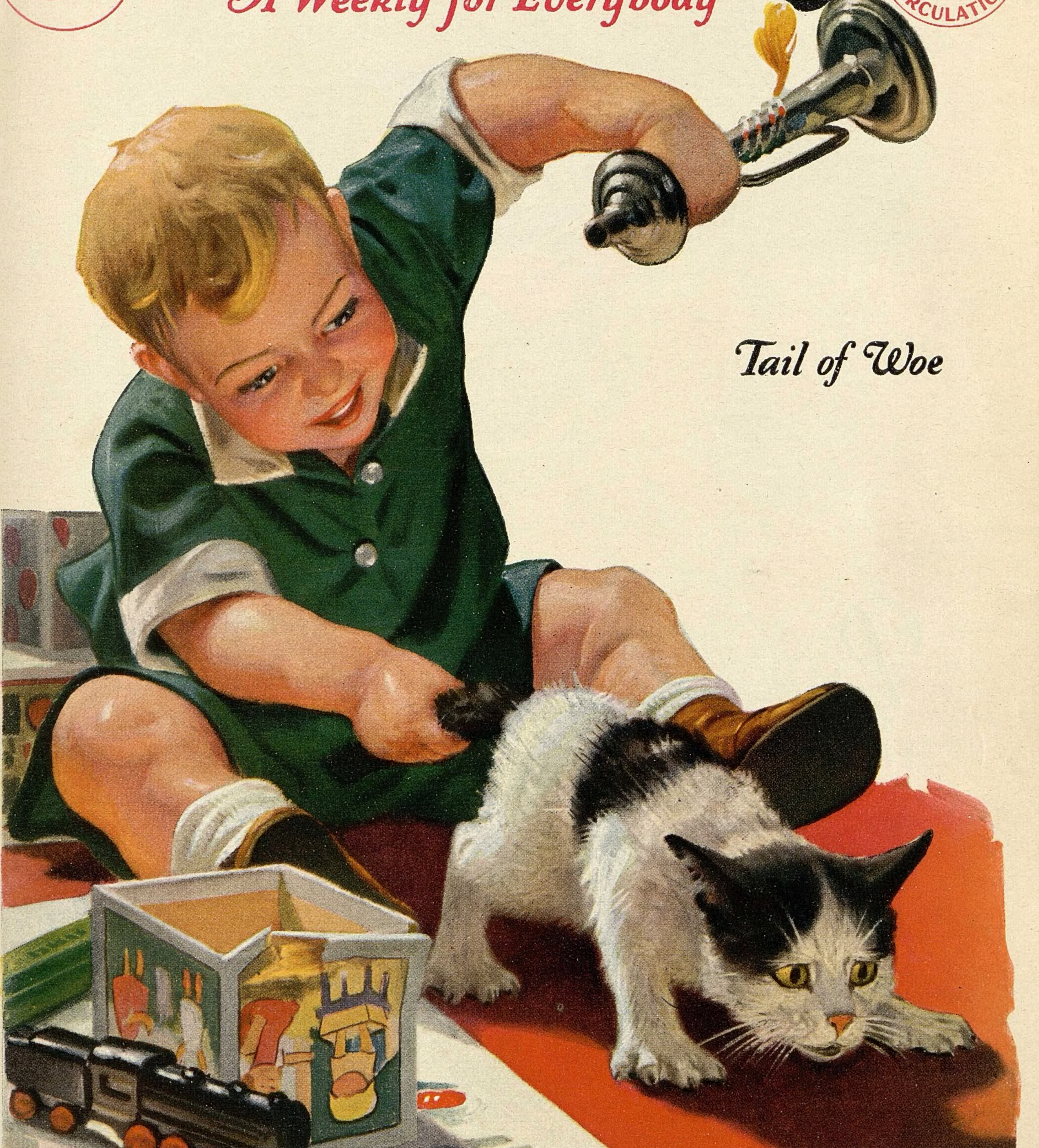
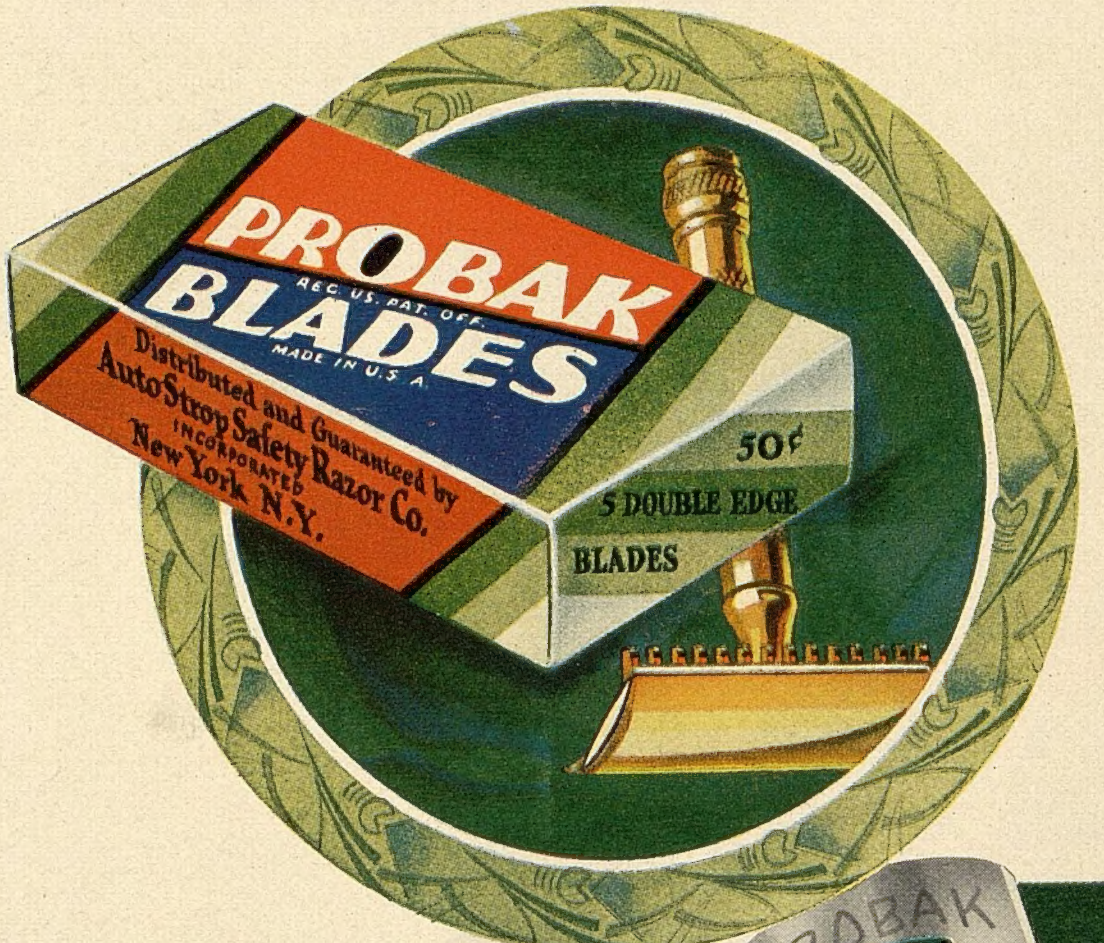

Leslie
Thrasher

Tail of Woe

Beginning **THE DIAMOND EYE** *by* **Edward Doherty**

THE BLADE WITH BUTTERFLY CHANNELING AND THE BUTTERFLY TOUCH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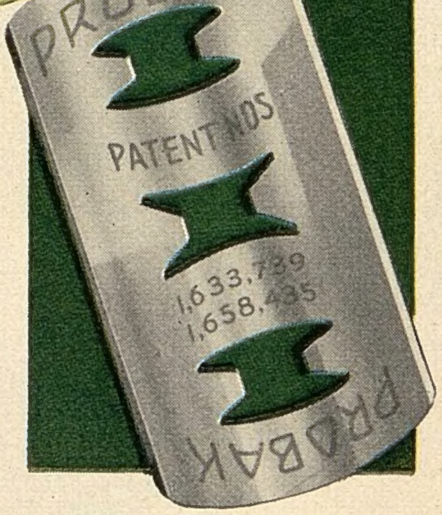
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PROBAK

Fathers and Mothers

Read every word on this page revealing the cold bare facts on exposing children's knees in winter

GREAT authorities on bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble deplore the present fad for children to go without long stockings during the Fall or Winter and thus be submitted to the insidious chilling which can come from exposing the knees. By following this fad, parents are not hardening growing children but taking a cruel chance with them, risking their very health, and sometimes wrecking a whole life of happiness. Read what some of these world-known authorities have told us. Their names are not published in accordance with their wishes, but are on file. Their advice will coincide with that of your own doctor. Ask him.

Expert Opinion

"I think it's a crime. You don't know what pelvic or kidney troubles you are developing. Chilling always brings about congestion and that induces infection. It's a great crime, a pitiful crime, not to cover children's knees."

* * *

"Doctors have noticed that among girls who are dressed scantily according to the present style, there is an increase in cases of cystitis (inflammation of the bladder) which is thought to be directly due to chilling the lower parts of the body."

* * *

"When mothers bring their children to me, I advise covering the knees because I'd rather err on the side of safety for the child."

* * *

"It's a question that has concerned us here for a long time (at a famous hospital for children). I don't think that fat children or under-weight children should be dressed with exposed knees in cold weather. Fat children have the least resistance to the cold. They are the first ones to go under—they have low metabolism, you see. Under-weight children are next least able to withstand cold. Both of these classes of children should be protected."

* * *

"Bare knees in damp or cold weather presuppose to arthritis. People have enough trouble in their knees without exposing them to any more."

* * *

"In summer time it may be fine for children to have bare knees because sunlight is always good for the skin, but in temperate climate there is not enough value in winter sunshine to make exposure worth while."

* * *

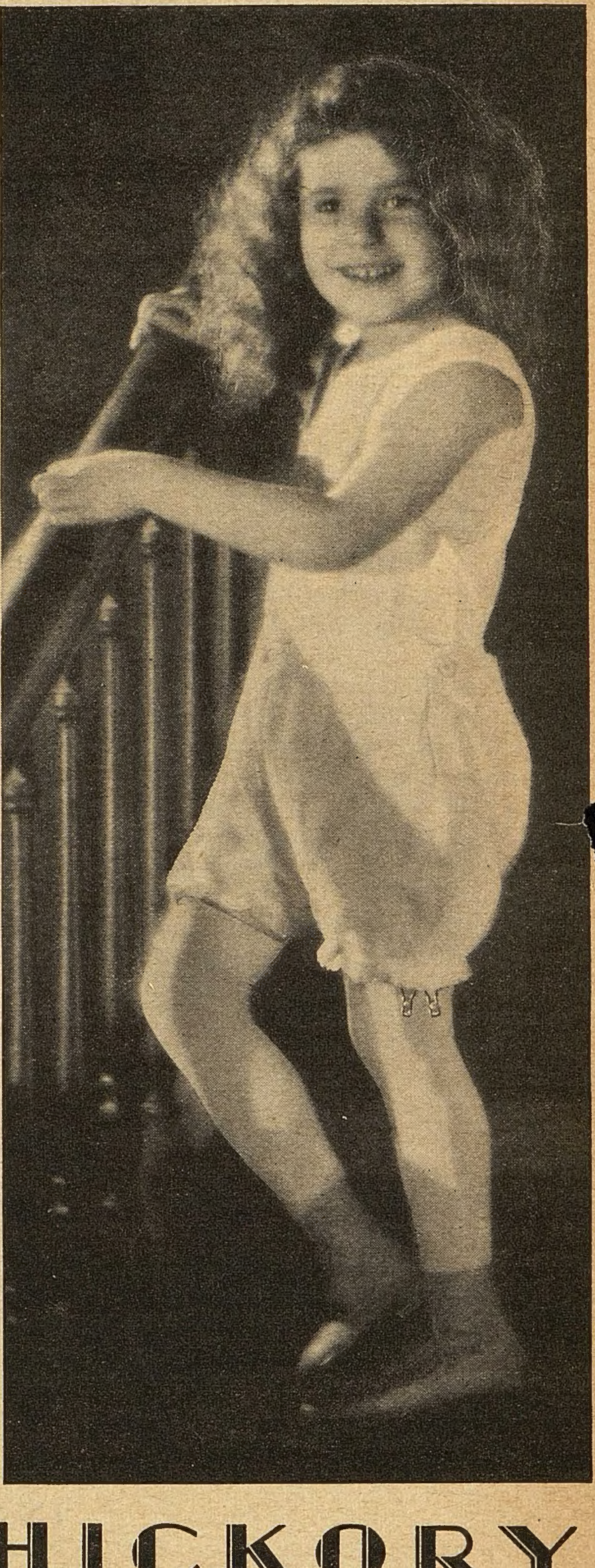
"By analogy the argument is reasonable that exposure of the knees or upper limbs makes a lowered resistance that conduces to bladder infection (the bladder being a very delicate membranous part in which bacilli can work much as they do in the nose membranes). Then it probably lowers the bars for any number of other infections of nose, throat or lungs, and might give tuberculosis a start."

* * *

Long Stockings Help Keep Them Well

HICKORY GARTERS keep stockings snug and smooth

Since bare knees at this time of year can work such tragic things with children's health, as some of the greatest authorities on arthritis, bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble will attest, surely parents cannot afford to take the chance of not giving children the simple protection of long stockings. Better be safe than sorry. And, see that the stockings are held properly and neatly in place with HICKORY GARTERS of real live rubber. Made to last—of genuine Hickory Elastic (the same as you buy by the yard). At your favorite notion department; Hickory Garters, 25c and more.



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A Weekly for Everybody

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> *“Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.” —Stephen Decatur.*

GIVE A THOUGHT TO RUSSIA

This editorial is written a fortnight before Christmas.

We opened our paper yesterday to read that the Russian soviet government this year was making a more concerted effort than ever before to do away with all thought or celebration of Christmas. The giving of presents was to be banned as rigorously as possible and wherever it could be done the practice of going to church Christmas morning was to be prevented—by force if necessary.

We read that yesterday. Today we picked up the morning paper and read a proposal from one of the commissioners in soviet Russia to break as far as possible all connection between mother and child. At an age when a child couldn't tell one woman from another, it would be taken from its parents, under this plan, and sent where it would never have a chance of recognizing an individual mother.

During the past few months numerous dispatches have appeared telling of executions of kulaks, or “rich” peasants (each farmer with more than one horse or two oxen being classed as a kulak), by the soviets in Russia because the kulaks had resisted attempts to take their lands away from them and make them parts of the communal state farms.

When the communists obtained control it was predicted that their scheme was so contrary to human nature that it couldn't last long. And in truth it did not last long in Germany or Italy or Hungary, where it prevailed for a short time.

But it has lasted in Russia.

Now the dictators of that vast country not only are intent on taking property away from all the people—and of course the possession of private property is the steam which runs our social system—but in addition to that they propose to extirpate from the human mind and heart as we know it the deepest emotional sentiments of mankind.

When we think what Christmas means to us in this country, we cannot understand people who would remove that experience from each year's history. And again, when we consider our own mothers, or our own children, as the case may be—for in childhood, at least in the experience of most of us, mother-love is the profoundest thing we know—that a group of rulers should be bent on annihilating the love of mother and child is something we simply don't understand.

As a matter of fact, we can interject that we don't believe they can possibly succeed in their project of destroying mother-and-child affection, for the protection given the child by the mother goes very deep down and very far back. There are few animals above the rank of turtles or crocodiles that don't look out for their young.

It seems to us that this plan of the soviets is contrary not only to human nature, but to all nature itself.

However, be that as it may, it is in accord with the teachings of Marx and Engels that the family be broken up, because it makes for bourgeois morality. Yet it actually is the mainspring that makes most men work after satisfying their immediate needs, and prevents them from dissipating or idling. As is well known, most men in “ he towns ” without family life blow their hard won earnings on frowzy dance halls and frowzy women.

These things are closely intertwined with the matter of private ownership of farm lands.

We believe there is an analogy between the rearing of a child and the rearing of a farm. Running a farm isn't a job like running a train up the track and back. What you do to a farm this year—as in the case of what you do to a child—shows next year, and the next.

If you serve it and fertilize it and cultivate it, it produces abundantly. If you don't, you have weeds and not crops.

To be rightly tended, it seems to us, a farm must be owned—just as a child must be owned if it is to have proper rearing. The Russians have set themselves against what we believe to be the nature of true agriculture, as they have set themselves against the nature of children and mothers and animals and all sentient life.

Next week, in Liberty, there will be an interesting article by Lorimer Hammond, called “Tak,” which tells the actual experiences of a kulak family on a farm in Russia under the new regime. Watch for it and see if you do not find it illuminating.

It becomes increasingly our conviction that between systems of thought so utterly opposed as those of soviet Russia and our own country, some form of conflict is at last inevitable.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

If YOU WERE Down and Out

AND I agreed to start you in a big, new, money-making business of your own—RIGHT AT HOME—IN YOUR SPARE TIME—a business in which I have helped other ambitious men and women DOUBLE, TRIPLE and QUADRUPLE their earnings, would you jump at it? You BET YOU WOULD!

Well, you may not be down and out. But if you are earning A CENT LESS than $100 a week—$5,000 a year—here is your chance to break into real estate MY WAY—build a big-profit business of your own—and make more money than you ever made before. My free book tells the whole story. Get it now!

From Failure to Success

I like to get hold of the down-hearted—the discouraged—the "has beens" and the "also-rans." It gives me a big "kick"—a real thrill—every time I help a man or woman who felt they were failures. It's easy enough to make successful men more successful. But give me the man who is struggling along—trying to make both ends meet—who has never had a real "look-in" on business success. The most fun I get out of life is turning such men into happy, contented, prosperous, independent business men. And I'm doing it right along! There's E. G. Baum, past 50, lost his job as bookkeeper, sick, discouraged, down-hearted. I got Baum started and he cleaned up $8,000 his first year. And W. A. Rush. He landed in a city in Ohio with his wife and only $50 in his pocket. He started to use my successful Real Estate System and writes me that he now has his own home, a new closed car and "more money than I had when I landed here!" Send for my free book. Learn how I am helping others—and how I can help you—win big business success.

New Lives for Old

I teach ambitious men and women my way of making big money in the Real Estate Business, without previous experience. I give them new lives for old. I transform them from low-salaried employees to successful employers—in business for themselves—independent—prosperous—contented—men and women from 21 to 79—from all walks of life—former mill-hands, clerks, railroad men, barbers, hotel employees, grocers, salesmen, bookkeepers, teachers, ministers, printers, musicians, insurance solicitors, etc., etc. Take "Bill" Dakin for example. He worked for fifty years in a New York steel plant. Never had any schooling to speak of. Never had any real-estate experience. Bill jumped at my offer. Writes me that last month he earned $1,125 my way.

Write for a free copy of my book today. Learn how wide-awake men and women are changing their jobs—trading old lives for new—with my System for Becoming a Real Estate Specialist. Address President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. AA66, 205 East 42 St., New York.

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The new Valet is made with conscientious care for the most discriminating class of safety razor users. Triple-hardened, Valetite-processed steel is finished to a micro-edge by an automatic machine method that assures a degree of uniformity impossible to attain by the usual process of manufacture. Every blade passes before a magnifying mirror that makes the slightest imperfection look mountain sized. This individual inspection assures unvarying quality.

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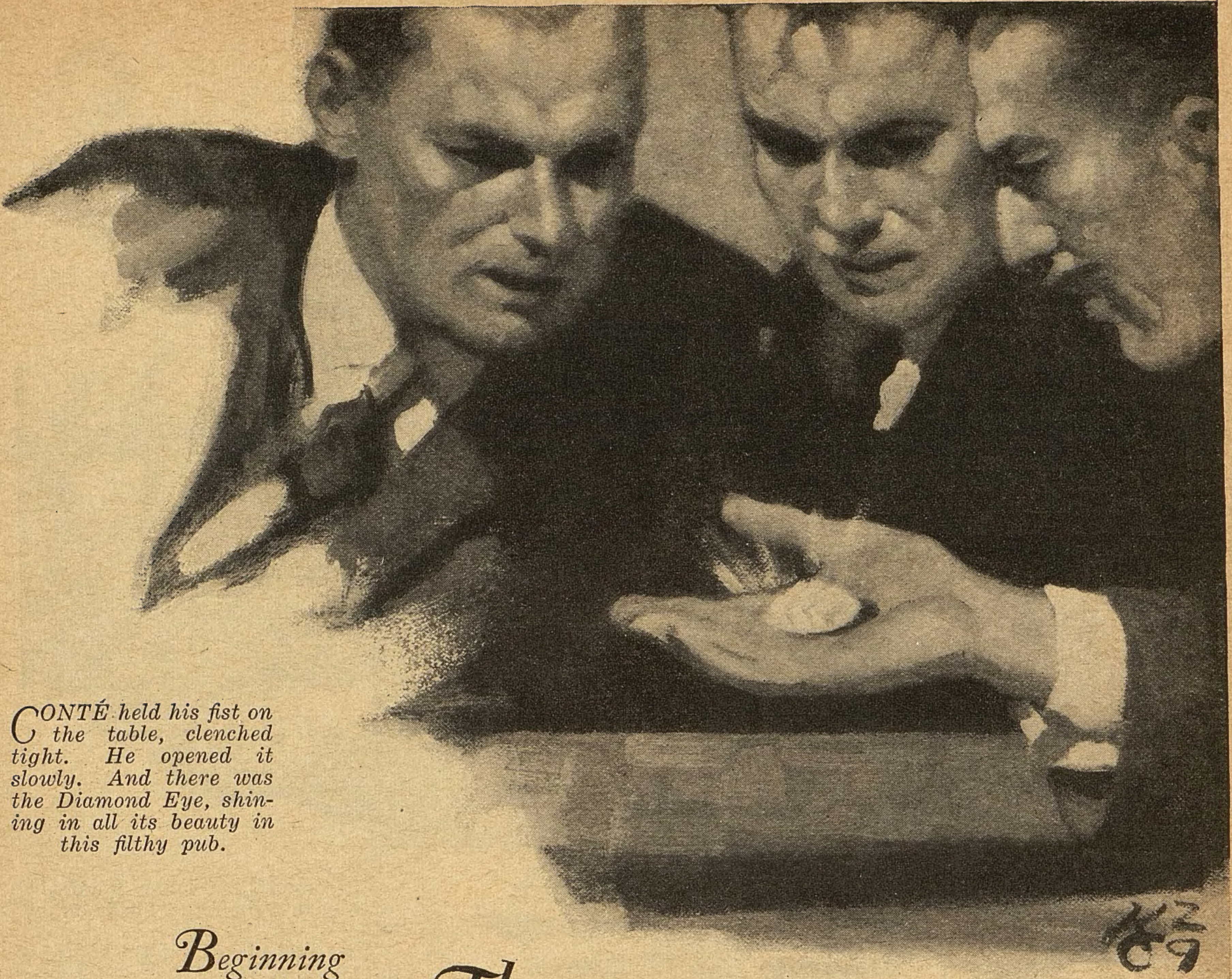


CONTÉ held his fist on the table, clenched tight. He opened it slowly. And there was the Diamond Eye, shining in all its beauty in this filthy pub.

Beginning

The Diamond Eye

A Romance of the Jewel Smugglers

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

who, in this story, has utilized the knowledge of smuggling which he acquired in a recent investigation for Liberty. You will remember his "Murders on the Roof," serialized in this magazine and subsequently one of the Crime Club novels. He has been a reporter and editor on various Chicago and New York newspapers.

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

HE stood outside the door of the Crown and Bull, where patrons coming in or going out must bump into him, and at times he raised his voice in song.

He was a most unromantic figure, you would have said, had you chanced to see him. There was a cardboard sign that hung from a cord around his neck. "I am blind," it lied.

His eyes were covered with thick rounded lenses, and his body with clothes that were almost as old and worn as his songs. He held a tin cup in his left hand, and a heavy cane in his right.

But you could see him only in the event of your colliding with him, and hardly then—for the fog, thick and yellow and pungent with the smoke of all the chimneys of great London, hid him well. Even his voice was dimmed by the fog, blended with the sounds of horses' hoofs, iron wheels, auto sirens, the shifting of gears, the cries of street hawkers and the vendors of newspapers: "D'ily M'il 'ere. Litest bulleting—the King!"

It was early in the December of 1928, and the King lay ill in Buckingham Palace, spoiling the Christmas trade even for old blind beggars.

But Dick Clarke was neither blind nor poor. He did not sing for profit. He sang to attract attention and to forget a girl. Knowing that, you may begin to see some romance in him. He stood in the doorway, waiting for one particular face to come swimming toward him out of the fog, waiting for the sight of a diamond more costly than navies, waiting for adventure, now that love was dead.

Dick Clarke was an agent of the United States Treasury. His work was to ferret out diamond smugglers in Europe, and for weeks he had been looking for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page seven]

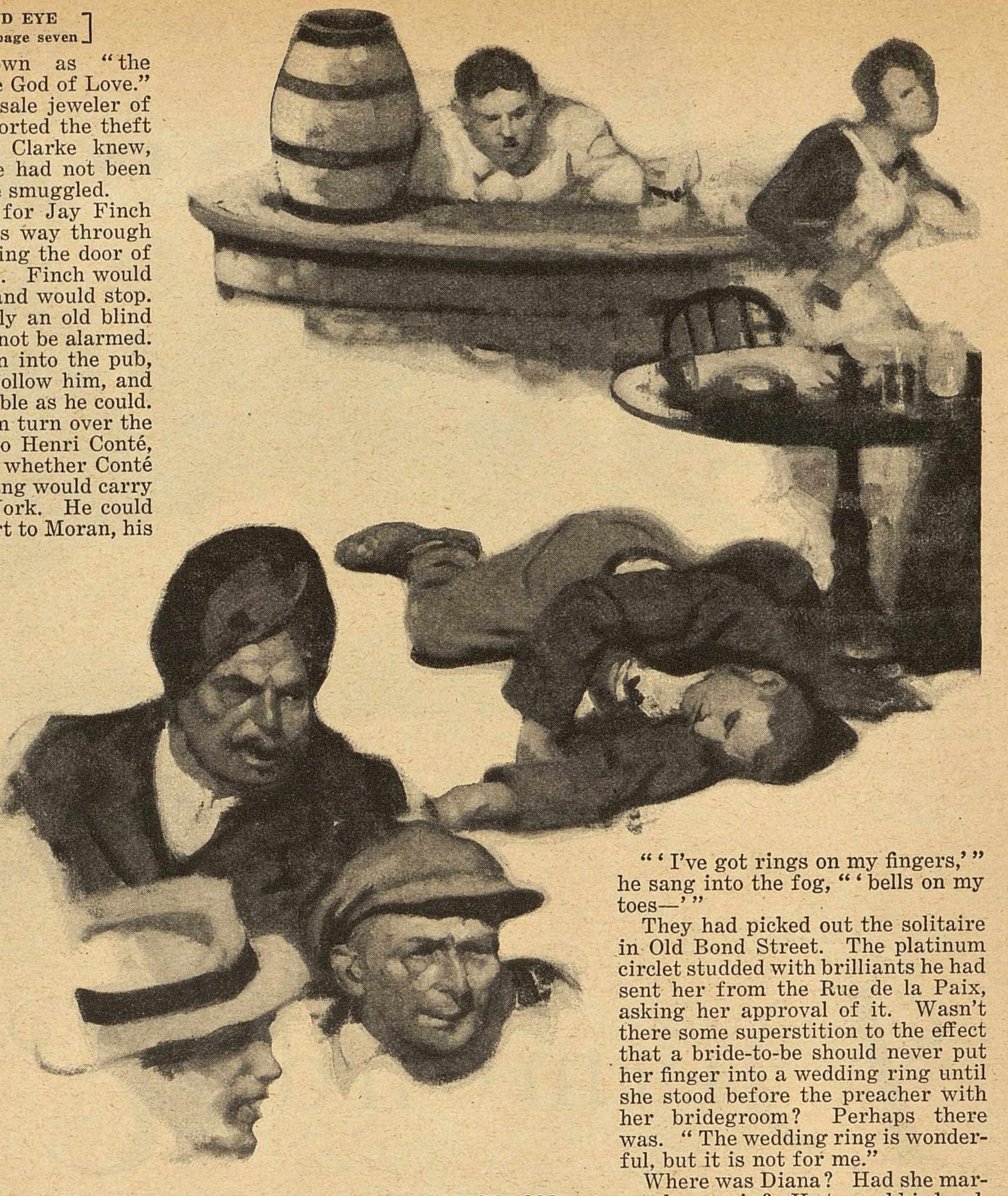
the diamond known as "the Diamond Eye of the God of Love."

Jay Finch, wholesale jeweler of New York, had reported the theft of the stone—but Clarke knew, now, that the stone had not been stolen. It was to be smuggled.

He was waiting for Jay Finch to come groping his way through this cloud-fog, seeking the door of the Crown and Bull. Finch would hear him singing, and would stop. He would see merely an old blind beggar. He would not be alarmed.

He would pass on into the pub, and Clarke would follow him, and sit as near to his table as he could. He would watch him turn over the fabulous diamond to Henri Conté, and he would learn whether Conté or one of Conté's gang would carry the stone to New York. He could then make his report to Moran, his chief. Moran would cable New York, and a week or so later the diamond would be found, the smuggler would be put in jail, the stone might be confiscated.

And after he had made his report to Moran, Dick Clarke could shed his beggar's rags, and call on Diana—if he wished.



HE was alert, eager for danger—there is always danger in trailing smugglers—yet he daydreamed of the girl. He imagined her coming through the fog, listening to his voice singing the songs they once had sung together. He would see her. He would reach out and take her hand. He would ask her why she had sent back his rings. No, he would let her go. He would say nothing to her. She would go out of his life— Would go? She had already gone.

The rings were in a tiny box in his vest pocket, and the note she had written was wrapped about them.

DEAREST DICK [the note said]: The wedding ring is wonderful, but it is not for me. You will find some other girl who will be proud to wear it. Oh, I would be proud too, Dick, so very proud—but I have found someone who loves me more than you do. Forgive me, but it will not hurt so much as it might have, long ago. Wish me happiness, my dear.

DIANA.

He had found the note and the rings that morning when he arrived at his bachelor rooms in Mayfair, but they had been mailed a week ago, when he was in Antwerp, watching Conté. What had happened to Diana in that week? Who was the man who loved her so much? Probably some chap who needed her. Diana was like that. She loved the poor shivering homeless dogs she found on the street, rather than the pedigreed hounds in her father's kennels. A scrawny alley cat had, for her, more appeal than a blue-ribbon Angora.

"'I've got rings on my fingers,'" he sang into the fog, "'bells on my toes—'"

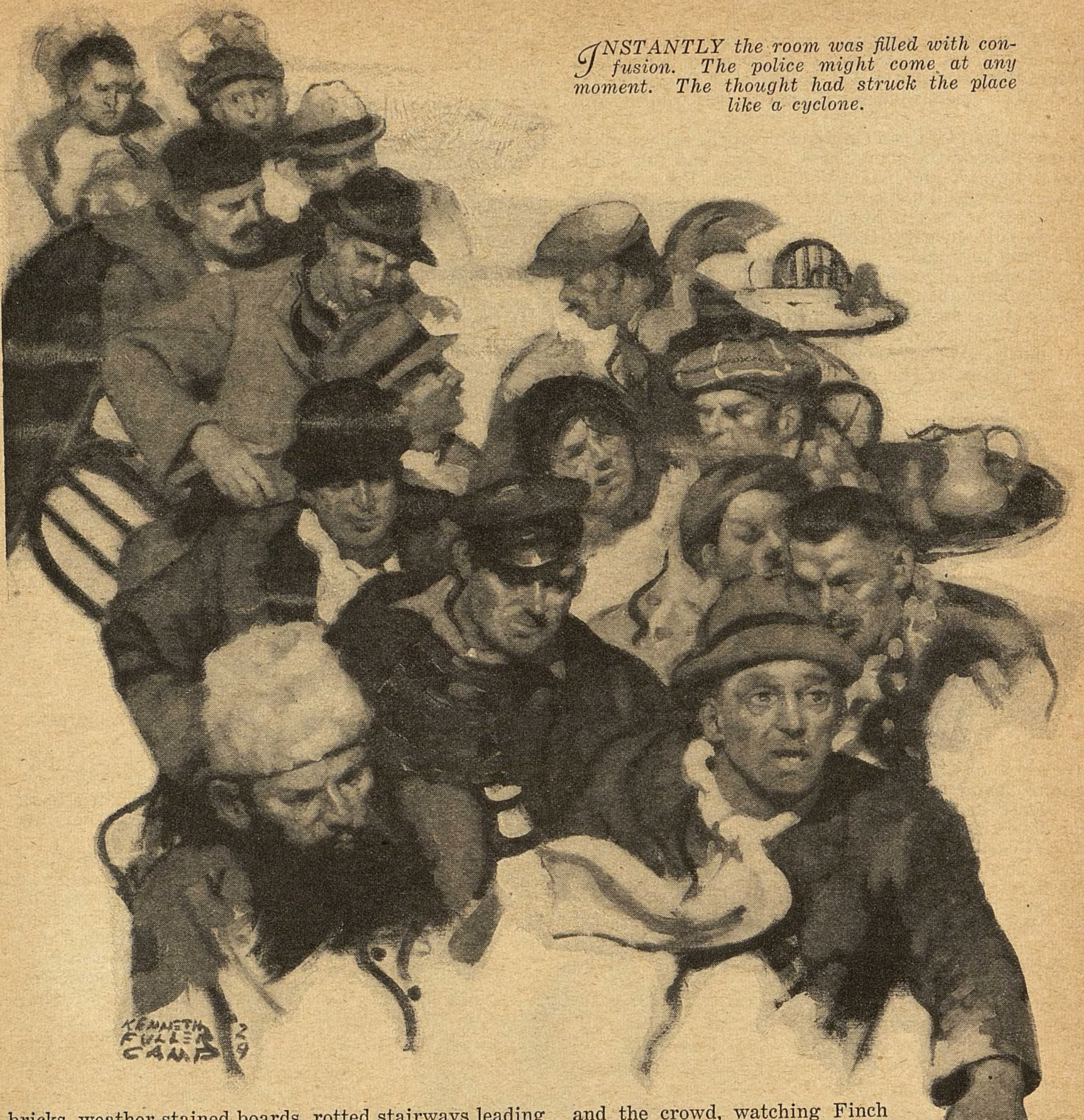
They had picked out the solitaire in Old Bond Street. The platinum circlet studded with brilliants he had sent her from the Rue de la Paix, asking her approval of it. Wasn't there some superstition to the effect that a bride-to-be should never put her finger into a wedding ring until she stood before the preacher with her bridegroom? Perhaps there was. "The wedding ring is wonderful, but it is not for me."

Where was Diana? Had she married? Would he ever see her again? He turned his head, to right, to left, looked into the fog as though he would search it for her face. Two fingers of the hand that held the tin cup pressed the little bulge in his vest, the bulge that hid the diamonds.

"Women and diamonds," he thought, "diamonds and women—they go together. Hard diamonds. Soft women. Brilliant diamonds. Dull women. Flawless diamonds—Diana was flawless and brilliant and many-faceted—but some other woman would be proud to wear his diamonds."

In this narrow dirty lane, this Hatton Garden, this diamond market of the world, he mused, were diamonds out of Africa, diamonds out of the factories in Antwerp and Versailles and Amsterdam, rubies from Burma, pearls from India, lapis lazuli, jade, emeralds, malachite, opals, garnets, sapphires, each and every one of them destined for some woman. He laughed—stopped in the middle of his song and laughed. He knew some diamonds that never would grace another woman's hands.

One might walk this street on a clear day and look at little heaps of precious stones in the front windows of jewelry stores, and be depressed. One would find the brightest diamonds dull in these shabby stores, the opals without fire, the pearls without luster, the rubies without charm. He would see plaster falling from blackened



INSTANTLY the room was filled with confusion. The police might come at any moment. The thought had struck the place like a cyclone.

bricks, weather-stained boards, rotted stairways leading to damp, dark basements, filth on the sidewalks and the street, ragged and unkempt and despondent people passing by.

But today the fog hid all the squalor, and a man might walk this street and whisper to himself, " I am walking through a field of jewels! "

LOVE was a fog. Dick Clarke was glad that love was dead. A figure loomed suddenly in front of him. A wet, heavy, black rubber object crashed into him. A dim unreal face peered into his—a fat red face with fog-beaded eyelashes. And for some little time the face of Diana bothered Dick Clarke not at all.

" I beg your pardon," said the misty jowled face. " In this fog—"

" Roight-ho, mitey," Clarke answered in his best cockney. " No 'arm done."

" Is this the Cock and Bull? "

It was Finch's face, Finch's voice.

" Roight-ho! The Crown and Bull, sir."

Finch laughed, and vanished; reappeared in the open door, painted against the light. Clarke threw his tin cup into the street, and followed. He stood inside the door for a moment, tapping with his cane, studying the place and the crowd, watching Finch walk to the table where Conté sat, and the blonde woman, and the three dark men who were evidently Greeks.

The tables surrounded a U-shaped bar—dirty tables innocent of cloths. There was sawdust on the floor and cracks in the ceiling. There were yellow signs on the yellowed walls: " Good Old Ale 4d." " Rabbit Broth." " Sausages (2) Toad in the Hole." " Steak and Kidney Pie." On the rum-colored bar were barrels and kegs, bottles and siphons, beer pumps served by a frowzy barmaid in a near-white apron, glasses and mugs, plates of stew, cups of steaming coffee, and the elbows of ill-used women and men.

The room was full of smells and talk and faces: hawk faces in light and shadow, greedy faces, whiskered faces, faces full of treachery and food.

There was the high shrill whine of the English, the gargle of Germans and Belgians and Africanders and Dutch, the rapid singing lingo of Latins. There was the smell of cabbage and of beer and of mutton stew and gin.

Clarke tapped his way through the sawdust—a devious

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page nine

path that gave him opportunities to study the faces of turbaned Indians, Levantines in shiny serge, slim blond Swedes, thick-bearded Poles, thick-fisted Russians, fat and untidy women, women with mustaches, women with pasts.

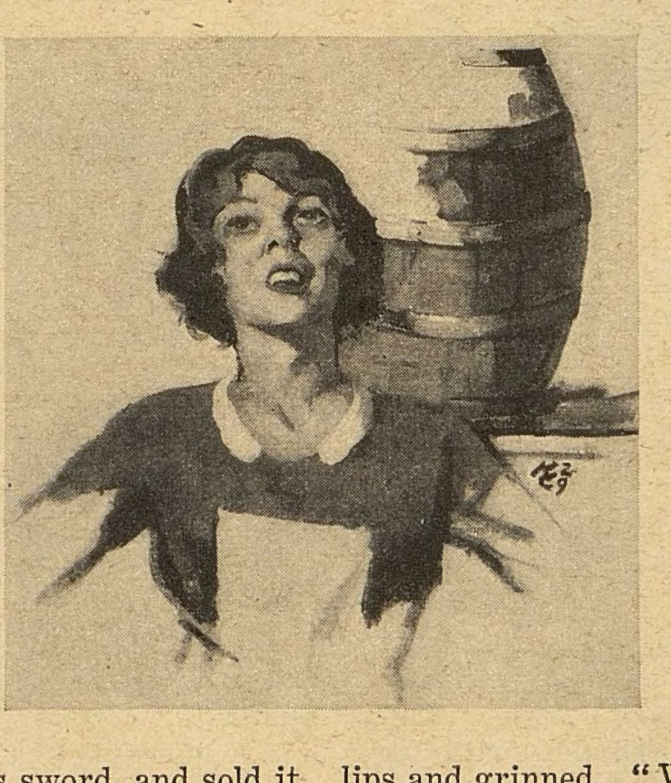
His cane led him to an empty chair at the table next to that occupied by the smugglers. He sat, and folded his arms, and waited and listened and looked. Presently, he knew, Finch would display the Diamond Eye of the God of Love. If he gave it to Conté, Clarke's task would be finished. If he gave it to the blonde—but somehow Clarke didn't think he would.

The blonde was young and beautiful. Yet there was something hard about her, something fierce and untamed. Even when she smiled she seemed none the less dangerous. She was dressed in oilskins. Strands of bright hair shone under the broad brim of her sou'wester.

Clarke had seen her once before, on the boat with Conté—"the boat from the 'Ook o' 'Olland to the ''Arrich' dock." He had overheard her making this rendezvous for Finch. She had spoken in English to Conté—English with no foreign accent. She was probably an American, Clarke thought. He had an idea that he might have seen her picture in some American newspaper.

She was smiling at Conté, but there was no friendliness in the smile. Conté's hands were fluttering uneasily over a glittering patch on the gravy-and-beer-stained table. They made Clarke think of a pair of chicken hawks hovering over a barnyard. Conté was talking to the Greeks, but Clarke could not hear his voice. Nor could he read the man's lips, for the heads of the Greeks bobbed up and down, up and down, so that he could see the little smuggler's face only in flashes—glimpses of his black pig-eyes, glimpses of his gray mustache points, glimpses of his rodent teeth.

Conté parceled out the diamonds, shoved some in front of each of the bobbing heads, kept adding to them from the central pile. He was, Clarke surmised, intrusting his own diamonds to the Greeks. Clarke had seen Conté buy those stones in Antwerp. He knew, now, that Conté would have the Greeks smuggle them into New York. He would carry nothing but Finch's Diamond Eye. It seemed strange to Clarke that Finch, shrewd crook that he was, should trust so wonderful a gem to Conté. But then he had to trust someone. He didn't dare smuggle it himself.



THE diamond had once gleamed from the forehead of Shiva, the god of love, and millions of humble people had worshiped it, believing it brought love to the beholder. That was the legend.

It had once graced the peacock throne of Aurungzebe, the Great Mogul, at Delhi. Kings had been murdered for it. Wars had been fought for it. Beggars had held it, and soldiers, and bishops, and courtesans, and queens.

It had been sewn into the altar cloth in Westminster Abbey, to praise God and to shine on the tombs of kings. One of Cromwell's men had ripped it out with his sword, and sold it for a night of love. A self-made emperor had lost it at Waterloo. A Russian empress had given it to a courtier. A Portuguese king had had it recut in Amsterdam not quite a hundred years ago, and had given it to a dancing girl. Jay Finch had had it smuggled out of Russia, and had paid half a million francs to the smuggler.

Jay Finch, the fence for most of the diamond smugglers of the world, the fat American multimillionaire, had bought it for Poppy Brooks, his latest whim. And, because it was against his principles to pay duty on it, and because he did not care to have his wife and daughter know he had bought it for Poppy, he reported to the American Treasury office in Paris that it had been stolen.

Clarke had suspected Conté was the thief, and had followed him for weeks, sometimes as a French sailor in wooden shoes, sometimes as a one-armed beggar in uniform—Europe is full of one-armed men since the war—sometimes as a Cape Town diamond trader with a beard and a thirst for rum. It was not until he had overheard the blonde talking to Conté on the boat that he knew Finch had lied when he said the stone was stolen.

A waitress flicked Clarke's elbow with the free end of a dirty cloth, and pretended to wipe the table. He ordered beer.

Conté was still dividing his heap of brilliants, but Finch was becoming restive. He looked at his wrist watch, and exclaimed that it was getting late. He reached into his trousers pocket, and then shook hands with Conté. Clarke knew positively, now, that he was on the right trail. Conté had the Diamond Eye. Conté would carry it.

CONTÉ held his fist on the table, clenched tight. He opened it slowly. And there was the Diamond Eye, shining in all its beauty in this filthy pub, and five men and a woman lowering their faces to it, drunk with the sight of it!

There was no danger, it seemed. There were diamonds at all the other tables, and men and women bending over them, absorbed in them, buying and selling, arguing, haggling. Nobody would look up to see the glittering Diamond Eye—nobody but the old blind man at the next table.

The stone was shaped like an eye. It was bigger than the Koh-i-noor. It was bigger than the Great Mogul. It was almost as big as the Cullinan. It was pure fire. It blazed. It glowed. It seemed to light up the entire room. It—

A woman screamed. Clarke looked up involuntarily, startled.

He saw a waitress holding a mug of beer over Conté's head. She was clutching at her left side. Her face was white under her loose red hair. Her protruding teeth gibbered and danced. A strawberry stain, horribly noticeable, marked the back of her right hand.

"Look out!" Conté cried, half rising in his chair. The beer was falling in his face. He sputtered, wiped it off with his hand. The blonde shoved back her chair angrily. Finch gasped and leaned back. The waitress stumbled, crashed against the rising Conté, caught at the table with her left hand.

Her ungainly feet tripped Conté. The table overturned under the girl's weight. She fell on Conté. The diamonds, cups, glasses, bowls, gravy, and ale went slithering to the floor. The edge of the table banged against the back of Conté's head, and pushed his face into the sawdust.

The waitress rose quickly, looking down on the frantic Greeks and the blonde and the lardy multimillionaire digging in the sawdust for treasure, and at the struggling, kicking, blaspheming Conté.

She wiped the sawdust from her lips and grinned. "Whoops!" she cried. "'In't we got fun!"

Clarke stared, lost to all movement and sound about him—stared until the girl had gone through the swinging door back of the bar. Her hands were like Diana Grant's. They made him see little pictures of Diana.

His hands touched the little box in his vest pocket.

Another woman screamed—and Clarke grew cold and weak. In looking at a woman's hands and remembering Diana, he had forgotten the Diamond Eye! Where was it? Why was the woman screaming? Was the diamond gone?

It was the blonde. She was on her knees, looking down at Conté. There was a score of men and women on their hands and knees all around her, combing the sawdust, sifting it through their fingers. They stopped, frozen in ludicrous attitudes, looking at the blonde and the figure lying at her knees.

Conté's legs had quit kicking. His arms were still. The sawdust about him was red, wet. Thin red streams crawled down his vest and over his coat. Wet sawdust clung to his eyebrows, his waxed mustache, the hair about his ears, the corners of his mouth. One cheek was soiled with it. The nostrils and the rodent teeth were filled with it. The eyes were open, glassy. Conté was dead.

"Murdered!" said the blonde woman.

It was very quiet in the Crown and Bull—for a breathing spell. But instantly the room was filled with confusion. The police might come at any moment. The thought had struck the place like a cyclone. Diamonds were snatched up—coats, hats, mufflers. Other tables overturned. Men and women—Finch and the blonde and the Greeks included—ran toward the doorway, jamming it, fighting, scrambling through.

Clarke sat at his table until the pack had gone, when he went quickly to the body. He tapped with his cane—for there were still a few barmaids to watch him. His cane felt something in the sawdust. He stooped and looked at it. It glittered. He thrust it quickly and carefully into his overcoat pocket, and tapped his way out through the door, into the concealing fog.

He had, perhaps, a clue to the slayer of Conté. But, he thought, if he had kept his wits about him, he would not have needed a clue. He would know who killed Conté and stole the Diamond Eye.

II

CLARKE walked slowly into Holborn Circus, elbowing his way through the fog. He threw away his stick. He rubbed the black off his teeth and the lines off his face. He threw away most of his nose. He hid the cardboard sign beneath his overcoat, and got into a cab.

Only when he had locked himself in his rooms in Mayfair did he examine the object he had picked up beside the dead.

It was a woman's garter: a black elastic circle, wide, with a silver clasp set with imitation diamonds that made the letter J. It was heavy, extraordinarily heavy. And it had been slit.

There had been a knife between this garter and some woman's leg. The woman was one of those who had gone on hands and knees to pick up the spilled diamonds, or she was the waitress who had fallen under the table with Conté. Unobserved she had raised one knee and snatched out her knife. Neatly and swiftly she had skewered her man. She had slit the garter when she pulled the knife. The garter had dropped. In her excitement she had not noticed.

Had she taken the diamond from Conté's hand? Why else should she kill him? Who was the woman? Evidently someone whose first or last name began with a J. That description, of course, might fit a million women in London. But there might be fingerprints on the buckle. Women didn't wear gloves while putting garters in place.

He went to the telephone and called his chief. He must report that after all his weeks of patient work he had failed, but that he had a clue.

"Moran?" he said. "This is Clarke. Number Seventeen."

"Laid an egg, didn't you?" Moran growled. "Nasty business. Pack up quick."

"But—"

"See Harley at Waterloo at two o'clock. Good-by!"

Clarke hung up, bewildered and angry. How did the chief know? He must have had some other man in the Crown and Bull—someone Clarke had failed to recognize—someone not bothered with memories of a girl. This man must have told Moran all that had happened. Moran knew Clarke had bungled, and was getting rid of him.

Dick put on a new blue suit, arranged a blue silk handkerchief artistically in his coat pocket. Diana had given that handkerchief to him on his last birthday, but he wasn't going to throw it away. He took a melancholy pleasure in wearing it. He looked in the glass, fussing with the knot in his blue silk tie. He saw a tall, thin, light-haired, blue-eyed young man, flushed and freckled.

"Sap!" he said to the glass. "Damned sap!"

He began to pack. The rings bothered him. He felt like hurling them out of the window. They were the cause of all this humiliation. But—some other girl would get them. Some other sap would find them and give them to her. What did a man do with rings a girl sent back? Dick stuck them in his pocket.

. . . . .

HARLEY had little information for him.

"You're sailing on the Marantic for New York," he said, handing Clarke a roll of bills and the tickets.

"Sending me home in disgrace," Clarke thought.

"You're lucky at that," Harley said. "I got the last room they had. You'll have to share it, though. Moran's sending a guy named Gene Wood with you—a fellow he calls Four-U. I was supposed to get a stateroom for each of you—but there wasn't a chance."

"Wood," said Clarke. "I never heard of him."

"Me neither," Harley confessed; "but Moran's always trying out new punks. So long, you lucky stiff."

Clarke remembered, looking through the porthole in his stateroom hours later, that he had forgotten to tell Harley about the garter, or to ask him why Moran was sending him to New York. Perhaps he wasn't going home in disgrace. It didn't look that way, since he was to share his room with another operative. No, there was some other stunt he was to do. Wood would tell him all about it.

It was too bad he had to leave the Conté murder up in the air, too bad he couldn't put that garter to work for him, too bad he couldn't look up that clumsy barmaid, or follow Jay Finch and the blonde. He hated to leave cases up in the air. Still, orders were orders, and there was nothing to do but stay on the boat and wait for the coming of Wood—4-U.

He wondered, idly enough, what Diana would say when she learned that he had gone to New York without trying to see her. Not that it mattered. Nothing mattered.

The fog was thin. He could see through it. He could see misty people on the pier below, customs men, passport inspectors, porters hung with valises—like butchers covered with hams—passengers walking before the tables where the immigration men sat. He could see them walking toward the gangplank, melting into the mist. He wouldn't know Wood if he saw him, he decided, so he unpacked his clothes and prepared for bed.

He was taking off his coat when the door opened. He saw a girl, a slim young girl, a beautiful young girl in yellow.

At first he thought she was Diana, and, unable to stop himself, he started toward her. He thought he cried out her name, but no sound came from his lips. It wasn't Diana.

She looked like Diana, but she was lovelier, softer, finer cut. And her hair was black, not auburn. And her eyes were brown, not blue.

She stared at him in embarrassment and dismay.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page eleven

Back of her was the steward with her new tan bags, and the porter with her shiny new wardrobe trunk.

Was she moving in? This wasn't her room. Of course it wasn't.

She rushed toward him before he could speak, stretching out her arms to him. "Darling!" she cried. "Darling! Darling! Darling!"

Her voice was joyous, but her face was frightened. She threw herself on him, almost knocking him over, hugged him, kissed him on the cheek.

He could not avoid her, because his coat bound his arms. He could not push her away. He could not tell her she must be blind, because her cold little nose was pressed against his cheek, and she was whispering in his ear.

"Four-U," she was saying. "I'm Four-U."

He bent down, as though to kiss her neck, and whispered, "Maybe you are, but you can't stay here. Are you crazy? Do you know what you're doing?"

"Darling!" she cooed. "I was so afraid I'd miss the boat."

She hugged him again, and whispered, "I'm in danger. You must protect me." Again her voice was loud and happy. "Aren't you glad to see your little bride?"

"Frightfully," he lied, tipping the porter and the steward.

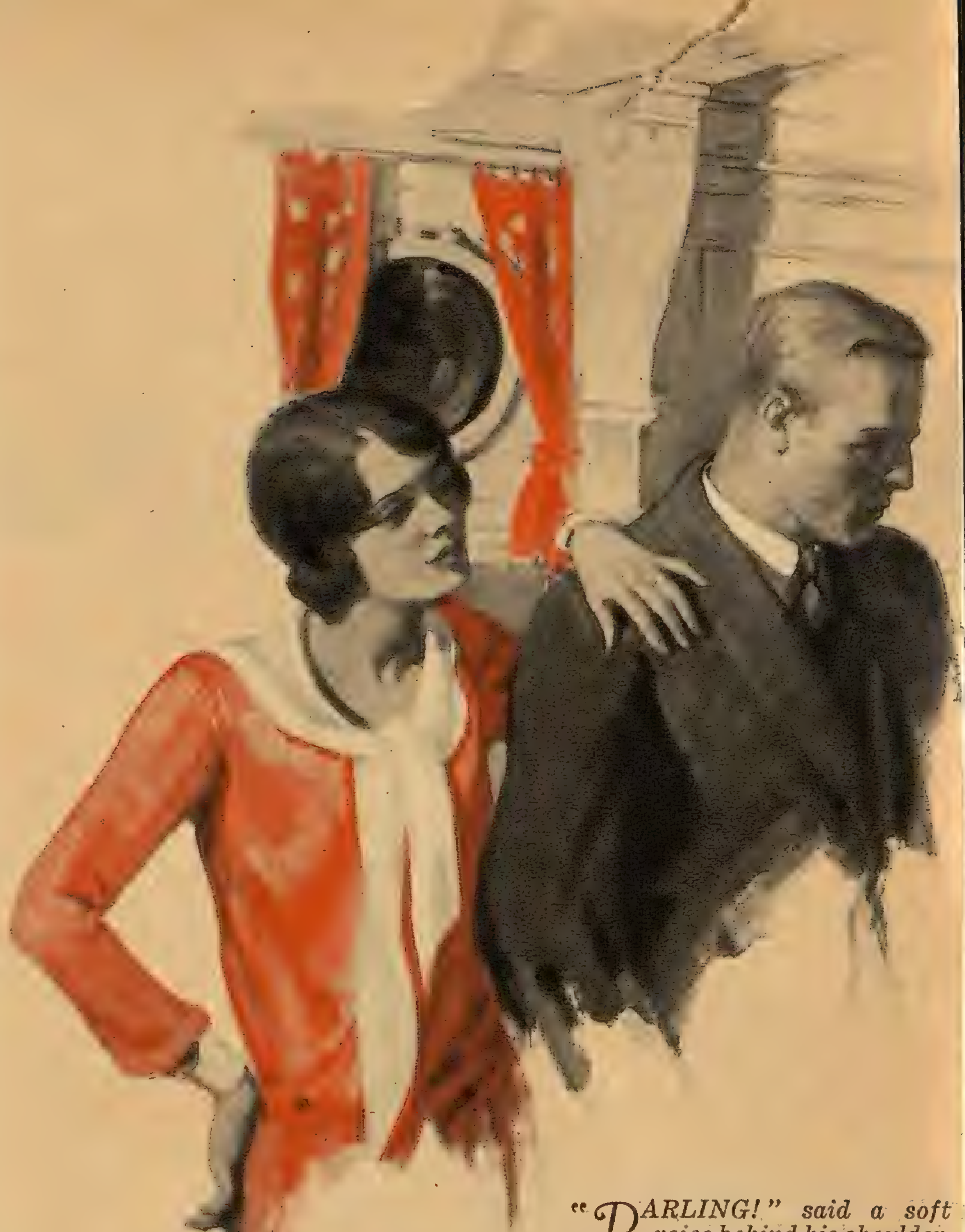
IF she wasn't a faker, he thought, that awful fool Harley had made an asinine mistake. He had bought the last stateroom available, and shoved them both into it. "Some new punk," he had said. "A guy named Gene Wood."

The girl released herself when the steward closed the door. Clarke adjusted his coat.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"Jean. Jean Wood. I'm sorry. I thought first it was the wrong room. But then I recognized you, and decided to make the best of it." She talked quickly, nervously, her gloved fingers playing with her orange scarf.

"You recognized me? I never saw you before."



"DARLING!" said a soft voice behind his shoulder. "Whatever is the matter?" She was in back of him, her left hand on his shoulder.

"Your misfortune," she said. "I'm crushed, naturally. I was Moran's secretary when you sent in that report from Harwich—or 'Arrich as the English pronounce it. I was his secretary when he sent you to Monte Carlo to pick up Conté. I borrowed your knife to sharpen a pencil. It was a gold knife, and you wanted it back, you said, because it was a gift from—"

"All right," he said quickly. "And Moran made a detective out of you, did he?"

"Yes. I'm Four-U. You know he thinks it's funny to call people One-Eight, or K-Nine, or C-Six, or B-Four." She handed him her credentials, an impish gleam in her eyes.

"O. K.," he said, after looking at them carefully. "But—of course we can't both stay here."

"But that's just the point. We must. In the first place, there isn't any other room, and both of us must stay on this boat. In the second place, I'm in danger, and it would be madness for me to stay alone. I must be with you—and we must pose as man and wife."

"What is the danger?"

"Conté."

"Conté? Impossible!"

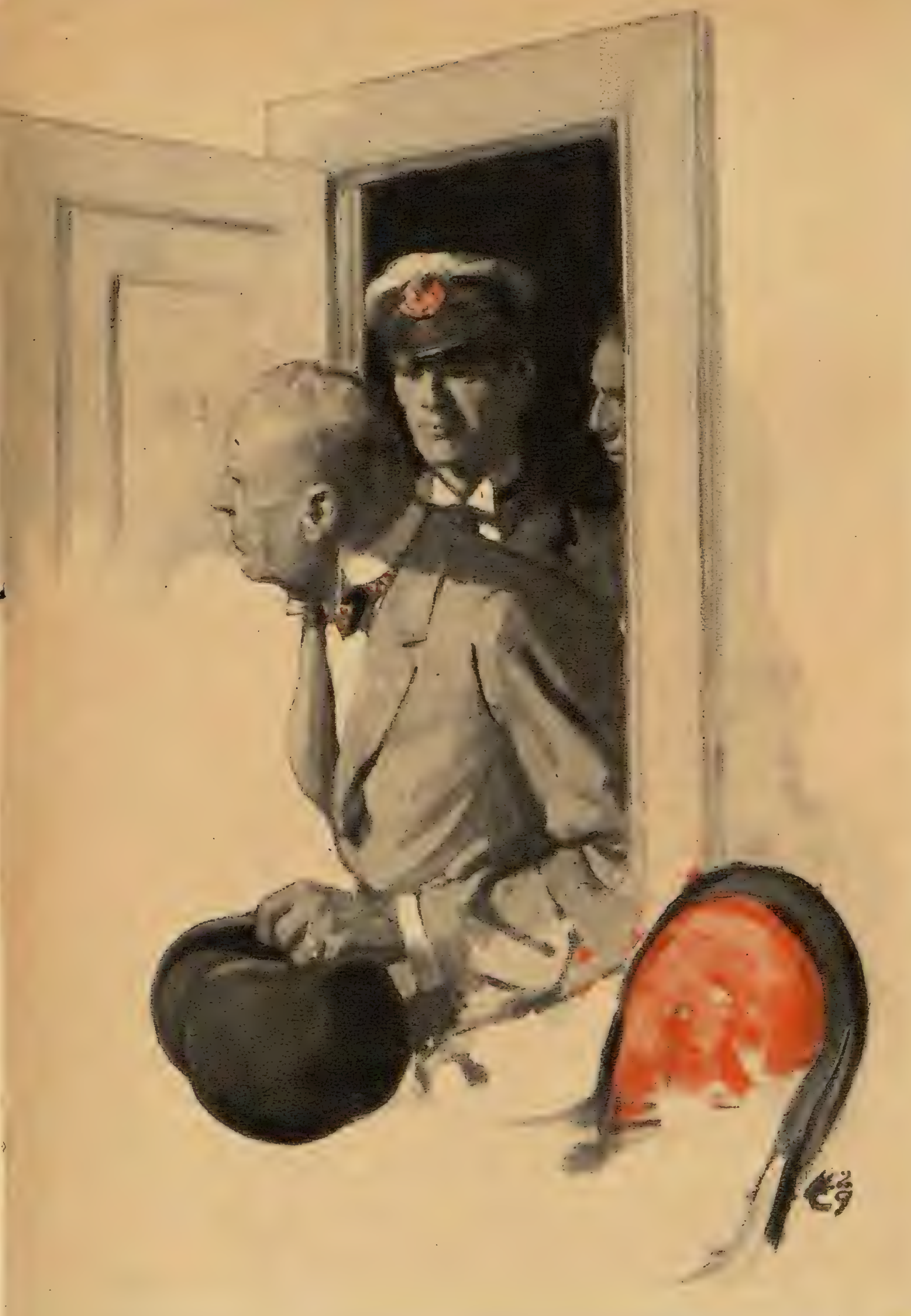
"It is not impossible at all. He tried to kill me—a few minutes ago. Perhaps he's searching the boat for me [illegible] own by motor because I had to do some shopping, and I missed the boat train. As we came into Southampton—Moran's chauffeur was driving—we passed a car by the side of the road. I saw its lights cutting through the fog. It followed us. It passed us. It turned and came toward us, trying to smash into us. We just barely got out of its way. In doing so, we skidded and turned completely around. The other car made a circle too. And our brights showed me the man at the wheel.

"It was Conté. He must have seen me. He fired at me. The bullet broke the windshield, and cut the chauffeur. We turned out the lights, backed, swung around, and sped to the boat. I don't know whether the other car followed or not."

"How could Conté, or a man you thought was Conté, recognize you?" he asked. "He's never been near our office."

"I don't know. I saw him this morning, and he saw me, of course, but I was disguised. I don't think he recognized me tonight. I think he was waiting there to stop any woman going unescorted to the Marantic. I was sitting on the back seat. The chauffeur was in uniform. So, of course he knew I was sailing alone. That's why he wanted to stop me—and, failing that, to kill or wound me."

"That sounds so far-fetched. Why should Conté, or



anybody else, want to kill you to keep you from sailing on this boat?"

She opened her gloved hand.

"For this!" she said, and held out to him the Diamond Eye.

Little smiles of triumph wreathed her lips.

Clarke went to the door, and opened it. There was no one outside. He closed the door, and bolted it.

"Where did you get it?"

"Whoops!" she cried. "'In't we got fun!"

"You? The waitress in the Crown and Bull?"

"Of course."

He glared at her.

"YOU think I'm lying. You were the blind man. You ordered beer. I went to get it for you. As I came toward your table I saw that fat man take the diamond from his pocket and give it to Conté. I knew Conté from your description. I knew the diamond, too, when I saw it, from Moran's description. When Conté opened his hand I pretended to be sick. I tottered. I poured beer down Conté's neck, and in his face—to give him a bad moment and to distract his attention. I saw him drop the diamond as he got up. I grabbed it, and pretended I was clutching at the table to save myself from falling.

"I overturned the table to create a little more confusion, and then I left."

"Go on."

"Moran got me a job in the Crown and Bull when he read your report from Harwich. He told me to call myself Mabel Willebrandt. Another of his ideas of humor. I was simply to be there to help you in case you needed help."

"Indeed. And did Moran tell you to steal the diamond?"

"Hardly. I stole it because I knew Finch was sailing on this boat, and I wanted to give him the diamond. I thought, also, that if I stole it, Conté and all his gang would follow me aboard this ship—providing I left them a clue. I wanted to get them all on board, with the rest of their diamonds, so you could knock them off at quarantine and confiscate the stones."

She was so proud of her cleverness, of her knowledge of the service slang! She said "knock them off" as any old-timer might. She was waiting for a pat on the back now.

"And you left such a clue?"

"Yes. I left a Marantic folder in my apron pocket, with my red wig, and my false teeth. Honest, I thought I was going to drop those teeth as I stood over Conté with the beer!" She laughed.

"I FIGURED they would start after me immediately they missed the stone. They would hurry into the kitchen, and find nothing but my apron. They would naturally believe I was going to the Marantic. You can see now why Conté wanted to stop me, can't you?"

"What kind of garters do you wear?" he asked suddenly.

Her little smile of triumph fled. She glared at him.

"I see I was wrong to put myself under your protection," she said. "I had believed you a gentleman. I was mistaken."

"Cut the high and holy stuff," Clarke said sharply. "I've got no time for it. Answer my question."

"I will not."

"You must."

"Make me do it!"

"All right. I'll make you do it. The minute after you walked away from Conté, he was found dead, stabbed through the heart. He was dead when you reached the door. I picked up a garter, a woman's garter, after everybody in the place had run away. It had been cut by the knife that killed Conté. Now will you tell me what kind of garters you wear?"

"Pink," she said.

"With your initial on them?"

"Certainly not."

He showed her the garter he had found.

"That's not yours?"

"It is not."

He put it back in his pocket.

"Any jury that tried you for the murder of Henri Conté would convict you on the evidence of this garter," he said, "and hang you."

Her gloved hands twisted her orange scarf nervously.

"What a sweet mess you've made of everything," he said. "I spent weeks and weeks trailing Conté. I finally saw Finch pass the Diamond Eye to him. I saw it in his hand. I knew he would carry it. And then you came into the situation, with your sliding teeth and your big hands, and the—" He was going to mention the strawberry mark, but thought better of it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page thirteen

"And you stole the Eye for Finch. You didn't know it was Finch who gave it to Conté. Finch was the fat man, and he'd have your throat slit if he knew you'd seen him in the Crown and Bull.

"You stole the stone, and someone spotted you and tried to kill you. No doubt he saw your hands and recognized you.

"And undoubtedly he's looking for you, and will recognize you again.

"We've got the Eye. But what are we going to do with it? If they find this stone in our possession we'll be murdered. And—if you really are spotted—we'll be murdered if they don't find it."

Her head fell contritely.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I did think I was clever."

"And on top of all this," he went on, "'Unconscious' Harley has to dump us both in the same room!"

"You don't hate it half so much as I," she said, contrition changing to anger. "What are you going to do, Jack Barrymore?"

For answer he savagely jabbed the stewardess' bell, and when the stewardess appeared he asked her to bring a screen to put around "Mrs. Clarke's bunk," so that the light from the porthole wouldn't wake her in the morning.

"Don't play the gentleman," Jean said when the stewardess retired. "It might grow on you. I'll dress in the trunk room."

"Let me interrupt long enough," Clarke said, "to say that the stewardess is 'Chilly Lily' Leeds—if that means anything to you. I saw her with Conté in Antwerp two weeks ago or so."

"Then don't give the Eye to the captain," she said quickly. "If we can't even trust one of the crew—"

"I wasn't going to," he said.

There was a loud knock on the door.

"Who is it?" Clarke asked.

"We're police officers."

Clarke motioned Jean to get into bed, and hurried into the bathroom.

He turned on the water in the tub. "Don't make a sound," he said.

He went to the door. He held the door half open, blocking the passage.

Finch faced him, the ship's purser, and two men who were evidently detectives.

"Is this Mr. Clarke?" asked the purser.

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"And the other person in the room is—?"

"Mrs. Clarke—naturally."

THE purser turned to the other men, raising his eyebrows. "There has been a mistake," he said. "On our records there are two men listed as occupants of this room."

"Odd you should make such a mistake," said Clarke. "And may I ask why you bring the police?"

"This is Mr. Jay Finch," said the purser. "He will explain that."

"Yes," said Finch, with a genial smile. "Mr. Clarke, we are looking for a woman who killed a man and stole a diamond. Merely as a matter of form, we are seeking information at every room. We had passed by this room, being told it contained only two men. But—we have learned from the stewardess that—that such was not the case. We have reason to believe the lady is aboard this ship. We can identify her by her hands."

"I'm sorry," Clarke said. "Mrs. Clarke is in her bath."

"We'll wite," one of the detectives assured him.

"Yuss," said the other. "We'll wite."

"No hurry at all," Finch added, with a polite nod.

"I'm afraid I cannot permit you to see Mrs. Clarke tonight," Clarke answered, his voice as firm as he could make it. "I cannot subject her to annoyance—not at this hour. It isn't likely the ship will sail in this fog. I don't believe we will get away until tomorrow. Come back in the morning and I shall be only too glad to accommodate you."

He felt desperate, trapped. There wasn't a chance to avoid these men—and they knew, Finch and the detectives, that the woman they wanted was just beyond the door. They would force their way into the room if need be. They would put both the girl and himself in irons. They'd find the Diamond Eye she had stolen. They'd find that garter with her initial on it—damning evidence. They would identify her by the strawberry mark on her right hand. She would be tried for murder—and he could not save her. Perhaps he would be tried with her. Some barmaid was certain to testify she had seen a blind man pick up that garter. He would be tried as an accomplice.

THE government wouldn't interfere. The United States couldn't countenance robbery and murder. Jean would be condemned. Jean would be hanged. Himself—perhaps he would be hanged too.

"Darling!" said a soft voice behind his shoulder. "Whatever is the matter?"

He had told her not to make a sound—and she had willfully disobeyed.

She was in back of him, her left hand on his shoulder. Her left hand! If only they would be satisfied with that.

"I know," she said. "It's about my name, isn't it?" She laughed. "It's spelled G-e-n-e on the ticket. Like Gene Tunney. And it should be J-e-a-n. So I have to confess we're newlyweds."

The purser had suddenly become obsequious and embarrassed. The detectives were grinning. Finch was smiling. She was getting away with it! If only she didn't say too much.

"We married in a terrible hurry," she went on. "Dick—Mr. Clarke's mother cabled him to come home. His father is very sick. He was lucky enough to get this stateroom, and I wouldn't let him go without me. He had already bought his ticket when he told me. We were married half an hour later, and he phoned the clerk in the steamship office to make out a ticket for Jean Wood. You know how bridegrooms are. I don't have to tell you I was no longer Jean Wood, but Mrs. Clarke." She passed her hand fondly through Dick's hair. He shivered.

"Of course the clerk thought Gene was a man." She laughed again. "I called for the ticket on the way to the boat train, and naturally I didn't stop to look at it. There wasn't time to correct it, anyway. I missed the boat train by a minute. So I came down in the car—with my auntie."

The purser bowed and smiled. "I had no idea you were on your—honeymoon," he said. "I won't detain you any longer."

"Let me congratulate you, too," said Jay Finch. "I wish you all the happiness in the world, Mrs. Clarke, and I am sincerely sorry I had to trouble you."

He held out his hand to her.

And Clarke, helpless, watched her slide out from beneath his arm, and take that hand in hers. He watched Finch bend over it—and saw there was no stain upon it.

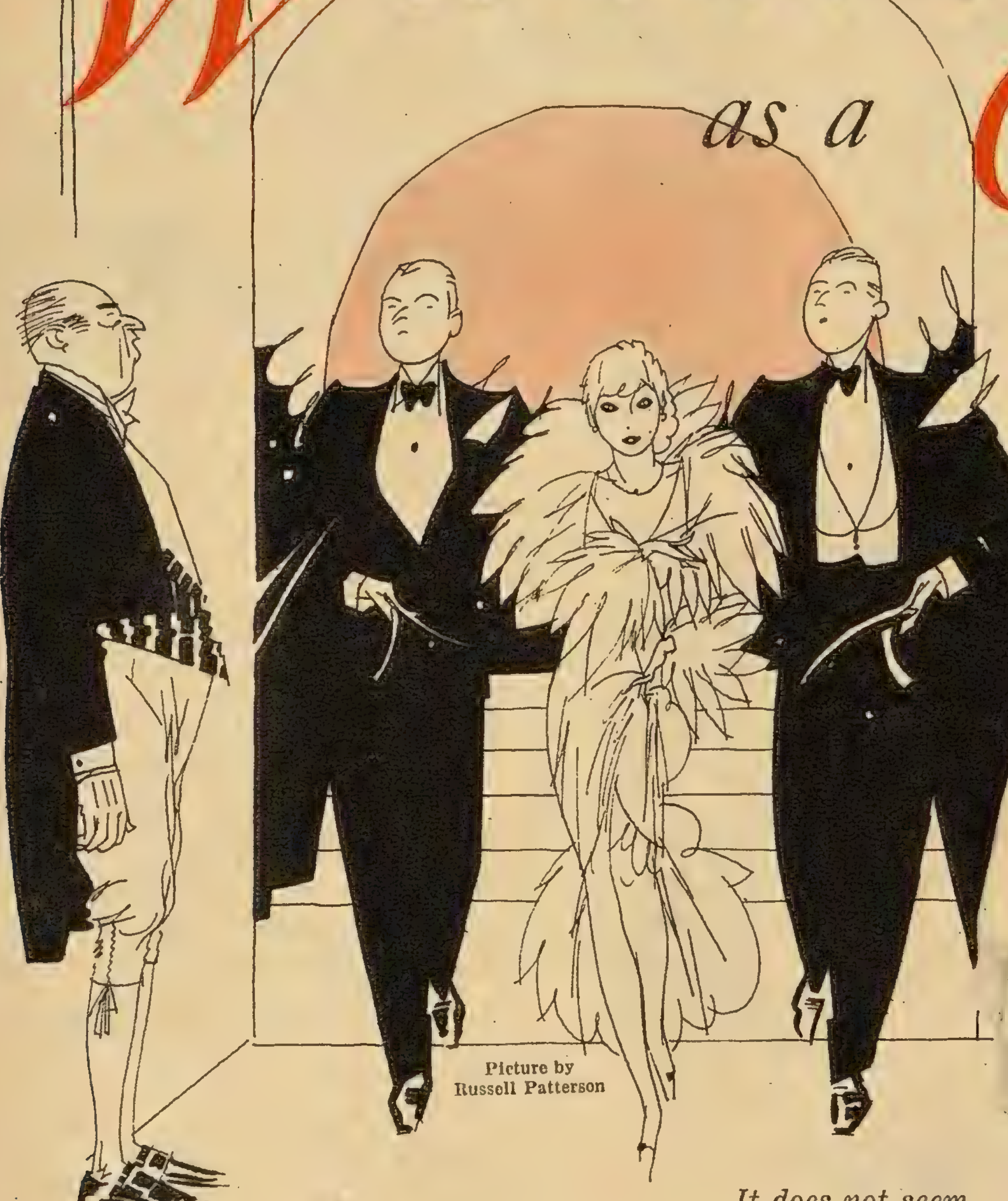
The strawberry mark had been part of her disguise! It had come off, possibly, as easily as the black on his teeth.

"Good night," said Finch; "your husband is a lucky man."

But the lucky man was still white and shaky when he locked and bolted the door, even though he was grinning.

In next week's installment of this story you'll see the menace that surrounds Dick and Jean take definite form. These two, strangers to each other and so strangely thrown together, find a new peril where it might least be expected.

WHOOPEE as a Career



It does not seem difficult for a pretty girl to persuade two youths to accompany her to a party.

A Survey of the Society Girl's Rough Road to a Good Time

By GRACE ROBINSON

RECENTLY I called on an important New York society matron at 10:30 in the morning. Although the poor soul had been up for two hours, she was still in pink silk pyjamas, black satin mules, and black silk kimono. She'd had no time to get into her more presentable sables and diamonds. Since rising she had been working feverishly at the telephone, trying to get men enough for a dinner party of twelve four days later.

No twenty-five-dollar-a-week stenographer ever labored more industriously than this young woman labored trying to corral six unengaged males. She was ending a fusillade of graciousness at the telephone when I came in. She turned to me with a sigh.

"I'm worn out," she said, sinking on to a divan. "And the day's hardly started. I've got the women—can't get the men for that damned party. Got to leave you soon; must dress for luncheon with my husband at the club. Then a hair date. Then shop. Then back here to meet some people for tea. O Lord! Tonight, dinner out, and a theater, a snack after the show, and maybe a snort somewhere."

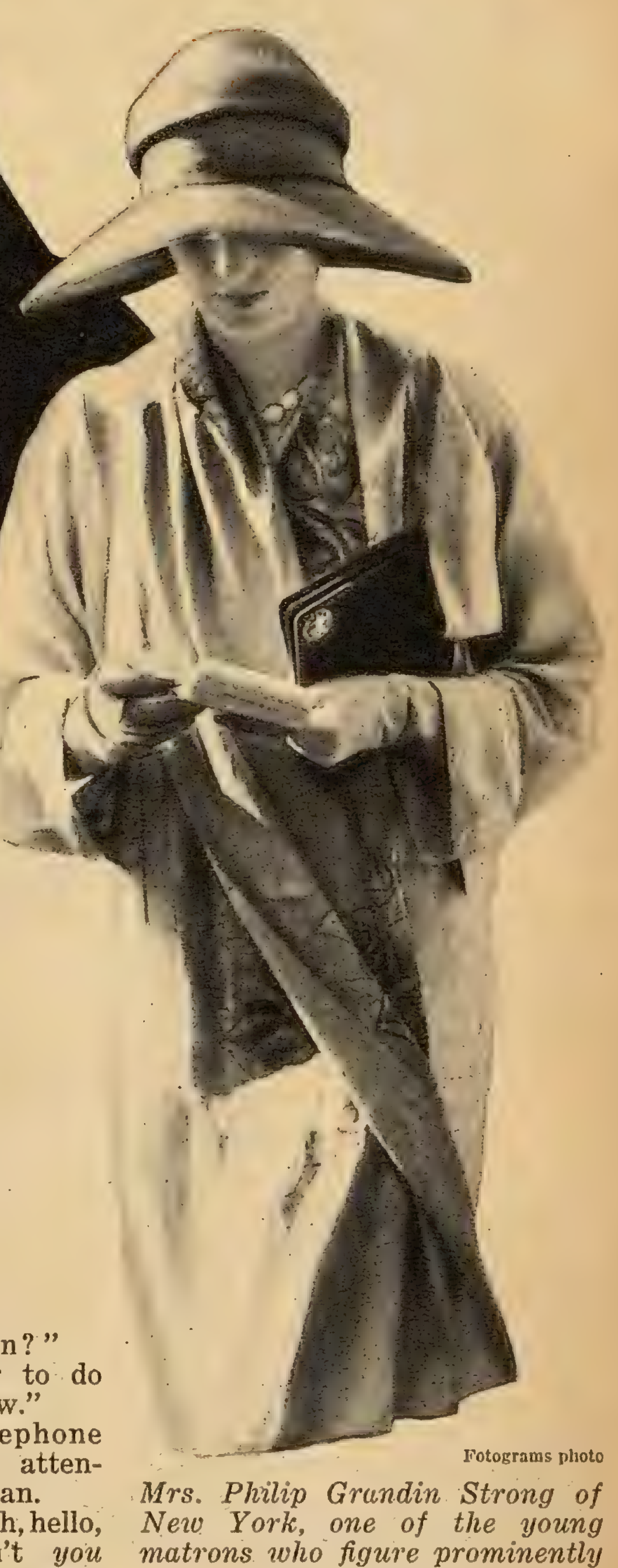
"And then?"

"Nothing to do till tomorrow."

The telephone shrilled for attention. She ran.

"Hello. Oh, hello, Bill! Aren't *you* the elusive male! My dear, I've been on this telephone twenty times trying to get you. Bill, darling, I'm having some people in Wednesday night. . . . No, *Wednesday* night, Bill, for dinner—can you come? . . . No? . . . You're taken for that night? Dear me! One hasn't a chance of getting one of you popular young men unless one asks you a couple of decades beforehand. . . . I'm sorry. . . . The riding pictures came. . . . I thought you'd be terribly amused to see them. . . . Good-by, Bill."

My friend's Bill-inspired spurt of vivacity revealed one



Fotograms photo

Mrs. Philip Grandin Strong of New York, one of the young matrons who figure prominently in the social whirl.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHOOPEE AS A CAREER
Continued from page fifteen

of the serious requirements of the society woman. It is the ability to be animated and gay and never to run out of pep.

The scintillating young matron who keeps up her end of the heavy social game is a kind of perpetual hostess. Always gracious. Always bubbling. At least, when she is with people. And she is never alone.

The telephone plea to Bill quoted before, and the desperate note in it, hinted at another of the society woman's big anxieties—the seeming extinction of the young American male. The habitual hostess, I learned, passes the greater part of her time in pursuit of presentable young men who own dinner coats. Mind you, we are not speaking of society in some city or suburb where all the young men are away at college and all the young women are staying home. This inquiry into the life of a society woman was made in that fall and early winter capital of American society, New York, where every season from 150 to 200 débutantes pass under the social spotlight, and presumably as many recruits from the male sex reach their social majority.

Society today is ruled, not by a Ward McAllister, or a Mrs. Astor, but by generic young manhood, blandly aware of his importance in the social scheme.

We have this straight from the lips of an authority. She is a young woman well known in Social Register circles, Mrs. Philip Grandin Strong, the former Emmy Lou Smith.

"Attractive young men are so scarce in New York society that they are completely spoiled," she told me. "An attractive young bachelor in New York is the most popular thing on earth. You simply *have* to ask your men at least ten days ahead if you want to get them. Some hostesses get so desperate they will ask almost any young man who is halfway presentable as to manners and looks, and who can turn up in a dinner jacket.

"Men are in such demand they are quite indifferent about *their* social obligations. Plenty of men don't make party calls. Indeed, most of them are very casual about calls. A surprising number appear to have no idea of the little amenities that were once considered obligatory upon people of manners and breeding."

A group of the younger generati

P. & A. photo

Mr. and Mrs. Earl T. Smith out for a ride at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. Mrs. Smith is the former Consuelo Vanderbilt and one of those who, officially, never "came out."

MRS. STRONG knows her society. She had mastered the British manner of using a fork at an age when most babies are just being weaned. Before she was four she could quote whole pages from the Social Register.

She is descended from the hardy, God-fearing pioneers who settled Saratoga County, New York, and her family's country home is one of the notable mansions near Saratoga Springs. On her maternal side she is the great-granddaughter of the late Colonel James Madison Thompson, and the great-great-granddaughter of David Thompson, first lieutenant in the Third Worcester Regiment in the Revolutionary War.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Livingston Smith of New York and Saratoga Springs. She was christened Emma Thompson Smith. "Emmy Lou" is a nickname. The family wealth was accumulated in the manufacture of railway supplies.

On August 30, 1928, she married Philip Strong, whose father, Benjamin Strong, was governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and an outstanding figure in international finance. The elder Strong has since died.

Young Mr. Strong is a Princeton graduate, a well known clubman, and is descended from bankers notable in the history of this country.

THE wedding, held at Ballston Spa, near Saratoga Springs, was an important event of the late summer. A considerable group of New York society was still at Saratoga for the August racing, and the wedding guests included such pillars of society as Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark, and Mrs. William F. R. Hitt. The young couple honeymooned in Europe, and then took an apartment in the fashionable Park Avenue section of New York.

Mrs. Strong is a gay figure in the exclusive life of the metropolis with its colorful tentacles reaching to Aiken, South Carolina, to Newport, Rhode Island, to Southampton, Long Island, and to the pleasure spots of Europe. We will quote her at length in this article.

The New York winter season starts around November 1. It opens officially at the moment when the great curtains of the Metropolitan Opera House part at the première performance. At this moment the layer of red velvet loges known as the parterre row is empty. Those seats—most exalted of all places in American society—yawn as redly as a baby's mouth, although the orchestra and the balconies are packed with expectant humanity.

During the first act the women in their rich evening dresses and the men in their impeccable black and white quietly filter in. Their arrival is unnoticed under the soft red glow that lights the luxurious recesses of their parterre boxes. When electric lights flood the building again for the first intermission, the parterre precincts are burning with a candle-strength of diamonds that puts the mazdas to shame.

Now the New York social season is on in earnest. Starting with the opera dinners on the night of the "Met's"

P. & A. photo

athering for a drag hunt, a typical scene at Aiken, S. C.

seasonal première, a round of dinners, dances, luncheons, and theater parties is inaugurated that would wear down Mr. Sharkey. But not these women.

Faster and faster go the glittering wheels as November ends and December swings into its high stride. By Christmas the New York society woman is caught in a vortex of gayety like a brilliant fly in the current of an electric fan.

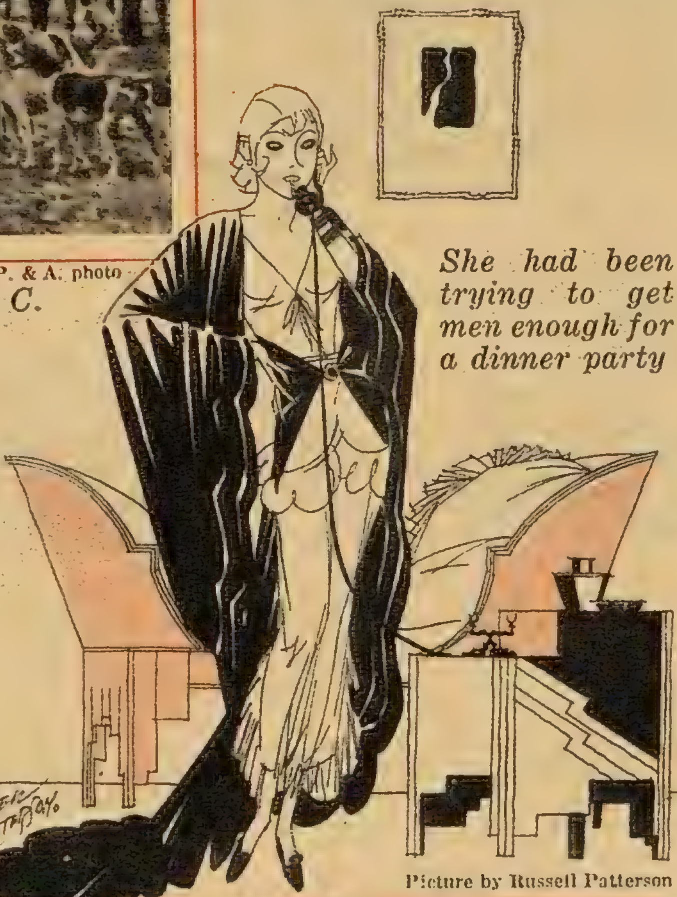
"I've been out more than five years," said Mrs. Strong. "My life is not so hectic as a débutante's. A deb will stay in bed until twelve. She is obliged to, to recuperate from the parties of the night before. Nobody ever thinks of calling a deb on the telephone until afternoon. Then she generally goes to a luncheon at Pierre's. In the afternoon she shops—or perhaps she has been asked to a matinée. After that it's dinner and a theater, and after that a dance, so that the débutante seldom gets to bed until three or four in the morning.

"DURING Christmas week she goes to two or three parties a night. The girls really get terribly tired of it all. After a time it's the same thing over and over—and they meet so *many* people. There are always three or four hundred persons at those big deb parties.

"Then there is the everlasting worry about men, whether you are hostess or guest. The deb parties are mostly given during the Christmas holidays. The college boys are home then, and since it is necessary to have at least two men to every girl, the sudden influx of these young men is like manna from heaven. If the hostess doesn't contrive a big stag line, the girls don't have a good time and the party is a flop."

Youth and beauty are the most valuable assets in the business of being a society woman. In no other occupation, except that of the theater, are girls pushed at such a tender age into the scene which is henceforth to be their sphere in life. The daughters of the rich are débutantes at seventeen or eighteen—some earlier. When one considers that a well equipped teacher can hardly enter her profession before her twenties, that a nurse cannot receive her graduate uniform until she is twenty-one, that a secretary, high-school and college trained, cannot be ready for a job before twenty-two, one realizes that the society girl is thrust into the complexities of her life's occupation at a shockingly tender age.

Even then she does not begin far down the ladder as the business or professional woman does. She is not given some obscure, safe post from which she can watch for a time, observing and learning from her more accomplished elders. Instead, the débutante, fresh from the sheltered precincts of a girls' boarding school, is thrust into the very spotlight of the great social arena.



She had been trying to get men enough for a dinner party

Picture by Russell Patterson

SMALL wonder that now and then a girl born into the richest and most exclusive circles, pretty and charming, with every certainty of a successful launching, shies at the dreadful kliegs society turns on its youth, and revolts against the system. A notable example of this is Mrs. Earl T. Smith, the former Consuelo Vanderbilt. She never had a formal coming out, but "leaked" into society by natural absorption.

The process of getting into New York society, even if one is born to the aristocracy, is formalized and definite. There is a whole series of dances, starting when the candidate is a small girl. There are the Benjamin dances for young children. There is the holiday series at the Plaza Hotel, with separate dances for juniors (girls thirteen and fourteen), middles (girls fifteen and sixteen), and seniors (girls seventeen and eighteen).

There are, too, the Robinson dances, for subdebs and boys of corresponding age. Then there are the highly important Colony dances for girls up to sixteen. A girl may not go to the Colony if she has passed the age of eighteen, unless she has deferred her coming out until after that age. Boys also belong, but they must be in the sixth form at school (equivalent to being a senior in high school), or they must be eighteen years old, or they must be in college. A cautious committee of women, headed by Mrs. John S. Rogers, passes on the applicants for bids to these parties. When a girl or a boy is accepted, the parents are allowed to subscribe.

P. & A. photo

Members of the summer colony at Southampton, New York, receiving the first clew in a treasure hunt during a beach carnival staged for charity.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHOOPEE AS A CAREER
Continued from page seventeen

Equally healthful for the subdeb's social standing is an appearance at the two dances known as the Metropolitan. These are given during Christmas and Easter vacations at the Ritz-Carlton, and are for girls between sixteen and eighteen years. The committee goes over the list of names carefully. If the youngster whose grandfather was a rich pork packer should meet the youngster whose dad sells ham over a delicatessen counter, it would be just too bad. The competent committee would never permit an atrocity of that kind.

U. & U. photo

William H. Vanderbilt carrying off a blue ribbon for his coach in the ring at a horse show at Newport, Rhode Island.

The original undeleted lists resemble a rough draft of a city directory. Careful paring is necessary if the parties are to be kept above the level of a subway rush. A girl may get to the Colony but not to the "Met," or vice versa, and count on being forgiven by society for failing to attend both.

But now comes the final and acid test of a girl's social fiber—the three Junior Assemblies. These are for débutantes. A girl omitted from the Junior list is virtually doomed before she starts. An august committee of women, headed by Mrs. Richard C. Colt, formulates the list of bids each year, and endless are the delicately conveyed bribes, threats, and pleas poured into the ears of this board of social arbiters by anxious mothers.

Before the Junior dances there is a kind of prelude staged at Tuxedo Park, New York, in October. Tuxedo is the spring and autumn residence of an important group of persons who make their influence strongly felt in metropolitan circles. It is generally assumed that the more loftily placed girls who are to be introduced in New York during the ensuing winter will appear at the Tuxedo affairs.

Before she is bidden to the Junior, the phantom that haunts all active society women has set a heavy foot in the girl's attar-of-roses dreams. It is the phantom of the inaccessible male: the male that is taken, dated up, engaged, promised beforehand; the male that "declines with regret," "didn't know you were going," "will be out of town," etc.

FOR most of these dances she is expected to bring two men. To the Junior she is expected to bring two. In the normal contacts of fortunately placed young people it does not seem distressingly difficult for a young and pretty girl to persuade two youths to accompany her to a party. Especially a party where the best of dance music, the loveliest and most aristocratic of girls, dressed in the most adorable nothings that Paris and Fifth Avenue afford, are to be offered for the young bloods' delectation. More especially when the best and most appetizing food—always a lure to males—will be dispensed for supper. It does not seem difficult to interest two boys in this kind of enterprise. On the contrary it sounds rather easy.

But one must remember that the boys who are the natural cavaliers of these girls are almost all away at college, or abroad being tutored, or otherwise engaged in preparation for projects which their station in life maps out. Some will hasten down from Harvard or Yale, or up from Princeton, for the festivities. But they are extremely busy at college, and although they are mostly anxious to come, they must make a real effort to get to New York.

The mothers of all the 150 or 200 débutantes in New York start their daughters off by giving a big tea or a dance. Invitations are sent out ten days ahead. A dance is the favored *modus operandi.* The deb is escorted thither by a boy who calls her up and asks to take her, or she has people in to dinner and goes with her guests, or she attends a dinner elsewhere and goes with the crowd. For a dinner a hostess asks an equal number of men and girls; for a dinner dance she asks twice as many men as girls.

Frequently a girl's family will give a series of entertainments in her honor. For instance, Mrs. David M. Milton, Jr., the former Abby Rockefeller, heiress to one of the greatest fortunes, made her bow to society at an evening musicale at her parents' home. On that occasion she met chiefly older people—friends of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Subsequently dancing parties were given for her younger friends.

Picture by Russell Patterson

"New York night clubs can't compare with those I enjoyed in Paris."

Always there is the scramble for men, rendered a hundredfold more complex than would at first appear by the multiplicity of parties crowded into the short deb season. Lucky is the deb who gets a holiday-week date for her dance at the Ritz-Carlton, or at the Plaza, or at Sherry's, when the indispensable men are in New York for the Christmas vacation.

Some débutantes tire out quickly. The majority stand up well. The hectic season lasts only two or three months. Also it must be remembered that these girls bring to their gay ordeal an equipment of health that is far above the average. Most of them have been brought up in the country. They have played tennis, ridden horseback, lived and slept in wholesome country air. In many cases their schools were in Virginia or in Connecticut, or along the upper course of the tranquil and beautiful Hudson. When they come to New York you can recognize them in the well dressed hordes. Skins glowing with life, none of the pasty faces you see in habitual big-city dwellers. Movements that are brisk and graceful, eyes that are brilliant without the aid of a sparkle lotion. All their lives they have been in training for the November, December, and January of their coming-out season. When that day is over they can retreat to Palm Beach,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

SERVICE

In the Ford Motor Company we emphasize service equally with sales ʏ *It has always been our belief that a sale does not complete the transaction between us and the buyer, but establishes a new obligation on us to see that his car gives him service* ʏ *We are as much interested in your economical operation of the car as you are in our economical manufacture of it* ʏ *This is only good business on our part* ʏ *If our car gives service, sales will take care of themselves* ʏ *For that reason we have installed a system of controlled service to take care of all Ford car needs in an economical and improved manner* ʏ *We wish all users of Ford cars to know what they are entitled to in this respect, so that they may readily avail themselves of this service.*

FROM the very earliest beginning, SERVICE has been the cornerstone of the Ford business.

Far back in 1908, when the first Model T Fords were made, there were few people who understood the operation of an automobile and fewer places to which the purchaser could go when repairs were needed.

Frequently in those days, Mr. Ford would deliver the car personally to the new owner and see to it that some arrangements were made to keep it in good running order.

Usually he would find the best mechanic and explain the construction of the car to him. Sometimes, when no such mechanic was available, the town blacksmith would be pressed into service.

Then, as the business grew, capable men were appointed, in a widening circle of towns, to devote their entire time to the care of Ford cars. These men, wherever located, worked under close factory supervision and according to certain set standards.

For just as the Ford Motor Company was the pioneer in making "a strong, efficient automobile at a low price," so it was also the pioneer in establishing complete and satisfactory service facilities.

For the first time in the automobile business it became possible for the purchaser of a car to buy parts quickly and readily and to have repairs made at a reasonable cost. Where formerly it had been the accepted practice to charge the highest possible prices for these repairs, a new policy was instituted for the protection of the owner. The unusual character of Ford Service was soon recognized as one of the outstanding features of the car.

Today there are more than 8000 Ford dealers in the United States alone, with thousands of others located throughout the world. Their mechanics have been trained in special schools conducted by the Ford Motor Company and they have been equipped with all the latest service machinery. The well-ordered cleanliness of the shops and salesrooms and the uniform courtesy of all dealer employees are particularly appreciated by the woman motorist.

Wherever you live, or wherever you go, you will find the Ford dealer prompt and businesslike in his work, fair in his charges, and sincerely eager to do a good and thorough job at all times.

His constant effort is to relieve you of every detail in the care of your car and to help you get thousands upon thousands of miles of satisfactory, enjoyable motoring at a very low cost per mile. That is the purpose for which the Ford car was designed and built. That is the true meaning of *Ford Service.*

Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

Aiken, or Long Island for fresh air and exercise, if not for rest.

Mrs. Strong finds life among the younger married set, of which she is now a part, a simpler existence than that of the débutante.

"After a society girl marries, her life goes on in much the same manner as before, with a slightly relaxed tempo. There is this difference: you see fewer persons, and you see a great deal of your husband's friends. Your circle narrows. In New York I go a great deal to night clubs. But New York night clubs can't compare with those I enjoyed in Paris on my honeymoon."

Picture by Russell Patterson

"How much easier is the game for a count or duke."

New York and its wild winter gayeties figure only to a small extent in the career of this energetic young woman. If she were one of the butterflies that get their chief delight in mild outdoor life and in gambling, she would probably go to Palm Beach in January or February. There she would play tennis in the morning, swim in the azure Atlantic at noon, lunch at the fashionable Everglades Club, play golf in the afternoon, go to a cocktail party at five or to the Cocoanut Grove for tea, then dine, and pass the evening at roulette in the swankiest gambling house in America. But Mrs. Strong is not of the Palm Beach crowd. The balmy pleasures of that famed resort are too tame for her. She is an active sportswoman, and goes to Aiken, a place far more exclusive than Palm Beach. Aiken, with its tall pines, and its scented bridle paths wandering through a primeval forest, is fittingly the winter capital of the sports aristocracy of America.

Northern millionaires have converted Aiken's old southern mansions into delightful dwellings, retaining the flavor of the old and introducing the creature comforts of the new. There are only four paved streets. When it rains in the town there is mud everywhere—reddish-yellowish mud that laughs at the roar and rumble of the few intrepid motor cars that venture into it. But when dry—oh, joy upon joy!—the dirt roads offer a perfect footing for horses' hoofs. And it is horses' hoofs pounding over the dirt roads, thumping over the wooden bridges, that set the pace by which Aikenites eat, sleep, and drink.

THE most dangerous drag hunts in the United States are staged at Aiken. The drag lines have been cut through virgin forest, and the barriers are wide and high.

"Yes, I hunt the big drag," smiled Mrs. Strong. "It is pretty stiff—like a steeplechase, you know." That definitely places this young matron at the forefront of the most picturesque and reckless sporting society in America. It shows that society young women are not necessarily the coddled females that late sleeping and breakfast in bed might indicate.

"At Aiken I get up at nine—after a light breakfast in bed, generally scrambled eggs, toast, and coffee. Then into riding clothes, since I generally have an appointment to ride with some one. Three times a week there is the hunt, which starts off at eleven. That's the most glorious sport in the world—with the foxhounds baying, the horses going over the jumps with their trim riders, and always the element of skill overcoming danger. There's nothing like it. When the ride is over, I dash home, pull off my jodhpurs and other things, and take a quick bath. Then I get into a sweater suit or a sports dress, and a felt hat. At one I generally drive to the home of a friend for lunch.

"At two-thirty or three I turn up to keep an engagement at golf or tennis in the same clothes I wore at luncheon. If it's tennis, it's generally at a private house. There are several private courts in Aiken. I go to the C. Oliver Iselins', or the Fitch Gilberts', or to the home of the Augustus Goodwins, Massachusetts people.

"After tennis I'm likely to go to the golf club for tea, particularly if it's during Lent, when the women members have private teas every day. They have tea, cakes, bread and butter and jam, and perhaps nut bread and orangeade. If I take tea at a private house, there's generally a game of bridge afterward.

"About six-thirty I go home and dress. At Aiken I never wear an evening dress, except at parties. If I'm just dining at the home of a friend, I wear a simple afternoon dress. That is the custom there.

"AFTER dinner we play poker or bridge or go to the movies. Some people have poker parties; these are likely to last a good part of the night—that is, until one o'clock. We consider that late at Aiken. Once in a great while someone gives a fancy-dress party—then we may stay up until three—but ambitious entertainments of that sort are rare." (Men are scarce at Aiken; often girls dance with girls, to eke out a party.)

"Occasionally we do something for charity—a rummage sale for the Aiken hospital perhaps.

"There is little drinking. Sometimes cocktails are served before dinner. But I have never seen cocktails offered before lunch."

This is Aiken as Mrs. Strong knows it. There is a small group, however, that craves more excitement than the outdoor pleasures afford. These young swells motor to Augusta, Georgia, eighteen miles away, and pass half the night in a famous gambling house there.

The Aiken season reaches its height in March, when the horse show is held. Most of the swagger colony, including Mrs. Strong, lingers on into April. But the society matron of the horsy set cannot stay in this southern paradise. She has her gay trysts to keep with sport. In April Mrs. Strong goes to Baltimore for the amateur timber races—the Grand National, the Lady's Manor, and the Maryland Cup races. Society stays at the homes of friends, and makes whoopee on a magnificent scale, culminating in a hunt ball on the night of the Maryland Cup race.

Then Mrs. Strong generally goes to the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club at Rye, New York. There she swims and plays golf until June. Her early summer is punctuated by hectic "vacations" at the shore. Perhaps she goes to Southampton—that quaint town on the south shore and near the tip of Long Island. It is one of the two or three most exclusive resorts in the United States. This is the usual routine of her life there:

"I generally rise at nine and have a light breakfast in my room. At ten I play tennis on the Meadow Club courts. At noon I go to the beach for an hour or so, then home to dress, and lunch somewhere about one-thirty. For this meal I wear a silk crêpe de chine dress—unless I'm to play golf; then I wear a sweater suit or a sweater and skirt. At Southampton one plays at the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, or at the National Golf Club, most difficult links in the country. Both lie along the ocean. After eighteen holes I have tea somewhere or play bridge.

"On Saturday nights there are generally dances at Canoe Place Inn. There are few dances during the week because of the scarcity of men, who are in town occupied with their business. Week nights I go to small dinners and play poker or bridge. One seldom stays up much after one A. M."

Sometimes Mrs. Strong goes to Newport, that queen city of summer resorts. It is more fashionable, more social, more showy than Southampton, and, some factions

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

A PLEDGE OF FAITH BY DODGE BROTHERS

To the many hundreds of thousands of Dodge owners throughout the world, whose enthusiastic patronage has been a source of constant inspiration for more than fifteen years, Dodge Brothers take this occasion to renew their pledge of faith. In the future, as in the past, Dodge Brothers will zealously guard the high principles that have caused their every accomplishment to earn increasing good will, and their name to become a synonym for dependability and integrity everywhere.

* * *

Dodge Cars which are now on display by Dodge Brothers dealers everywhere and which will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows this year, uphold every tradition of Dodge Brothers dependability.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

hold, less exclusive. People complain that there are few sports there.

Then comes August—the month of racing at Saratoga Springs. This fine old city, once the all-summer rendezvous of society, nowadays is a listless place during June and July. In August it comes to life, and thousands—including a goodly representation from the Social Register—swarm into its old-fashioned precincts.

Nothing short of an act of God could keep Mrs. Strong from Saratoga in August. She has gone there since she was seven. She stays with her parents in their summer home, White House, long a show place there.

"I'm up at nine and then off to golf or tennis at the Saratoga Club. For tennis one has to get there before ten-thirty to get a court.

"Then home to change clothes, lunch at a friend's house, and then to the races, which start at three. At five-thirty I may go somewhere for bridge or for cocktails, or just home to rest.

"Most people dine at the Brook Club, the Arrowhead Inn, or the Lido. Saratoga lasts only a month, so everybody goes pretty hard. One never gets to bed before two or three, sometimes five-thirty."

Saratoga is chiefly famed for its racing and racing's inevitable correlative, gambling. The inelegant bookie comes into the race-track box of the dainty society woman and gets her bets, which may run into thousands of dollars on a single horse. At night, society—men and women—flock to the luxurious gambling houses to hazard huge sums at roulette and chemin de fer. There is usually a dance floor with small tables around the edge, and gambling rooms adjoining.

The wealthier crowd, those who can afford to lose $20,000 or $30,000 a night, often play apart from the rest. Chemin de fer is their favorite pastime. Nowhere in the United States, except at Palm Beach, is gambling as an indoor sport so furiously and recklessly pursued as at Saratoga, by both sexes.

Occasionally a smattering of men and women in evening finery shows up at the horse sales, which are held two or three times a week, in a tent near the track. The more energetic and horsy women—especially those who own stables—may also get out at seven in the morning to watch the valuable animals work out.

IN September Mrs. Strong goes to Virginia for the fox-hunting. She stays at the Alumnæ Club—fashionable Foxcroft was her school—near Middleburg. Any brisk morning may find her out with the Middleburg or Piedmont pack, taking the stone walls, clearing the streams, riding madly at the heels of the baying hounds. It is not a drag hunt—a chase after a synthetic fox smell produced by dragging a smelly raglike object through the woods—as at Aiken. In Virginia they go after real fox.

"For three or four weeks I am there, just hunting and riding. We do nothing else—no tennis, no golf."

November finds her back in New York to start again the same cycle of ceaseless activity.

All for herself, you ask? Does the society girl think of nothing but her good time?

Mrs. Strong gives part of her New York season to the social-service work carried on by the exclusive Junior League, of which she is a member. She also helps the Dugout, a shop which sells the handiwork of disabled ex-service men. The New York season is heavily punctuated with amateur plays, professional theatrical benefits, operatic benefits, and dances given for charity under the patronage of society women. Débutantes, in particular, are constantly ushering or rehearsing for these affairs, and many of the institutions benefited would be sadly crippled without the annual revenue from these activities.

What of the society girl's emotional life? Is she a shallow and fickle creature, or a loyal friend? Does she drink, smoke, swear? Does she pet? Does she love the man she marries?

Society girls do not differ greatly from other girls. You can't generalize about their characters. There are "cats" among them who rejoice in another's downfall. There are loyal souls who will use their social prestige to cover a friend's embarrassment.

There are few society girls, in New York at least, who will run shrieking from a highball. Liquor is an expected accompaniment of most social functions, and the dowager who frowns upon drinking by women is so rare as to be virtually extinct.

If you criticized a Gotham society girl for smoking, she would merely consider you rude. Society women smoke everywhere—in the foyers of theaters, in the Fifth Avenue shops while they select shoes and gowns, on the beach, in restaurants, and while walking on the streets of smart summer and winter resort towns. But smoking is so generally practiced by women nowadays, the subject is hardly worthy of mention.

FEMININE swearing, too, is given such wide assent that the society girl's indulgence is not noteworthy. Of course, the girl of breeding eschews the filthier and more blatantly barroom expressions. As to slang—I have never heard anywhere such smart and ahead-of-the-minute phrases as among society girls.

As to petting—"Most of my friends don't go in for that sort of thing, but some of them do," admits Mrs. Strong.

There are some notorious neckers in New York's Four Hundred, but it would be unfair to say that society girls petted more than other girls of this strange generation. Certainly they are more open to temptation in this respect, finding themselves often in a glamorous and romantic atmosphere, and with leisure which college and business girls lack.

Marriage for love undoubtedly has less vogue among the daughters of the rich than among self-supporting business and professional women. The barbaric notion that there is something wrong with a girl if she does not marry early still holds an astonishing place in society.

"A débutante often marries because all her friends are getting married," confessed Mrs. Strong. "She feels left out of it all if she remains single. You ask me about happiness in society marriages. Very often society young people are spoiled, and haven't any interests in common but their love of a good time."

Other society women with whom I talked appeared frankly puzzled on the subject of love. It seemed not ever to have entered their calculations.

Poor and aristocratic foreigners still do well in the American matrimonial market. Said one young woman: "I've never known a titled wife-seeker who came to this country who didn't succeed in getting an heiress. Any poor man who is well bred and goes around a lot has a fine chance of marrying a rich girl. How much easier is the game for a count or a duke, with the glamour of position and the enchanting manners men from old European families invariably have!" The mannerless young men need lose no sleep over the criticisms heaped on them. For is not the gayest part of the bright social structure built around them? Are not they, rather than the daughters of the rich, the real darlings of society?

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Stories and Articles by

Colonel Givens

Vachel Lindsay

Edward Doherty

Peter Vischer

Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

AND

"Tak"

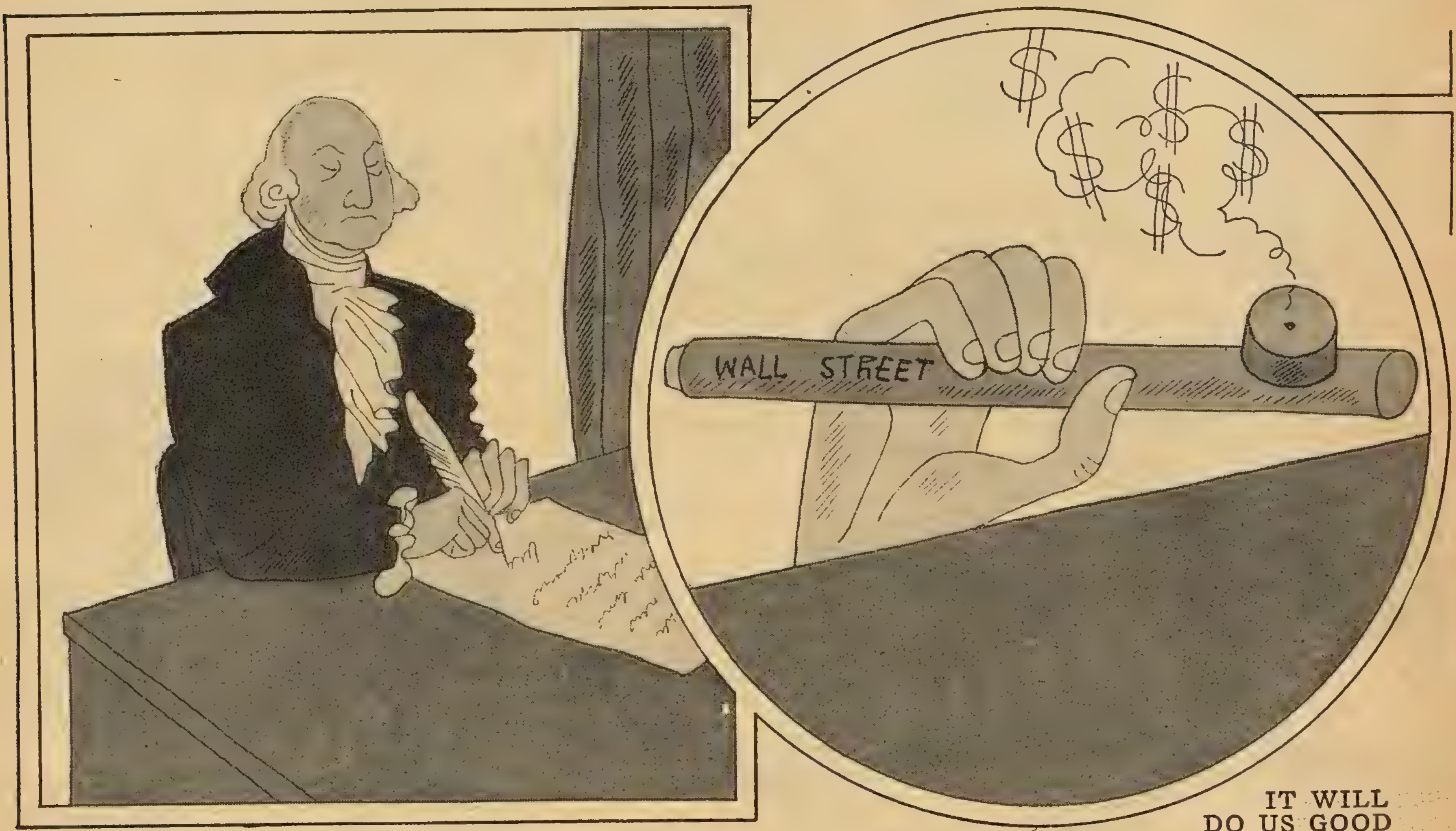
a remarkable account of what Russia is doing to its "rich" farmers, as told by a refugee family to

Lorimer Hammond

GRAPHIC SECTION

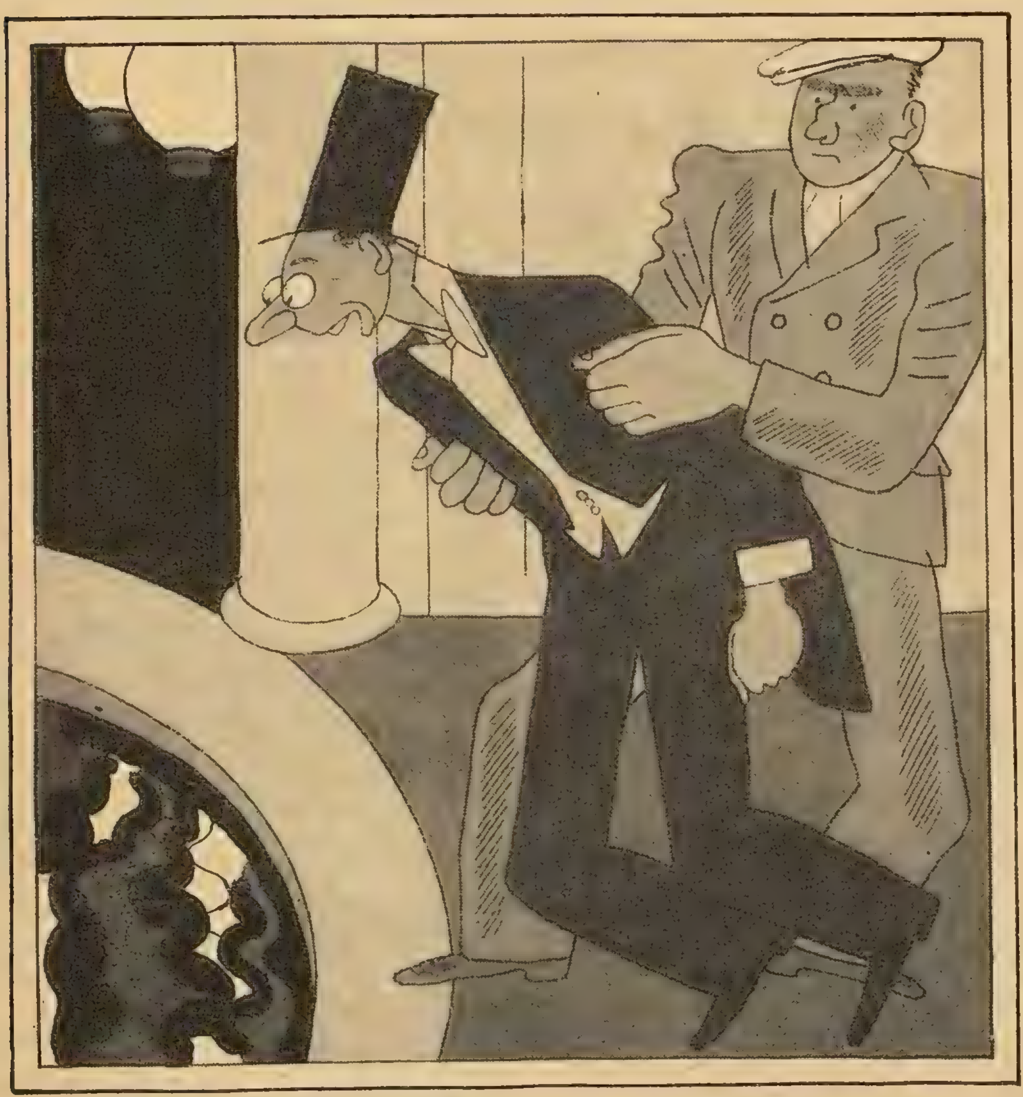
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

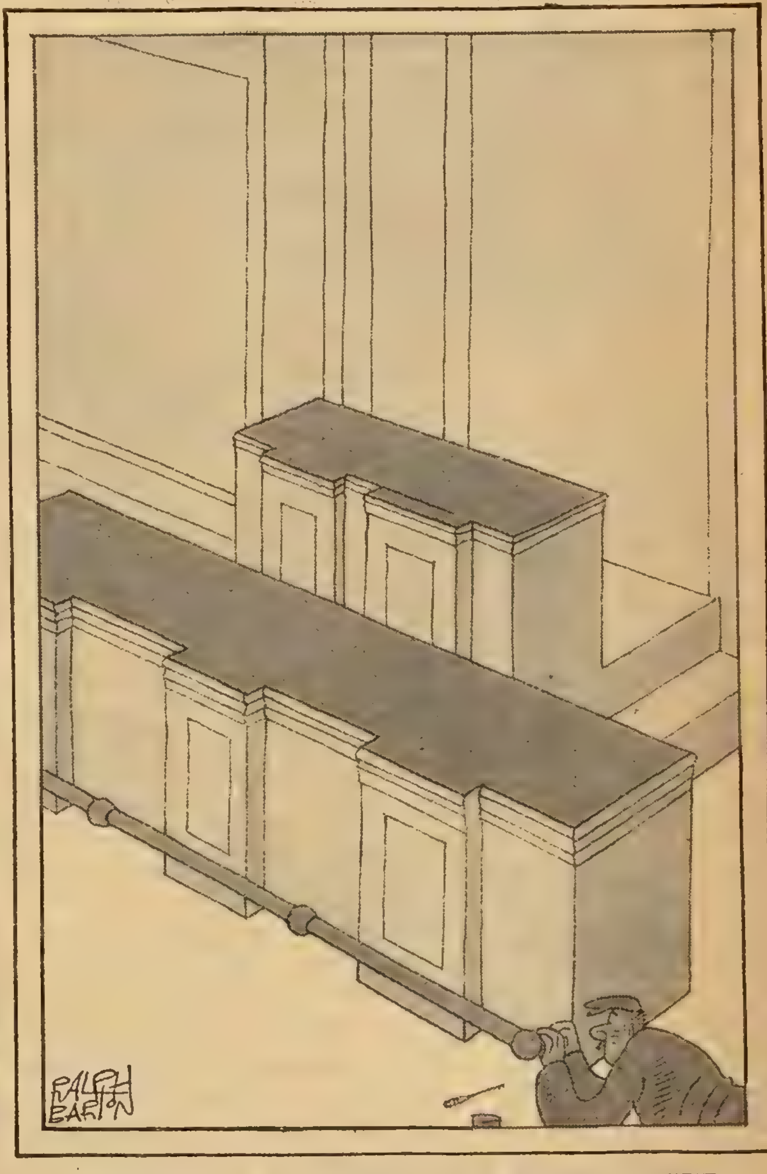


PRESIDENT WASHINGTON ISSUES A STATEMENT: "The Stamp Act may be an unwise law, but it *is* the law and loyal American citizens will obey it and see to it that it is obeyed by others."

IT WILL DO US GOOD to lay off that pipe for a while.



COMBATING THE FORCE OF HABIT. Moving-picture actor hires valet to restrain him from falling into fountains while in evening clothes.



ADDING A TOUCH TO MAKE THE OLD PLACE SEEM MORE HOME-LIKE. Putting a brass rail around the rostrum in the House of Representatives.

John Barrymore and Armida, a newcomer, in an intimate scene from General Crack.

The Barrymores and Rudy

With a Kind Word for Mr. Vallée as a Vagabond Lover

Two Pages of Movie Reviews

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ GENERAL CRACK

GEORGE PREEDY'S novel of the eighteenth-century soldier of fortune who led an army of mercenaries up and down Europe, making and unmaking kings, furnishes an ornate pageant for John Barrymore's initial talkie, made by the Warner Brothers.

General Crack—who gets his nom de guerre from the first letters of his name, Christian Rudolph Augustus Christopher Ketler—is really a prince, the illegitimate son of a duke and a gypsy girl. Robbed of his inheritance, the prince turns to war for a living.

The film centers around Crack's campaign for the Holy Roman Emperor of Austria, his ill-judged marriage to a little gypsy, and his subsequent love for the emperor's sister, the Archduchess Maria Louisa. Crack turns upon Leopold II when he finds that the emperor has philandered with his bride during his absence—and he proceeds to take away the throne that he created.

The interest of General Crack lies in Barrymore's audible screen début. Naturally, the star meets his Vitaphone requirements quite expertly. The character of Crack is at once gallant and brutal, contemptuous and dominating, more given to war than to love. Crack's strategies are almost wholly of the battlefield. Barrymore pretties the rôle with an ever-changing parade of uniforms. As the roving prince he pauses frequently to pose, but he is restrained most of the time in his acting. Still, I am afraid he is never very real as a swashbuckler. The characterization is more pictorial than human.

An excellent bit of acting is contributed by Lowell

Sherman as Leopold II. Hobart Bosworth is admirable, and Armida, a little Mexican girl, is an interesting newcomer in the part of Crack's unfaithful gypsy bride. On the other hand, Marion Nixon is completely inadequate as the archduchess.

General Crack runs all the way from Tony Gaudio's beautiful camera work to exceedingly commonplace dialogue. Yet the screen play is well built in achieving a series of dramatic climaxes.

Unfortunately for feminine interest, it runs pretty heavily to war.

★ HEARTS IN EXILE

It is only fair to turn to the latest film effort of the other half of the house of Barrymore, Dolores Costello. Her newest Warner Brothers film is Hearts in Exile, and it is another story of Siberia.

Vera Ivanova is the beautiful daughter of a Moscow fishmonger and, when her husband and the student she loves are both banished to Siberia, her troubles are many.

A trio from Vagabond Lover: Rudy Vallée, Marie Dressler, and Sally Blane.

Hearts in Exile features the decorative Dolores Costello.

Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in The Forward Pass.

Not a very believable story and yet it marks Miss Costello's last screen appearance before an interesting family event.

Let us hope this decorative star gets better rôles upon her return to films.

★ ★ ★ VAGABOND LOVER

The crooning Rudy Vallée is the sensation of the Eastern radio.

When the Yale boy makes theater appearances in New York with his band, the Connecticut Yankees, girls throw orchids over the footlights. When a mere male achieves this sort of success, it is customary for reviewers to kid him firmly but sharply. Remember how they used to treat Valentino?

However, I cannot string along against Vallée. I like him.

Maybe his acting is not so much in his first film, Radio Pictures' Vagabond Lover, but he sings. (Personally, I prefer Mr. Vallée's vagabond lover, camera shy and all, to Mr. Barrymore's.)

And if his singing and his saxophoning aren't enough, Vagabond Lover has Marie Dressler crashing out a hilarious hit as a naughty and socially ambitious matron.

★ ★ THE FORWARD PASS

Another football story in which the hero scores the winning touchdown in the last minute of play—and yet this is a little bit better than most of them. Maybe that is because of the ingratiating work of Doug Fairbanks, Jr. (with a real haircut), and pretty Loretta Young.

Miss Young is a co-ed who vamps promising football material into working hard for dear old Sanford. Doug discovers the frame-up and nearly loses the game over his disillusionment.

Then the co-ed admits she really loves him, and—*boy!*—how he dives back into that game. All this is youthful and pleasant fiction.

Second Thoughts

My apologies to the Warner Brothers for saying that Show of Shows has no song hit. A second visit proves to me that Singing in the Bathtub (obviously inspired by Singing in the Rain) is a hit, if I ever heard one.

Do you know that—

Dolores Del Rio is to do a talkie, A Sailor's Sweetheart, based on John Farrow's The Bad One? . . . Reginald Denny will make films over here for Sono-Art Productions? . . . Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe are to be teamed again in Broad-Minded, directed by Raoul Walsh? . . . Stanley Smith, who scored opposite Nancy Carroll in Sweetie, plays opposite her again in Come Out of the Kitchen?

Big GAME

A Story of Jungle Justice

By

GILBERT FRANKAU

who, after distinguished service with the Royal Field Artillery during the war, was invalided with the rank of captain and is now the governing director of British National Newspapers, Ltd. He is forty-five years old, was educated at Eton, tried business with his father, turned author, and is now a well known novelist.

Pictures by CLARK FAY

ONE'S main difficulty in writing down stories from the life is that they never conform to the patterns demanded by popular fiction. This one, in addition, is complicated by the fact that I only saw it in glimpses and heard it in undertones; until such time as fate assigned me the rôle of father confessor to a man who . . . But that is the end.

My rôle began—though I was not aware of it—on a certain foggy evening, nearly three years ago now, in Rutland. I had pulled out of the hunt early, rather disgusted with my performance, and ridden home to an uninspiring tea before the coal fire in the upstairs sitting room of my tiny hunting cottage, whose angled front wall overhangs a corner of the Melton Road.

Tea finished and the newspapers flung carelessly on the floor between my two dozing terriers, I also dozed—the disgust of the day forgotten—till Cæsar, climbing on to my mud-stained breeches, woke me; and I lay back, half-waking and half-sleeping, one of my hands pulling idly at his ears.

The fog, it seemed, had thickened. Wisps of it were blowing in through the short chintz curtains. So presently I roused myself and put the protesting dog down. As I went to close the one open casement, I was aware, vaguely, of hoof beats; and because, for me, there is always a fascination about hoof beats, I waited, my hand at the window bolt, listening for their approach. The horses—there were two of them — came slowly, clip-clop, clip-clop, clip. Presently I heard the jingle of a curb chain; then the clink of a spur against the iron; then a murmur of two voices speaking low.

"Better pull up and let me see to it," said one voice, a man's. The other, a girl's, protested. But just before they came under my casements, the hoof beats stopped, and I heard—though I could not see, because the angle of the wall hid him from me—the man dismount.

I ought, of course, either to have shut the window and gone back to my armchair, or called down to ask the man if he wanted help. Still half asleep, however, I took neither of these actions; just stood there—eavesdropping, if you will.

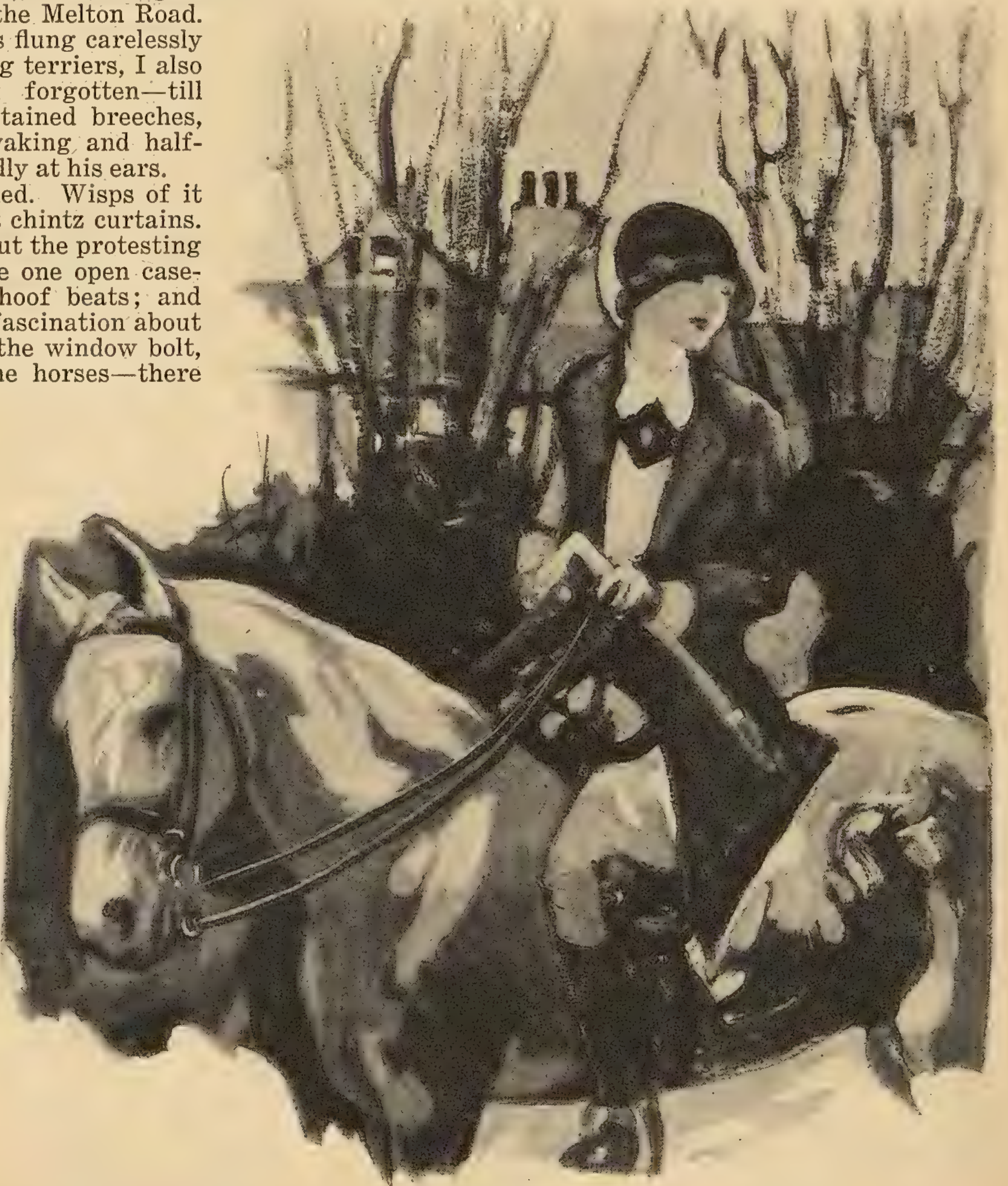
The fog-bound silence, now that the hoof beats had stopped, was almost uncanny.

Through it I imagined myself catching the click of an unloosed girth buckle. Then the silence again. Then voices, lower than ever, word indistinguishable from word.

"Lovers," I remember thinking. Nevertheless, I remained by my window. Why—since I am not by nature an eavesdropper—I do not yet understand.

Maybe there *is* a pattern in stories from the life—in life itself even. Maybe I was a fragment of this pattern, an integral and intended piece of the jig-saw. Anyway, I stood on, my hand still at the window bolt, till presently I heard: "I tell you I do still care, Ursula. And so do you! Perhaps it *would* be better if we didn't. Because of the children. But what's the use?"

Whereupon shame took me abruptly by the sporting instincts and I closed the window, being extra careful

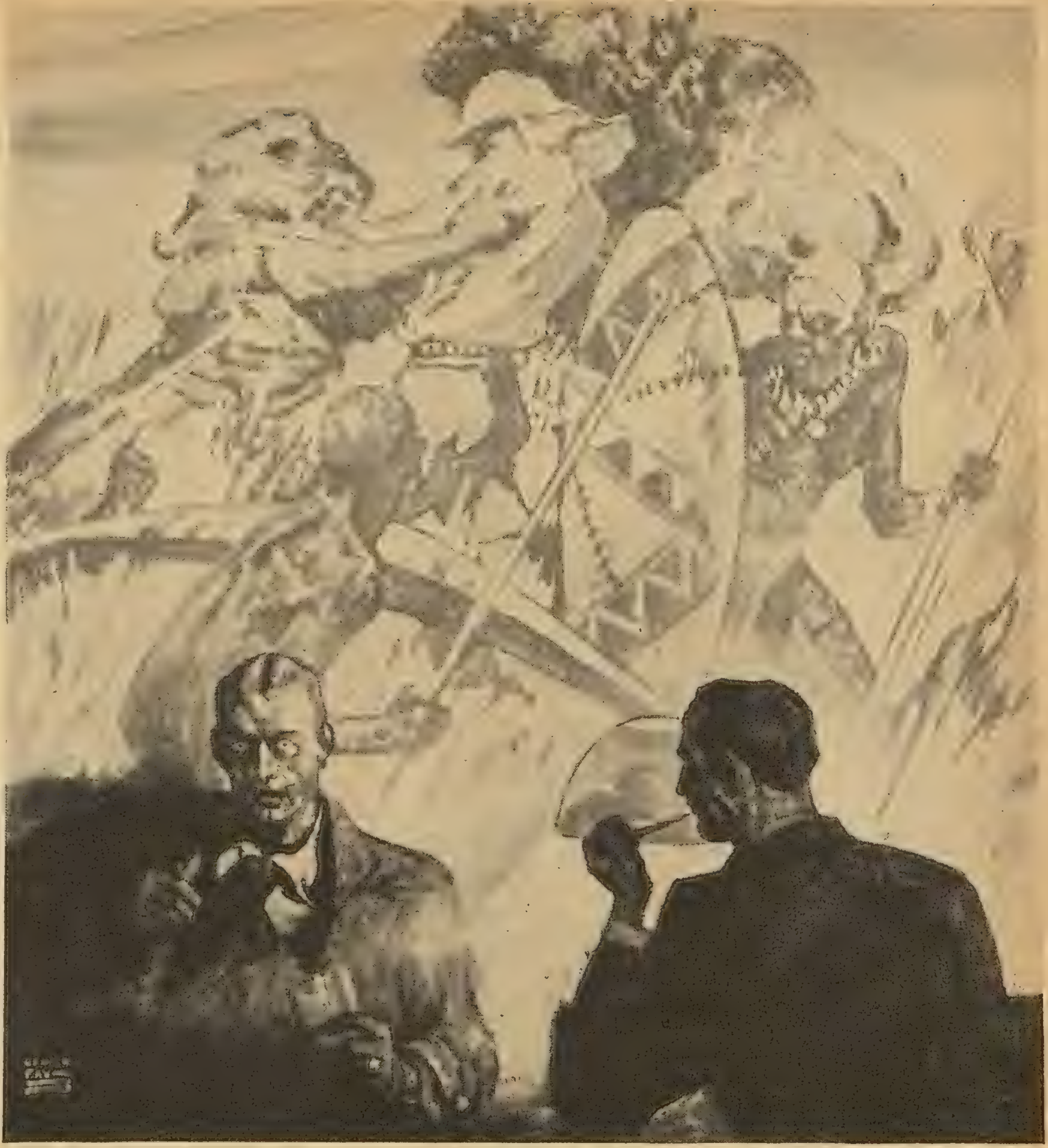


I came face to face with Ursula. She looked so beautiful that I forgot all about that mysterious wooer of hers.

the bolt should make no noise.

I remember going back to the fire and cursing myself. I remember telling myself that the words held no guilty implication. I remember trying to persuade myself that the Ursula couldn't—couldn't possibly—be Ursula Treliss.

But all the time I knew that the Ursula had been Ursula Treliss; and, after the hoof beats had resumed their clip-clopping, and passed under my casements, and died away to silence along the turnpike, I sat for a full hour futilely trying to fit features and a personality to the voice I had overheard making love to her; and thinking of Robert Harborough, whose last letter had been dated from Lake Marsabit—which is almost in Abyssinia—and who would not be home till June.



"I could have helped. I was within twenty yards when that wounded lion charged out of cover."

ALWAYS a queer fish, Robert Harborough. So infernally unsophisticated. He ought, of course, to have got over Ursula. Perhaps he had. I remember hoping so, as I woke next day.

Next day frost followed fog, and for a week we had no hunting. I worked, but chafed to be in the saddle again.

On the eighth night the frost broke, and, jogging out of my stable yard to the morning's meet, I came face to face with Ursula, alone and riding a gray.

Her beauty always had been indisputable. In other times she would have been a "toast." Even nowadays, when "the sex" has made itself too cheap for toasting, I have seen half a dozen usually supercilious youngsters begging her for a word. But on that particular February morning she looked, in her blue habit, with her little hands low, and her little foot loose in the iron, and her proud dark head high, and her big dark eyes shining at me from under the rim of her hunting hat, so beautiful that I forgot all about that mysterious wooer of hers till we had trotted a good two miles. And even when I remembered, it was only vaguely, as one remembers an unpleasant dream.

She was staying with the Dalkeiths, she told me. Did I know Marjorie Dalkeith? Such a darling. "And, of course, you must know Otho. Everybody knows Otho."

I proved myself beyond a certain pale by admitting that I had not yet the honor of Otho Dalkeith's acquaintance, and she threatened to introduce us "the next time he's out." But that particular morning, just after hounds got away from Owston—trying (I admit it!) to follow Ursula's gray and Ursula's billycock over a fence, with a ditch on the landing side far too formidable for poor hands and cheap horseflesh—I came first on my head and then on my collar bone, thus bringing my gallop to an inglorious end.

Some people get over such tosses, broken collar bones included, in three weeks. I didn't. March found me in Monte Carlo, April in London, where I settled down to the last half of a novel, and the usual round.

The usual round—first nights, supper parties, cocktails, and that sort of thing—brought me into touch with Ursula again, and through her I met Marjorie Dalkeith. The pair of them made a divine contrast. For Marjorie's was the true Diana type—tall, blonde, full-lipped, and pale-blue-eyed, with the square shoulders and the large capable hands. She was the mother type, too, though not aggressively so. And later on—toward the end of May, it must have been—she introduced me to her two little girls and to her husband. The husband, Otho, I hated from the first.

HATRED, like love, is a reasonless emotion. Except for his flamboyance—the "old boyishness" of him, if I may coin a phrase—there was nothing especially dislikable about Otho Dalkeith. He dressed well; drew a tidy income from the City; spent a good deal of it on entertaining; and was handsome in a sleek, sensual fashion, with his high cheek bones and forehead, his slightly grayed hair, and his still black mustache.

As I say, I don't know why I hated Otho Dalkeith. From the first he went out of his way to be polite to me. He even offered to put me in on the "ground floor" of one of his companies. Still, there the hatred was; and if it hadn't been for Marjorie I'd have dropped him right away.

Marjorie played a good hard-hitting game of lawn tennis, you see, and belonged to my own club. That threw us together a lot, though I never got on intimate terms with her. I don't think, as a matter of fact, that she'd ever been on really intimate terms with any man, even with her own husband, till Robert Harborough

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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came drifting back from Lake Marsabit with his eyes grim and his mouth set and seventeen cases of trophies in the hold.

I met him at Tilbury, looking rather like one of his own lions in a fluffy tweed suit and yellow shooting boots, and took him straight to my flat, which seemed to shrink on his entrance and remained small until he left. For Robert, he was communicative and kept me up till all hours telling me of his adventures in that slow, deliberate voice of his, punctuated by mustache-pulls and puffs at his cigar.

Just before we turned in, he asked after Ursula.

"Seen anything of Miss Treliss lately, old fellow?"

And answering him, "Oh, we meet occasionally," it seemed to me that he had not profited much from his trip to Africa, because the very casualness of his inquiry hinted that he was not yet cured.

And just as I climbed into bed I remembered, not without forebodings, that which I had heard said to Ursula under the window of my hunting cottage on the Melton Road.

Next afternoon, after I'd done a bit of work and he'd got a couple of decent old suits home from his tailor, Robert and I went strolling; and as luck would have it—or perhaps this, too, was a piece of the jig-saw—ran straight into Marjorie and Ursula, who insisted on our giving them tea.

Ursula, over tea, was unusually silent. Once I caught her looking at Robert, but the look only expressed a faint bewilderment, which might have been either with herself or with him. And once—this happened as she took her cup from Marjorie—I saw the fingers of her left hand clench ever so slightly at the silk over her knee.

Robert, being Robert, didn't display any signs of emotion, though when, just as we were leaving the tea place, Marjorie asked him to her next cocktail party, he actually promised to go.

"Hardly in your line—cocktail parties," I suggested.

"Got to go with the swim," said he, pulling at his mustache once more. "And Mrs. Dalkeith seems an awfully nice woman."

"Nothing doing in that direction," chaffed I, momentarily forgetful of his unsophistication, and was duly ticked off, "Damn it all! Can't you ever think about women except in one way?" for my lapse.

At which precise point in the tale it seems apposite to remark that the men—not that I admit myself to be of their number—who do "only think about women in one way" are far less disturbing to social traffic than the Robert Harboroughs of this world, who need nine months of rhinos, buffaloes, lions, and elephants to rid their souls of one damsel, and, even so, don't always bring it off.

MY Robert, I felt certain at Marjorie's party, hadn't brought it off. He kept looking over his shoulder every time the drawing-room doors opened, and I knew that he could only be looking for Ursula. But Ursula never turned up; not even at half-past six when Otho came back from the City and kissed his wife—a shade too effusively, I thought—and shook hands—a good deal too effusively, I thought—with Robert and me.

"Big-game shooting, eh?" quoth Otho to Robert. "That's the stuff, old boy. Like to do a bit myself one of these days if the wife'll let me. Hear you can do the whole job in three months if you fix up everything beforehand."

"You can," said Robert. "That's to say, if you've got the money. But, of course, it's only a promenade."

"Shouldn't care for that," went on Otho. "When I do a thing, I like to do it properly. Wish you'd come to dinner one night and tell us all about it."

"I'd like to," said Robert, and so the acquaintanceship between those two—the man who had always been my friend and the man whom I had hated from the first moment I knew him—began.

If I had not been well toward the end of my novel—and consequently oblivious of everyday matters—I should have been considerably worried about that acquaintanceship. Robert, with all his good points, had never been a judge of human nature. Otho, for all the "old boyishness," wasn't the sort of man who made acquaintances to no purpose. Besides, concurrently with the growing intimacy with Otho, there was the growing intimacy with Otho's Marjorie—and in a week or two people began to talk.

The talk, at first, was only faintly malicious. "Those three are about together rather a lot, aren't they? Nothing in it, I suppose. He used to be rather keen on Ursula Treliss, didn't he?"

But presently—after Robert and Marjorie had been seen alone at the Embassy two or three times—scandal began to grow.

NOVEL or no novel, I did warn Marjorie about it one afternoon as we drove home from tennis, but Marjorie turned the conversation on to top spin; and when I tried hinting to Robert I met with even poorer results.

Thinking things over now, I'm sure he only went about with Marjorie in the hope of meeting Ursula. But at the time—he had left me by then and taken furnished chambers in St. James's—I didn't realize that. Possibly because Otho's and Marjorie's photographs displayed themselves on his sitting-room mantelpiece, whereas Ursula's, which I had observed him unpack with some care from his battered dressing case on the night of his arrival in London, was nowhere to be seen.

The scandal, as scandals will, abated. Nevertheless, knowing Robert's unsophistication, my imagination in its free moments began to weave a story with Otho for the villain, and Robert, caught on the rebound from Ursula by the contrasting charms of Marjorie, in his toils.

"Otho's throwing those two together of set purpose," I decided; and then, arriving unexpectedly on my book's *dénouement*, forgot all about real people in the excitements of the fictitious ones with whom my brain had been living for nearly a year. And it was within two hours of writing Finis to my book, my brain still seething, that I found myself—in Kensington Gardens with the sun just slanting toward the tip of the Albert Memorial—face to face with Ursula Treliss.

Her face, I imagined, was a little more thoughtful than usual. But she smiled when she recognized me; smiled again when I said to her, "You'll be a bit late for dinner, won't you? It's after half-past eight."

"I don't think I'm going to have any dinner tonight," she answered. "And you?"

"Too tired to eat yet awhile," I admitted. "Just finished a book; and it takes it out of one."

"I suppose it does," said she. Then, inconsequently, "Other things take it out of one more, though."

"The season, you mean?"

"Oh, yes! The season." She smiled for the third time, rather wanly. "Let's call it that."

I wanted to leave her and walk on, being in no mood for company, but something—life's pattern perhaps—restrained me. And presently we were walking together, neither of us very talkative, she with her eyes on the ground.

"Seen anything of the Dalkeiths lately?" I asked, just for the sake of making conversation.

"No." She hesitated; then, faintly malicious, "Marjorie's rather busy these days, isn't she?"

"It isn't like you to be catty," I put in, for there was nothing of the unsophisticated about Ursula.

"Catty!" she repeated. "Catty! Good God! Do you think I care a damn whether Marjorie—"

"And it isn't like you to swear, either."

"Isn't it?"

She stopped there, upper teeth biting lower lip.

"Sorry," she went on at last. "I nearly made an exhibition of myself. Let's talk about something else. What's your new book about?"

"Well, it's a love story."

"That sounds pretty dull."

"I hope the public won't think so."

"Oh—love's all right in novels."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

"Rather cynical tonight, aren't you, Ursula?"

"It's better to be cynical than to be"—in fiction one would write that her lips curled—"sloppy."

"Somehow I can't imagine you being sloppy."

"Oh, we're all housemaids *au fond*, my dear," said Ursula. "Only some of us have got just a little decency and just a little common sense."

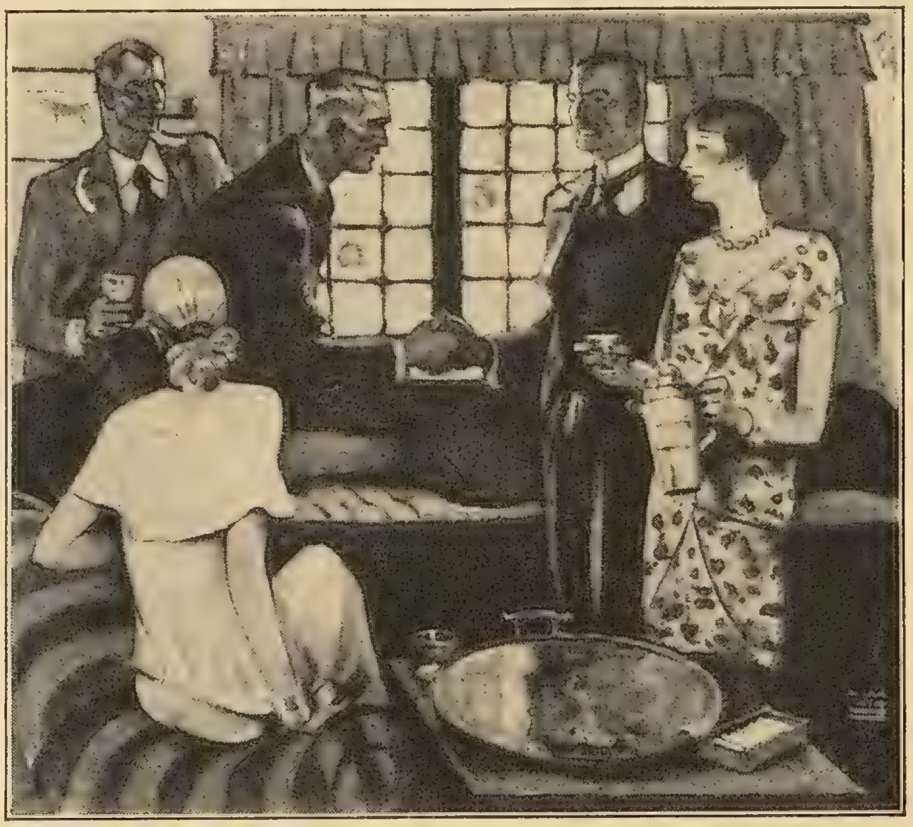
Whereupon she made an excuse and left me, walking hurriedly, head high. I walked home slowly, head down, trying to fit two and two together, alternately remembering that mysterious married lover of hers and wondering whether she were really piqued at Robert's defection, to discover Otho Dalkeith, of all people, waiting at my flat.

"I was at a loose end," he said. "And your man felt pretty certain you'd be home by nine-thirty. Hope you don't mind."

He was smoking a cigar, and my man had poured him out a whisky and soda. His boots showed me that he, too, had been walking. He looked rather white and somehow older, like a man who'd just had a blow.

"How are things with you?" I asked him.

"Making a hell of a lot of money, old boy," he answered. "But money isn't everything. I'm getting a bit fed up with this country. Thinking of going away for a bit. Only I've got umpteen stocks open, and, of course, there's the wife."



Ursula never turned up; not even when Otho came back from the City and shook hands—a good deal too effusively.

He stayed for three-quarters of an hour, talking in the same strain, till hunger came on me and I got rid of him after promising to dine at his house in Pont Street the following night. "Old Robert'll be there," he said, "and two girl friends of Marjorie's. Nobody else."

I don't know what the girl friends (they were dull creatures) thought of that dinner. But I hated it from the cocktails to the port. Marjorie did her best, but Otho was impossible. He snarled at the butler; practically insulted me and Robert; and, what was worse, apologized to both of us after the ladies had left the room.

"SORRY, you chaps," he apologized agitatedly. "My nerves are all on edge this evening. There's something wrong with me. Has been for days. Marjorie wants me to see a doctor about it. But what's the use?"

"All you want is a holiday," said Robert, and he spoke very deliberately, his big fingers taking counsel with his mustache.

"I'm going off again in August. Now, why don't you just make up your mind to come with me and let the Stock Exchange rip?"

"I believe I will," answered Otho, and for the rest of our time in the dining room the two of them talked Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, while I listened, wondering whether it could be possible that the inflection on just four words had supplied me with a key piece to one section of the jig-saw, or whether my imagination, newly taut after its dismissal of fiction, were playing me one of its tricks.

"But even if it isn't playing me tricks," I thought, "even if that's why Otho wants to leave England, it doesn't explain Robert and Marjorie. He isn't that sort of man, and she isn't that sort of woman, either." And walking back with Robert, through a silent Knightsbridge, I made up my mind that whatever else might be sending *him* back to Uganda, it wasn't the blue-eyed Diana charms of Otho Dalkeith's wife.

He spoke about her too freely, to start with, and then . . . . Oh, well, one can't practice my profession for years without acquiring a flair for that sort of thing. If Otho had laid a trap for them, I decided—and, imagining what I did, it seemed more than ever likely—the trap hadn't sprung.

"So you're really going back," I said at parting.

"Yes."

"And taking Otho with you?"

"Part of the trip, anyway. That's to say, if he'll come."

"But why?"

"Why Otho, you mean?"

"No, I don't. I mean why go back at all, Robert? Isn't England good enough for you?"

"England?" He looked at me, and I saw very clearly under the arc light that his eyes were still as grim as on the day when I had met him at Tilbury. "Nobody loves England better than I do, old fellow. But some wounds—just won't heal."

AFTER that I encountered him twice more; once, alone, outside his gunsmith's; and once, accompanied by Otho and Marjorie, at a West End grill. Marjorie didn't seem particularly happy; Robert was taciturn as ever; but Otho was in the highest of high spirits at the prospect of "living like a man, old boy, blowing away the cobwebs, and all that."

"When are you off?" I asked.

"End of the week," said Otho.

"And how long are you going to be in Africa?"

"Oh, not more than six months, old boy. With a bit of luck I'll be back in February."

But Otho Dalkeith has not yet come back from Africa; and he never will.

. . . . .

I was at my hunting cottage again when the first news of his death reached England, and I remember very clearly the look in Cæsar's eyes as I stared into them after reading—twice, to make certain of it—the paragraph headed, "Well Known City Man's Fate in Uganda," which told me so much less than I wanted to know.

"What do you want to know?" that dog look of Cæsar's seemed to be asking. But I didn't dare tell even Cæsar what I wanted to know. I didn't dare do anything, except telephone the news editor of the only paper which had carried the paragraph, who said rather curtly, "No doubt at all, I'm afraid. We got it straight from Kampala. . . . Yes. Lion bite. . . . The cable didn't give any other details. What did you say? Oh, the name of the chap he went with is Harborough, not Hanborough. Thanks. I'll correct that tomorrow. Good-by."

After which I ordered out my two-seater, packed a dressing case, and drove straight to town. Driving, I tried to tell myself that the affair was none of my business, that Marjorie had other friends, relatives. But the impulse persisted, and shortly after dinner I rang the bell at Pont Street, to be told by a surprised footman, "Madam says, will you please come upstairs, sir. She *is* alone."

I found her, as I had expected—the Diana type does not cry—tearless. Her cable had arrived before the newspaper's. She showed it to me. It was headed "By runner to Kampala," and signed "Robert."

"Poor Robert," she said. "He never has any luck,

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

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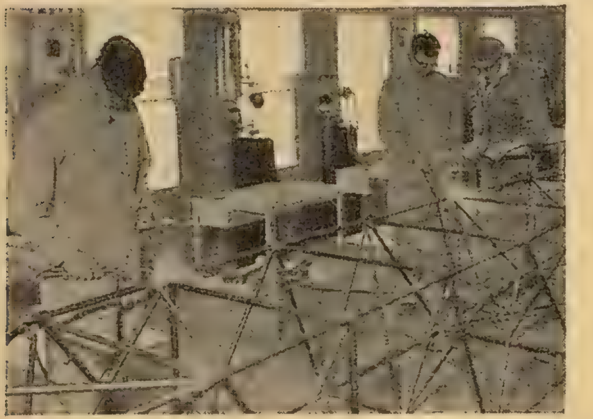

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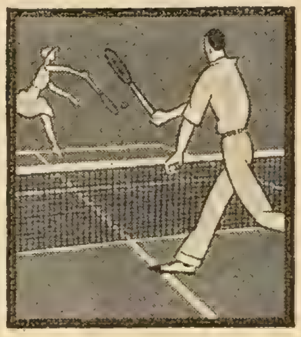
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

does he? He'll be horribly cut up about this, and feel it's all his fault. But, of course, it isn't. These things have got to be. And one's got to bear them." And just before I left her she said, "Yes. I'll let you hear the moment I get a letter. But we shan't really know much—shall we?—till Robert comes home."

That was Marjorie; and only faintly illuminative. Ursula, I did not visit.

Still, I thought about her a lot; more than I did about Marjorie; more even than I thought about Robert—whose letter told us very little—in the months that went by. Ursula was "going the pace," one heard. Then, all of a sudden, she married—a man in the Gunners. And a week later I got a cable from Suez, "Arriving Tilbury the eighteenth."



Outwardly it was the same old Robert who came ashore from the same old tramp steamer, in the same old shooting boots and the same old tweeds. But, inwardly—I knew from the very moment he shook hands with me—the man had altered. Grim as always, I sensed, nevertheless—and "sensed" is the only way I can describe it—a diffidence about him.

He took the news of Ursula's marriage calmly, however. I even had the idea that it pleased him. And when I said, "Marjorie's in town. You'll have to go and see her tomorrow," he did not flinch.

Indeed, he never flinched; not even when I said to him—late that night with our last cigars almost at their butts and the last whisky in our glasses: "Your letter wasn't very illuminative. Marjorie will want details. Was Otho all by himself when the brute got him? Couldn't his gun bearer have helped? Did he die at once? The newspaper said 'Bites.' That means gangrene, doesn't it?" All he did then was to pass the back of his right hand across his forehead quickly, as one who flings away sweat.

"You liked Otho, didn't you?" I went on.

"Liked him?" he echoed; and began to stare at me; and went on staring—the pupils of his eyes tiny as the flame points of a Bunsen burner—until my imagination began telling me vaguely, yet very awfully, part of what I had wanted to know.

"THEN, you didn't like him," I remember myself saying; and he, "I liked him well enough until we got out there; until he started bucking to me. I oughtn't to have listened, I suppose. But when you're on safari with a fellow, you can't very well help it. And there were other things. Africa tests a man out, you know. It's like war that way. He hadn't been to the war. One of the indispensables! Not that he'd have stuck war for long. Too much of a softy. 'Nerves,' he called it. Sheer funk would have been better. He'd have turned back half a dozen times only his vanity wouldn't let him. And then, after we'd been on safari about three months, he—"

Robert's voice boggled over that part of the tale, but I caught the gist of what he was trying to make plain.

"But I thought that wasn't done," I put in.

"It isn't—except by the Dagos. I told him so. He said he didn't care; that as long as he was willing to pay the market price for her . . ." And again Robert passed the back of his hand across his forehead, but this time slowly, as one who rids himself of more than sweat.

"But it wasn't that," he said at last. "Though I've tried to kid myself it was. That only put the lid on things. It was the way he bucked to me. At nights. Sitting in front of our tent with the fires going. About"—he boggled again—"about his wife. And other women. And not just women either. Ladies. People one knew at home."

He fell silent, and I watched him, thinking of Ursula, wondering if Otho had spoken of her, till he went on.

"We won't mention names," he went on. "Though he did. But there was one—one lady in particular. She'd—she'd been his. At least he said so. Probably a lie. I'm—I'm sure it was a lie.

"ANYWAY, she'd chucked him, though he'd promised to marry her if he could get his divorce.

"I'm—not squeamish. But the way Otho used to talk about his wife, and that—that lady, made me hate him. Hate him like hell."

"I hated him, too," said I.

Robert fell silent again for a full minute; then, speaking without heat and only one hesitation, he said:

"You may as well know. I could have helped. I was within twenty yards of him when that wounded lion charged out of cover. Even after he'd missed—he shot too soon, both barrels—I could have killed it. But I didn't. I held my fire just long enough. Deliberately. Yes, deliberately! You've got to have been in Africa to know what it cost me to do it. But he was a filthy animal. Better where he is than in London. Both for the sake of that—that lady, and for the sake of his wife."

"And his children, Robert?" He had ceased, and now I, in my turn, tried to speak without heat and without hesitation.

"Even for their sakes it was better."

"You're sure of that?"

"Yes. I've had six months, all alone, to think about it. And I'm quite sure."

. . . . .

After that, there was nothing more to be said, and we went to our rooms on it; he, I was almost sure, to sleep dreamlessly, I to sit up hour after hour with the cigarette ash mounting in the ash tray.

And as the cigarette ash mounted, I could almost see Otho Dalkeith's face, half lecherous, half sentimental in the light of the African camp fires; almost hear his voice saying, "Yes. The little Treliss girl. You were rather gone on her yourself once, weren't you, old boy? Good-looking kid, isn't she? Well, she and I . . ."

And as dawn came through the curtains I could almost see Marjorie's face, tearless; almost hear her voice saying, "Poor Robert! He never has any luck, does he?"

And as dawn grew I remember thinking, "He won't tell Marjorie what he told me. No man could. And, besides, he'll never care for anybody except Ursula, and she's married, and so there's no real pattern in the jig-saw I've been fitting together.

"It's just a botch of a puzzle. Like life!"

For it seemed to me then—as it seems still—that Marjorie Dalkeith loved Robert Harborough. Though to what purpose only the crueler deities—or is it those wise old priests who tell us that this short life is a mere preparation for the long one which comes after?—know.

THE END

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2—What coin is called a double eagle?
3—Who was Liliuokalani?
4—Who said: "With malice toward none; with charity for all"?
5—What is the antonym of synthesis?
6—To what nation does Greenland belong?
7—Who once used the nom de plume Boz?
8—Who was Josephine de Beauharnais?
9—What is meant by the earth's orbit?
10—What does the Latin phrase *habeas corpus* mean?
11—Who wrote Gulliver's Travels?
12—Who were the vestal virgins?
13—What is a Pyrrhic victory?
14—What battle virtually ended the Revolutionary War?
15—Who was Aphrodite?
16—What was the Latin name for what is now called Switzerland?
17—What is Esperanto?
18—Where is the seaport Mocha?
19—Who is Queen of the Netherlands?
20—What novel includes the character Quasimodo?

(Answers will be found on page forty-seven)

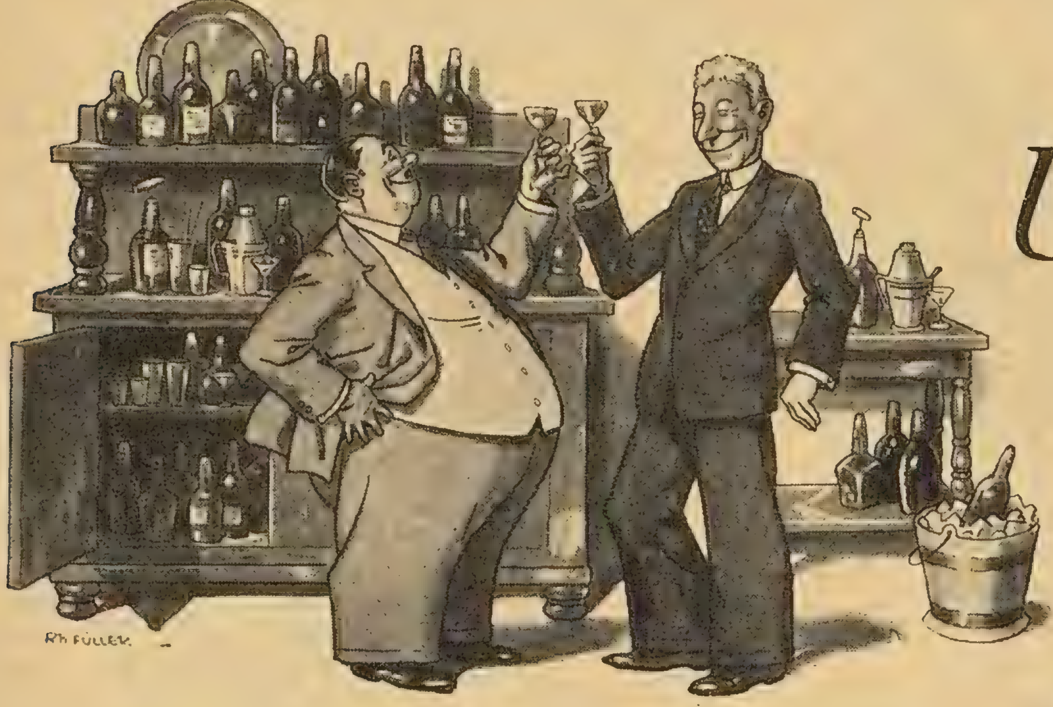
Is It Possible to Go on the Water Wagon in the United States?

The Testimony of a Terrible Example

By

JOHN N. WHEELER

Pictures by R. B. FULLER



Most of the liquor I tried, which was practically all offered me, was good.

IT wasn't long ago I won $100 from a traction magnate because he was mistaken about the date when the prohibition law became effective in the United States. What pleased me more, almost, than winning the $100, which was promptly paid, was the fact that the traction man was supported in his positive and mistaken views by a corporation lawyer. When you can catch a traction magnate and a corporation lawyer both wrong and win $100, you have done a day's work.

In a casual discussion with these two gentlemen, I happened to say I had stopped in the old Waldorf bar after returning from France and being discharged from the army and had had a cocktail with John McGraw, manager of the Giants. The traction magnate immediately took exception to my statement and declared that such a procedure was improbable. I was equally positive.

"Do you want to bet on it?" demanded the traction man.

I certainly did and said so in no uncertain terms.

"How much do you want to bet?" he asked with a glint in his eye.

"Just as much as I have," was my proposition. He suggested $5,000, which was evidently his liberal estimate of my total assets.

"I think you're wrong," the corporation lawyer said to me.

"Of course, I mean," added the traction man by way of precaution, "that you could not go into a bar and *legally* buy a drink. I say such a procedure was impossible after January first, 1919."

The upshot of the argument was that the traction man was so positive, he said he did not want to take a lot of my money on the bet, so we compromised on a wager of $100. A quick reference to an encyclopedia resulted in my opponent forking over to me two fifty-dollar bills and the discovery it was against the law to purchase a drink *legally* after January 16, 1920.

Which brings me to the theme of this story. It is still impossible to purchase a drink *legally* in the United States of America, and it is almost impossible to dodge one because of the hospitality of its inhabitants, even in the supposedly arid stretches of Indiana and Kansas. I found most of the liquor offered to me was presumably brought into the country by the smoking-room stewards of some of the conspicuous transatlantic liners, which is the story going with nearly every bottle of liquor sold or given away in this country.

This writer is not making any airy statement, because I have recently completed a tour which carried me pretty well all over the United States, and I started out with two bottles of Scotch whisky in my baggage, in case of illness or depression, and a strong determination to go on the water wagon during the trip.

My first stop was Chicago, and there I invited an old friend of mine to dinner with me in my room at the hotel, and it resembled an emergency to me, so between us we killed about half of one bottle of the good Scotch I had taken with me—brought in by the smoking-room steward of a Hoboken ferry.

Then I went to Nashville, and no smoking-room stewards met me at the railroad station, but having finished my business with a gentleman we had a quiet drink in my hotel room, and I assured him I had enough spirits to carry me along without trespassing on his hospitality.

A BRIEF stop in Atlanta, and I was in Florida. And, boy, try to stay on the wagon there! You would think Congress had recently passed a law forbidding the drinking of water unless it was charged and mixed with Scotch or rye or both. Having some business in Tampa which kept me over Sunday, I went to Belleair, where I met a lot of friends who thought you were insulting them if you refused to try six of their cocktails. I was invited to a dinner and dance, and champagne flowed like water. It would have been a unique experience if somewhere on my travels water had ever flowed like Scotch whisky.

I spent a day and night in Tampa, which is a pleasant city with a smell of old Spain about it. When I asked a gentleman whom I knew and who was the general manager of a newspaper there to recommend a place to eat, he suggested a Spanish restaurant which he said was famous for its food. I took his tip and had no sooner sat down than the waiter remarked:

"Would you like a cocktail?"

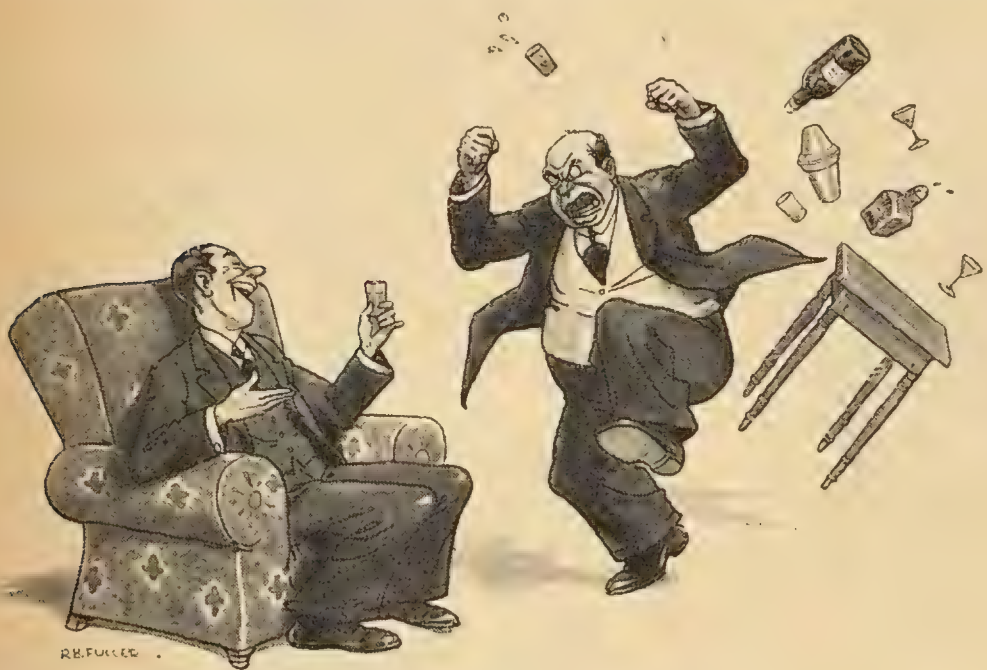
Tapering off after Belleair, I immediately adopted his suggestion and had a Martini without showing any identification card or whispering or telling him I was a friend of a friend of a guy who ate there every night. Then I had a bottle of wine, and later a fight with a taxi driver who tried to charge me twice as much to take me back to the hotel as it had cost me to reach the restaurant.

Perhaps the reader is entitled to a word of explanation as to how I happened to conduct this research tour, with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IS IT POSSIBLE TO GO ON THE WATER WAGON IN THE UNITED STATES?
Continued from page thirty-three]

which I will combine an alibi for myself. It had not been my purpose, when I set out, to investigate the means and methods of getting a drink in the U. S. A. My business is to give the public vicarious entertainment through selling features to newspapers throughout the country, and occasionally it is necessary for me to visit the customers to discuss with them the possible purchase of material to publish in their papers. It was on such a trip I found the steps leading up to the water wagon a greased pole.



In Los Angeles you can joke about a man's wife, but make some crack about his gin and you are in for a fight.

To continue my tour from Tampa, I jumped to New Orleans, and no one on the train offered me a drink. But once reaching the Crescent City, as it has been nicknamed, I can only judge the Mississippi floods must have disgusted the inhabitants with water, because that is the only drink which was not offered me during my stay there.

The first day I played golf and had a Tom Collins after I got through, the gin coming from contented bootleggers. We dined that night at a restaurant, and the proprietor, recognizing our responsibility, served us a Sazerac cocktail and some of the finest wine I ever tasted.

One of my companions saw a friend at another table in this restaurant, so we adjourned to his apartment in the French quarter after dinner, where we had the finest liqueurs. His sideboard looked like the setting for a moving picture in the old Creole days of New Orleans.

Houston was the next stop, and this was in strict Texas, so my resolution to ride high and handsome on the water wagon could be observed here without temptations. Having to spend Sunday in the town, I felt a little dreary until a friend of mine, who is the editor of a newspaper, called by in his car to take me to lunch. Without even asking my consent he served a series of cocktails and these were followed by excellent claret during the lunch.

THE spirit all over the country seems to be that if a local resident cannot furnish liquor to a visitor, it is a reflection on his standing in the community or his bootlegger or something, so he spreads himself. And most of the liquor I tried, which was practically all offered me, was good.

From Houston to Fort Worth, and this turned out to be an oasis and a supply station. When the smoke cleared away, I had six bottles of preprohibition liquor in my bag—namely, one bottle of Scotch, one of gin, one of brandy, one of Rhine wine, one of rye, and one of cordial. Embarrassed by the hospitality of my host, at first I declined to take it, but not very emphatically, and was finally persuaded to accept.

I don't want to be repetitious, but there was the same story in Austin, and the driest symptom I saw in Texas was Governor Dan Moody, on whom I called with a friend of mine who had the keys to the back door of the Capitol. The governor did not offer me a drink, and in fact talked against it, which did not bother me much because I had had a couple of cocktails before lunch and would not be thirsty again until dinnertime.

Having been in Juarez on previous visits to El Paso, I had decided to stick in the United States; but the publisher of an El Paso paper called with his car and his wife and insisted that the Mexican city had been remodeled and I must see it. If you go to a window to stick your head out to get a breath of fresh air in Juarez, which is also very scarce, someone hands you a drink should one of your hands be empty.

LOS ANGELES is a city of moving-picture folks, real-estate boosters, and amateur brewers. After tasting some of the cocktails made with the home-manufactured gin, I feel sure that none of the brewers runs any risk of losing his amateur standing. I found that in Los Angeles you can joke about a man's wife and say his children look like water spaniels, but make some crack about his gin and you are in for a fight. Refuse to drink it and you will probably be massacred. After having my first two cocktails in Los Angeles, I was reminded of what Rube Goldberg, the cartoonist, once said:

"Before I go out to dinner now, I practice making faces at myself in front of the mirror so I won't look so bad when I drink a cocktail."

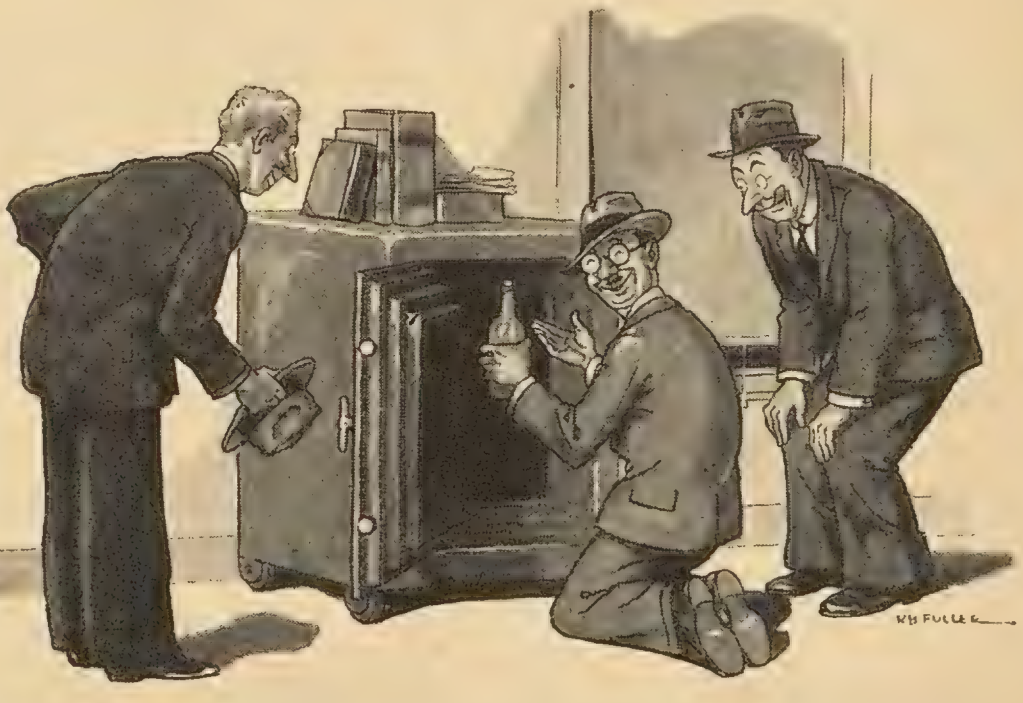
One night I dined with an old friend in "L. A.," as the California boys say, and assured him that I was on the water wagon, and by way of response he dug out a bottle with a champagne sign on it, and unwrapping the tinfoil he said:

"This doesn't count."

Maybe he thought it wasn't champagne after all. At any rate, we got up from the dinner table at half past two in the morning, after putting the moving-picture business in its place and giving the European situation a pretty thorough going over.

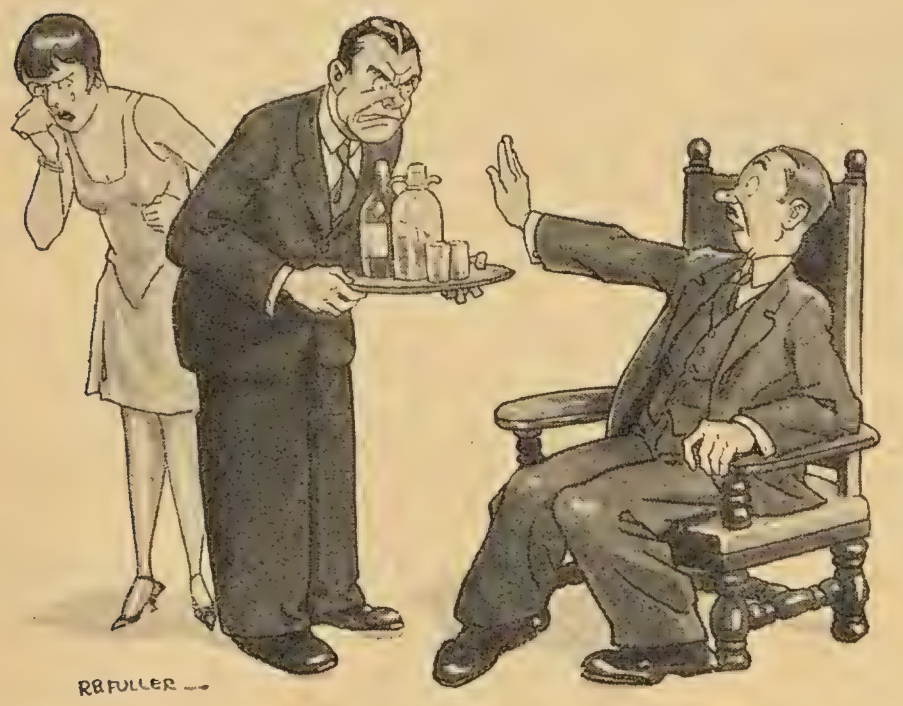
A friend of mine asked me to go to Tia Juana with him to see the Coffroth Handicap, which is the big race. For the benefit of those who may not have read the guidebooks, this is a Mexican town just below the border, about eighteen miles from San Diego. There is a poem about the toughness of Port Said, but if the author had ever skinned his eye over Tia Juana, he would have mistaken Port Said for a Sunday-school play room.

If I had had to have two dollars to get back into the



He carefully pulled down all the shades before unlocking the safe and bringing out a strange-looking bottle.

United States when the boys got through running the vacuum cleaner over me in Tia Juana, I would still be in Mexico, but fortunately my friend had his own automobile which he did not bet on the red or the black.



If you want to go on the water wagon in the provinces, you insult everybody you know.

I paused between Los Angeles and San Francisco for a couple of days to play golf with a friend on the Monterey Peninsula, and in our foursome was a retired commander of the United States navy. After we washed up he produced a bottle of gin and ordered the makings for four Tom Collinses. He also muttered something I didn't catch about Josephus Daniels, but I don't think it was a boost.

"I'm on the water wagon," I explained timidly.

"Aw, quit your kidding," was his answer.

SAN FRANCISCO had an air of quiet dignity which was restful, and I was there a whole day and no one offered me a drink, so, thinking I might like a cocktail and some native wine with my dinner, I asked the hotel house detective and he directed me to a place where no credentials were required and the size of your bank roll was the limit.

A stranger thought he knew me and insisted I drink with him at his expense. He turned out to be a prominent attorney.

The third day of my visit to the city by the Golden Gate brought me better luck, for a gentleman, thinking he recalled some more or less imaginary obligation, slipped me a bottle of Scotch which he assured me had come through from Canada and had arrived only that morning. His gesture in presenting it to me seemed to imply he was upholding the pride of the city.

When I called on the head of one of the prominent banks in Frisco, as the Easterners and the senders of telegrams say, he had his grip in his hand ready to start east to attend a meeting. He apologized for his lack of hospitality and explained if I came again he had a cellar which was bulging with something besides California oranges and Bank of Italy stock. All Californians own lots of both.

So it went. A day at San José to play golf, and three gents out of the foursome came running with bottles they had produced from their lockers. Probably the score would have been 100 per cent, except I was the fourth and didn't have any locker at that club.

I TARRIED in Salt Lake only a few hours and visited the Mormon Temple. No one offered me a drink there, and I saw conspicuous signs which forbade smoking, so I parked an almost whole cigar outside. Our guide, who is a member of the Mormon Church, declared the relation of polygamy to this religion had been overemphasized and that, in its best days, not more than 5 per cent of the members favored this phase of the belief, no matter how attractive it looked to the outsider.

He added that it had been abandoned entirely now.

Denver boasts in its literature it is a mile high, but the Chamber of Commerce does not add that any alcoholic stimulants consumed at this altitude are more potent than when imbibed at sea level. I do not know exactly what the ratio is, but anyway it represents a considerable saving in these days of bootleg prices. I got a good break in Denver, for the only man whom I know well was away, so no one offered me anything to test the altitude.

Wandering along from the Rockies, I paused in Omaha a few hours and rushed away to Kansas City, where I spent Sunday. Following a game of golf, one of the players took us to his office, where he carefully pulled down all the shades before unlocking the safe and bringing out a strange-looking bottle, partly empty, which he assured me he had bought with the understanding it contained rye whisky. If my host had been blind already I would have skipped it if I could, but it turned out all right.

Not to slight St. Louis, all I found necessary was to have a friend who could speak enough German to make himself understood and get around the town to procure all the beer one could drink. Not two blocks from the Statler Hotel I went into a saloon with swinging doors accompanied by the editor of one of the newspapers, where we asked for Bourbon highballs

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[IS IT POSSIBLE TO GO ON THE WATER WAGON IN THE UNITED STATES?
Continued from page thirty-five]

and got them and discussed politics with the same fluency as in the dear old preprohibition days.

The acoustics of this oasis seemed to be as good as those built before anyone heard of Mr. Volstead. The bartender looked like one of the old boys and interrupted himself in his task occasionally to answer the telephone and make a bet for a patron on the horse races or some political campaign. He seemed to have a direct wire to some bookmaker for the accommodation of his customers. This place had more of the old-time atmosphere than any I visited, because it looked, smelled, and was the old-time saloon against which the advocates of prohibition used to rave.

From what I had heard it was my expectation to see camels walking through the streets of Indianapolis on account of it being some kind of a desert, due to the strictness of the state laws on enforcement. Anticipating a quiet evening when a friend of mine who had been in the army invited me to dine with his wife and himself, I accepted. He called for me at my hotel and did take the precaution to pull down the shades before producing from his pocket a pint bottle. After the theater I went back to his house, where I stayed until one in the morning, leaving because the train started for Chicago at 1:15.

Chicago was hospitable. My friend who had helped me with my Scotch whisky on my way west invited me to dine with him at a restaurant where we had some excellent cocktails and Rhine wine with our dinner, with a cordial to top it off. If any arrival had looked like a prohibition snooper in that place, his life wouldn't have been worth a dime.

MAYBE someone in Detroit has heard a rumor the country is dry, but I didn't run across him, because the only thing which bothered me was I got tired climbing stairs. It seems to be a custom of that city to walk up a flight and save something, but I don't know what. Judging by observation, it wasn't the walking up which was tough for some of the patrons, but the coming down later.

I once heard an actor say that getting out on the stage wasn't the hard part, but returning to the wings at just the right moment with the audience laughing. He ought to try that stair problem in Detroit. The residents are somewhat snooty about New York booze and talk about the uncut brand they get from Canada with the same confidence that a mother of a first child does about certified milk.

A friend in Cleveland who conducts a brokerage office there wouldn't hear of having dinner without a cocktail, so we went to his house and satisfied him. I had abandoned the idea by this time of suggesting I was on the water wagon, because I had discovered it was just a pure waste of breath, or a waste of pure breath, whichever you like.

Stops at Rochester and Syracuse completed my tour, but to relate what happened in those cities in view of the foregoing testimony would be like carrying oil to Harry Sinclair. My head was hung in shame when I reached New York, for I had held it so proudly high when I left, supported by the firm resolution to go on the water wagon, which gave me a fine, far-away look in my eyes. I could not say I returned with it "bloody but unbowed."

As soon as I got home I took a glass of water and discovered it tasted about the way I thought it did. If there is any conclusion to be drawn from this article, it is, if you want to go on the water wagon, after all, New York is the place to do it. If you try it in the provinces, you insult everybody you know, and that doesn't mean you must be acquainted with a lot of lushes either. You're a visitor, and your friends must hold up their end of the hospitality for the sake of the reputation of the community. That seems to be the spirit that moves them. And in justice to this subject, I must add the general quality of the tonic is good.

IN New York you can take it or leave it alone and no one bothers you much about it. I had a nerve disease called shingles a year ago which necessitated me being abstemious for six months, and no one disturbed me about it. Also I have had considerable success since my return, although I am not going to become one of those pests who insist on telling their friends how much better they feel in the morning when they don't drink at night.

That is concentrated redundancy. Then, I might have to reverse myself at any time.

I can propose an infallible method for avoiding the hospitality of the United States and that is to travel in Europe.

Of course, technically, it is not going on the water wagon in the United States, but practically it would seem like it, after tasting the tonics which are for sale in Europe and comparing them with those dispensed here and casting an eye over the prices charged as against those demanded and usually obtained by the small army of bootleggers around New York which might be uncomfortably crowded into the Yankee Stadium.

It should be a relief to have the European product which one is sure is not made in a bathtub in the Bronx.

I have not undertaken to make a case for or against prohibition—simply reciting the facts as I found them and permitting the jury to bring in its own verdict.

The reader may have observed there has been no name mentioned in this article through which he could detect the source of supply.

Why should I write a guidebook? I had to go through it, and the traveling readers, if any, can find out for themselves whom to avoid when seeing America first.

THE END

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Ultimatum

Small Joan heard her mother discussing with their landlord the necessity of repairing the furnace. When she called on me in the afternoon I asked her if the landlord was going to have the furnace repaired.

"Well, if he don't, we're just going to say, 'Take your old house!'" she heatedly replied.—Lona Pearson MacDorman, Box 143, Jamestown, Ohio.

* * *

Page the Stork

Margaret was in Sunday school and the teacher asked each child what kind of toy he or she wished to play with. When Margaret was asked, she replied, "I want a little brother."—Mrs. Leroy G. Barnett, 454 New Jersey Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

Next Edition

A Short Short Story

By

WILLIAM CHAPPELL STEWART

a Texas newspaper man, now working in Fort Worth, but, says he, "very shiftless—don't like to stay in one place long." He is still in his 20s.

THE telephone jangled discordantly in the momentary noon quietness of The Press office. Hank Douglas, the city editor, lifted the instrument.

"H'lo," he grunted.

Then explosively: "Jimmy Cormack is dead! Plane crashed!"

His haggard blue eyes lighted up, and there was almost a quiver of his hawklike nose. It was only when a great story broke that Douglas emerged from habitual boredom, bred by years of handling with irreverent hands the daily chronicle of man's sorrows and mistakes.

Two or three desks beyond the littered storm center in which Douglas sat, Doris Conley stopped pecking at her typewriter. Her throat tightened, but there was no outward show of emotion. She went on tapping, tapping. ". . . The Mayor's wife wore a white . . ." God! Her Jimmy dead. It wasn't true. It couldn't be. Why, only last night, his arms about her, and his lips crushing hers . . . No! It wasn't true. It couldn't be.

". . . The gayest assemblage ever seen in New York greeted . . ."

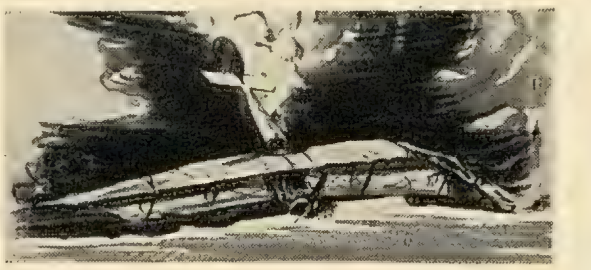
Jimmy! Jimmy!

Douglas was barking orders now, his blackened corncob pipe pouring out a steady stream of stifling smoke.

"Jack, go to the airport. Here, boy, go to the morgue; get all the dope on Cormack; tell the art department to hurry out a two-column layout of Jimmy and his wife. Smitty, go with Jack and try to get a decent picture of the crash scene. Doris, see Mrs. Cormack at the Lenroy Hotel. It is only three blocks from the office, so come back and write your own story. We've got to make the next edition after the extra with a splurge of woe. Herb, see the Mayor, and get a statement from . . ."

The others were gone like greyhounds unleashed. Doris got up slowly and walked out.

As she picked her way down the dim stairs, his face—Jimmy's—was before her, smiling whimsically among the years-old cobwebs swinging from the ceiling.



Jimmy. His aquiline, laughing, carelessly gay features. His tender eyes which could become suddenly fierce. Jimmy! . . . It couldn't be true . . . It mustn't be. . . . But . . . Jimmy! . . . Oh, Jimmy!

Stepping into the street, a whiff of air laden with the smell of hot asphalt and burned gasoline drove the phantom away. She walked hurriedly toward the Lenroy, smiled at a passing friend, waited for the signal light to change, walked on.

Jimmy. . . . He had wanted to allow his wife to divorce him. His wife, who had come back to him after three years of separation, when he flew the Atlantic. But, of course, she wouldn't agree to a divorce. She wasn't losing her place in the public eye, not to mention the steady incoming stream of money.

Mrs. Cormack, a blonde, the cuddley type, with wide, innocent eyes—which were not quite so innocent when you looked into them—greeted her.

"I'm Miss Conley of The Press. I'm so sorry to intrude, but we must have a statement from you. . . ."

"Yes, Miss Conley. Isn't it just too terrible! Oh, my Jimmy!"

Her Jimmy! Melodrama!

She talked on and on, and Doris wrote mechanically, throwing out a question or a suggestion occasionally. There was the next edition.

" . . . And of course I loved him. Oh, so dearly, Miss Conroy—isn't that the name? My heart was almost broken when we separated three years ago, but we made up when he returned from Paris last spring. I forgave him, and we were so happy. . . . Oh, what will I ever do?"

This woman had kept them from happiness, and now he was dead. Jimmy. Dead. She would never feel his arms about her again. And this insufferable blonde. Dead years of memory stretching out ahead. Living—living while he was dead—and remembering.

The newsboys were shrilling their wares as Doris hurried back to the office, with only fifteen minutes before her until the next edition.

CORMACK DIES IN CRASH
Famous Flyer Burns to Death as Plane Falls

At her desk, she sat down and hammered out the story. ". . . Mrs. Cormack sobbed out her love for 'her Jimmy,' her beautiful, lithe body racked with grief. She told of their happiness since . . ."

Her happiness, *her* Jimmy.

"HERE'S the 'sob,' Hank." She smiled as she handed the copy to him.

Smile. Smile. Mustn't show it. Keep the mask on. Oh, God! Jimmy!

His eyes smiling, whispering: "I love you so, Doris."

Douglas paced the floor, waiting for reporters to telephone, waiting for additional details.

"They say his body was unrecognizable. Burned to a crisp. Yeh, always knew it would happen. He ought to have had enough sense to stay on the ground, now that his reputation was made. Good story, Doris. It ought to jerk a few tears out of the hardest boiled."

There were discordant noises rising from the street below. The newsboys again:

WIFE SOBS OUT LOVE FOR DEAD
FLYER; PROBE OF CRASH
LAUNCHED BY MAYOR

Jumble of shrieking horns, traffic signal bells, clackety-clack of a horse's hoofs in a strangely quiet moment. A policeman's whistle. Was there any use of waiting, when there was nothing to wait for?

Doris walked silently from the city room.

Jimmy's face was up there in the cobwebs again.

She stopped at the curb, then stepped out in front of an onrushing taxi.

"I'll be with you soon, Jimmy. Just a little while, dear. I can't live now. What's the use? I love you. . . ."

Brakes screeched and the taxi stopped, but not before there was a crunching impact. Then a piercing scream.

A man leaped from the car. A policeman came running. The man took her in his arms.

"Jimmy?" incredulously. "But they said you were dead! . . . Oh, my God, what have I done? . . . I loved you so, Jimmy."

Soon the newsboys were calling out again:

CORMACK ALIVE; PAL WAS FLYING HIS
PLANE; WIFE SOBS WITH JOY

And in a lower note:

Press Girl Writer Dies Under Taxi Wheels;
Accident, Coroner Says

THE END

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EX Challenger

AT A PRICE ALL CAN AFFORD

The Jersey Lily

The Life Story of the Lovely Langtry

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Photo by Sarony

The Jersey Lily in 1892, at thirty-eight.

LILLIE LE BRETON was the daughter of a clergyman, the Dean of the island of Jersey. There she was born, brought up, and—in 1874, when she was not yet twenty—married to Edward Langtry, an Irish country gentleman of independent means. After two years she removed with him to London, where her dazzling beauty at once brought society, as well as art and letters, to her feet. Indiscretion, of a particularly glamorous nature, soon cost her not only her enviable social position but her very livelihood; whereupon she turned to the stage and made herself into a successful actress.

All this real-life drama has been set forth in previous installments of Princess Kropotkin's narrative, which has also outlined some of the Jersey Lily's personal associations that were morsels on the tongue of scandal.

The close of last week's installment left the Lily, nearing forty, resolved to settle down into a securer way of life, and turning her thoughts toward the turf and the "sport of kings."

PART FIVE—HER COME-BACK

AN approximate estimate of Lillie's winnings on the turf puts them well over $250,000. In dealing with horses she exhibited that thoroughness which was perhaps her greatest talent. Her credo of horse-wisdom—or, rather, of knowledge needed by those who would be horse-wise and go in for racing—is worth remembering.

King Edward VII, himself no mean judge of horses, had the highest opinion of her understanding of horseflesh. He even stated on several occasions that the Jockey Club would do well to appoint her official handicapper. "No one," he said, "is better qualified."

"To buy good horses," Lillie believed, "you should know their pedigrees, their tempers, their paces, and the strains in sire and dam. You should know how the form of horse and mare varies and at what seasons of the year. You should know exactly what fees various trainers receive and what their qualities are in detail. In the flattering reports made by trainers you should be able to read between the lines.

"The form and *character* of every jockey should be known to you, and not only what their services are worth but also what your secrets may be worth to them."

To this wisdom add Lillie's two racing mottoes: "Never get out of your depth" and "The most successful people are those who never lay odds." The reason why Lillie did so well during her turf career is explained by those rules of hers.

A well known sportsman once said to her, "You will still be racing when many of us are finished."

Photo by W. W. Rouch, London

Regal Lodge, the Lily's "racing box" at Kentford, near Newmarket, England.

Merman, an importation of Lillie Langtry's from Australia, wins the Ascot Gold Cup in 1900.

W. W. Rouch & Co. photo.

Sport and General photo

Mrs. Langtry at the 1906 Folkestone races with Donahue, her trainer, and H. Jones, jockey.

Lillie already owned one good horse—Milford, given to her by Abingdon Baird. At the sale of Baird's stud she bought another, Lady Rosebery. But of racing experience she had none, unless one may count the time when she, at the age of fourteen, and her brother Reggie won a local race in Jersey with a miserable mare they had bought for $7.50. This mare—Flirt by name—they patiently fed, doctored, and trained, selling her finally for $150.

Lillie had learned much about horses from Gebhard and Baird, but of the actual business of racing she knew very little. This defect she remedied by going into racing "partnership" with Lord Rosslyn, an arrangement which created much scandal and talk, yet turned out to be an extremely lucky one for Lillie.

Lord Rosslyn, in a lesser and more gentlemanly way, was a spendthrift of the Baird type. A story told to me by a Londoner who had been a fellow guest with Rosslyn at a house party certainly proves the point, though it stamps Rosslyn as having had qualities endearing to most women.

At the time he was much interested in a Miss W., who, however, was more than cool to his ardor. A ball was to be given at the house where he and Miss W. were staying. He wished to give her a bouquet, but there was no florist within reach. Here was a chance to please the young woman. Undaunted by the meager transport facilities of those days, Rosslyn summoned his valet.

"You will charter a special train," he said. "You will go to the best florist in London. You will buy a bouquet. If there is no train which will bring you back in time, you will get another special."

"But, my lord," stammered the valet, "them there trains will cost hundreds of pounds."

"Damn the expense!" said Rosslyn. "I want the flowers."

The valet returned with the flowers by special train. He arrived in the nick of time. With the bouquet, a card bearing a fervent inscription was carried to Miss W., who was dressing for the ball. She gave one glance to the card. Then, opening her window, she flung the thousand-dollar nosegay straight into the garden below.

WHERE Lillie was concerned, Rosslyn's generosity assumed even more disquieting proportions. Heartbroken at her husband's neglect, his young, pretty wife told her parents the story of his new extravagance which threatened their fortune. Now, it so happened that Rosslyn's father-in-law, Robert Viner of Gautby Hall, was a friend of the Prince of Wales and of the Duke of Cambridge. Also he was an energetic gentleman, determined to protect his daughter. He carried his complaint against Lillie to his august friends. And Lillie—not Rosslyn—was reprimanded by royalty.

A bad start for her in her new search for position and popularity—or, rather, a bad start for any other woman. But to Lillie this was nothing less than a heaven-sent opportunity to show her good sense, her captivating ability to repent and to play fair.

Her partnership with Rosslyn was dissolved. A number of horses, including Buccaneer—an appropriate enough name—passed to Lillie and formed the nucleus of her own racing stable. Rosslyn was considerably out of pocket, but everyone seemed appeased, so it all ended

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page forty-one

well—for Lillie. Older now and wiser, she took care that her contact with the Prince of Wales, which had thus come about twenty years after their first association, should be from that time on a pleasant one, unmarred by scandal or escapade.

Still too cautious to embark upon a racing career of her own, for a brief period Lillie entered into another turf partnership, this time with Lord Shrewsbury. But, as the wits said, his name should have been *Shrewd*bury. Because of his shrewdness, apparently, he proved a distasteful associate to Lillie, and their partnership speedily came to an end.

Lillie now decided to try her luck alone. At Kentford, near Newmarket, she bought a small racing box blessed with the magnificent name of Regal Lodge. Racing colors she had already—fawn and turquoise—but, as she was unwilling to race under her own name because of her stage career, "Mr. Jersey" was the name she used when she entered her horses. She picked an excellent trainer, Sam Pickering, but supervised everything herself in the most thorough manner. She seemed satisfied with the training her horses were receiving until one day Pickering was surprised to have this note handed to him at his stable:

> Please deliver my horses to the trainer, Mr. ——.
>
> LILLIE LANGTRY.

No warning. No fuss. Straight to the point. Commenting on the fact that she had seemed to like Pickering, a friend asked why she had done this.

"Oh, but I do like him," said Lillie. "I think the world of him. He is always charming and most considerate."

"Then why on earth have you taken your horses away from him?" queried the friend.

"Well, you see, he never won any races with them," Lillie answered. No personal liking could deflect her from her purpose. She kept her horses to win races. Win races they must.

AFTER her break with Pickering her luck changed. First with Fred Webb as trainer, later with Fred Darling, she had a long run of brilliant turf successes.

One of her luckiest acquisitions was Merman, an Australian chestnut colt (by Grand Flaneur out of Seaweed). She bought Merman for 1,500 guineas. As she had experienced bad luck with an Australian horse previously, Merman was something of a gamble. A lucky one he proved to be, for he brought her one of her greatest triumphs.

On October 13, 1897, Merman won the Cesarewitch, netting $195,000 for Lillie at eight to one—her biggest coup on the turf. This was a momentous day for her. It was her birthday. It was the day of her most spectacular racing triumph, after which the Prince of Wales publicly escorted her inside the sacred precincts of the Jockey Club inclosure—a gesture which was to rouse a storm later on. And it was also the day on which fate set Lillie free from her luckless husband, Edward Langtry.

For at the very time when Merman was galloping down the home stretch winning wealth, fame, and popularity for Lillie, Edward Langtry lay dying on a pauper's bed in the casualty ward of a poorhouse at Chester.

The divorce which Lillie endeavored so persistently to obtain during residence in America had finally been snatched by her attorney at Lakeport, California.

© Lafayette, Ltd.
Lillie Langtry as Marie Antoinette in A Royal Necklace.

THE decree had been granted a few months before Langtry died. By clever depositions taken in England and America, her lawyer sought to convince the court that Edward Langtry had deserted his wife and child—Lillie's daughter was now fifteen. It was claimed that Langtry had failed to supply means for their support.

A default was entered against him when he failed to file his defense within the time limit set by the California court. Langtry was in England at the time. On May 14, 1897, Judge R. W. Crump of California signed Lillie's divorce papers.

On June 15 the Hearst press in America carried a startling interview with Edward Langtry, incorporating a signed statement from him concerning Lillie's child.

"However seeming cruel it may be," he wrote, "I affirm that I never heard that my wife had given birth to a child, of which I was reputed to be the father, until I received the divorce citation, which was served on me here a few months ago. That should dispose of the question of desertion."

In this interview Langtry recounted the circumstances of his visit to the United States in 1881. A proposition advantageous to him pecuniarily was made to him, he said, by Sir George Lewis, the famous lawyer, suggesting that he go to America to investigate the value of some property. Langtry accepted the proposal and went to New York. The work entailed by the investigation could, he declared, have been accomplished in two hours, yet by a series of letters and telegrams he was kept in America, tinkering endlessly with the business, for five months.

By the time he returned to England his suspicions were already aroused. On his return his wife refused to resume their marital relations. Keeping for himself a meager income of $1,000 a year—all that remained after his settlements on Lillie—Langtry retired, first to Ireland, later to Southampton. He still owned a shabby little yacht, but for the most part he became a frequenter of Southampton water-front dives, and a besotted one at that, consorting with sailors, roustabouts, and bums.

A few months after Lillie's American divorce was granted, he denounced it vigorously, saying that if Lillie remarried she would be guilty of bigamy.

Langtry returned to England from one of his Irish trips. At Holyhead he slipped on the dock and hurt his head. Some days later a gaunt, starving man—obviously delirious—was found wandering along the railroad tracks near Chester. The doctors pronounced him insane. He was removed to the poorhouse, where he died without regaining his reason. This man was Edward Langtry.

A merciful death indeed, yet who can say what specters of the past stalked through his disordered memory as he lay dying? What visions of the flower-clad island where Lillie's unfolding loveliness first flashed before his admiring eyes? What ghosts of other men crowding around the famous beauty, their jeering faces turned upon him, the husband, whose character was too weak to hold the woman he had won? Here was drama. Lillie's triumphant progress had been made over the crushed and trampled soul of the man without whom she would never have known triumph.

Yet Lillie was once again in so strong a position that the British press did not reprint Langtry's statement or comment on the divorce. Only when Langtry died was a spiteful story circulated about a wreath she was supposed to have sent to his funeral—a wreath decorated with her racing colors!

Lillie branded this story as entirely fictitious. " Surely no one can think I would be guilty of such hideous bad taste," she said.

THE incident of her entry into the inclosure of the Jockey Club, escorted by the Prince of Wales, brought a far more serious condemnation than did her treatment of Langtry. It was openly said that both Lillie and the Prince should be ruled out by the club. Society was most indignant at the Prince for his breach of etiquette —conducting Lillie into the sacrosanct inclosure, where she had no right to be.

It was actually considered important enough for a rule to be passed by the Jockey Club immediately after the incident. " For the future," the new regulation read, " ladies, other than the wives, daughters, or sisters of the members of the club, will be admitted to the inclosures and private stands of the club at Newmarket and other race courses only on presentation of a voucher signed by a member of the club, together with the payment of £1."

Much good this did the Jockey Club! Lillie went on in as before, bearing a card as per rule—a card presented to her voluntarily by an old and respected member of the club, who offered to fight all objectors.

Sport and General photo
Lillie Langtry, racing-stable owner, at the Hurst Park races, 1907.

Honor after honor came to Lillie with the victories of her horses. Merman won the Jockey Club Cup, the Goodwood Cup, the Ascot Gold Cup. On the last occasion he defeated the winner of the Grand Prix. The list of Lillie's racing triumphs is too long to give in full. Yentoi, at 100 to 6, won the Cesarewitch for her a second time, making about $100,000. But, though her horses won steadily, none other equaled Merman's exploits.

Her farm where she tried breeding was less successful, and this she finally gave up altogether.

In the year of Langtry's death, and in the years which immediately followed, Lillie withdrew almost entirely

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page forty-three

from the theater. But on regaining her foothold in society she went about her business with a cool effrontery and dignity which so amazed people that it won her a considerable measure of admiration. And behind her loomed the figure of the Prince of Wales—a weighty champion.

At Goodwood Lillie was coldly ignored by a number of women she once had counted as her friends. As coldly as they ignored her, Lillie ignored their affront. Cheerful, witty as always, she chatted gayly with the Prince when he greeted her. The luncheon hour approached. Amused by Lillie's conversation and unwilling to forgo her company, the Prince inquired what luncheon engagement she had. She was free, it appeared. "Then you must join our party," said his Highness. "I am lunching with Mrs. Sassoon."

"Delighted. So kind of you," murmured Lillie sweetly.

The Prince led her to the table where Mrs. Sassoon and her party awaited him. Bluff and hearty, he explained to his hostess that he had brought Mrs. Langtry along. Charming smiles were exchanged on all sides. Lillie was particularly affable. Yet every one of the ladies present had cut her only a few hours earlier.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Lillie Langtry, Lady de Bathe, on her farm at Newmarket in 1918.

BUT life was still far from clear sailing for Lillie. A rumor of her remarriage followed closely on news of Langtry's death. Prince Louis Esterhazy von Galantha, an Austrian nobleman descended from Attila, King of the Huns, was the fiancé mentioned. Esterhazy was fabulously rich but hideously ugly, boasting the scraggiest side whiskers in Europe. He it was whom gossips designated as the future "Mr. Langtry," and, despite his lack of beauty, there were many who eyed Lillie with envy.

But an official denial of the engagement was inserted by Prince Louis in the Times. This put an end both to the rumor and to the envy.

Marriage was evidently on the cards for Lillie. It was without a doubt the best course for her.

Yet in July, 1899, the announcement of her marriage to Hugo Gerald de Bathe—an elegant young guardsman nineteen years her junior—came as a complete surprise to everyone. Apparently the only person in the confidence of the couple was the Prince of Wales, who sent them a telegram of congratulations and presented a diamond bracelet to the bride.

The wedding was celebrated very quietly in the same church where Lillie had married Edward Langtry. Why she chose to be married again at St. Saviour's in Jersey is hard to understand.

Her horse Merman seems curiously linked with her marital life, for on July 27, the day of her marriage to de Bathe, Merman won the Goodwood Cup.

THIS new union of Lillie's aroused a storm. Old Sir Henry Percival de Bathe, the bridegroom's father, once a page at Queen Victoria's coronation, a veteran of the Crimean War, and a descendant of that Hugo de Bathe who went to Ireland in 1172 with the warrior Strongbow, raged, raved, and promptly disinherited his son in his will.

"I wish I could die now," roared the old soldier, "so that the will could go into effect at once!"

He flung all his son's personal belongings out of the window. He forbade the erring youth ever to darken their family door again. In the meantime the newlyweds were spending their honeymoon at Jersey in Lillie's cottage.

Anxious, no doubt, to reap the benefit of this new publicity, Lillie was eager to return to London and start rehearsals for a new play. She left her young husband in charge of old George Marritt, the skipper of her first yacht. A chance word spoken to Marritt soon after her marriage reveals something of her shrewd foresight. "I'll be Lady de Bathe some day," she said.

It is impossible to know whether any sentiment at all entered into this marriage of hers. But, although it only lasted a short while—the parting was entirely amicable—Lillie gained much by it. Eventually, when young de Bathe left for South Africa to fight in the Boer War, the old man became reconciled to his son and to his famous daughter-in-law.

Meanwhile Lillie returned to the theater. The Degenerates, which roused such a storm later in America, was produced at the Haymarket. A brilliant audience of prominent society folk filled the house. Mrs. Hwfa Williams, whose taste was law at the moment, is said to have invented the fashionable slang used in the play. To interpret this slang a glossary was needed, and T. P. O'Connor provided one in his magazine.

"Hoy" meant hot—in the moral sense. "Deevie" and "twee" stood for divine and sweet. And so on. "Undies" for underclothes was first used in this play. Society chattered and laughed. Lillie was amusing. Lillie clowned and made the public enjoy themselves. On the opening night, the telegram she received from the Prince of Wales, who was out of town, said: "My best wishes for a brilliant success. Booked for a fortnight from today. Albert." This swelled the chorus of her popularity.

In a box sat her husband, Hugo de Bathe, in the company of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Prince Louis of Battenberg. The Duchess of Marlborough graced the event with her presence.

Lillie was almost—not quite—reëstablished socially. Soon came her chief theatrical venture—the lease and rebuilding of the Imperial Theater in London. Her association with this theater began on a basis that was reasonable enough. The Imperial, an out-of-the-way house in a mean thoroughfare, was offered to her at a very low rental, owing to its dilapidated state. Lillie decided to rent it and spend $20,000 on alterations and new decorating. Then—alas for her purse!—she sent for her friend Frank Verity, the famous architect.

The result was obvious. A marble palace—the most beautiful theater in London—was made out of the old Imperial. The cost exceeded £55,000 ($275,000). Lillie showed her masculine ability to wrestle with business problems by her adamantine determination to have the work completed as per schedule. When all arrangements were made and a play for the opening had been chosen, she retired to rest on the Riviera. Her instructions to her manager, Edward Michael, were that she was not to be disturbed under any conditions.

SOON the builder announced that there would be an inevitable delay of two months before the theater could be ready. Michael decided that this news, at any rate, must be imparted to Lillie. He cabled exhaustively. Back came her answer: "We arranged to open on April the so-and-so. LANGTRY."

Michael took the cable to the builder, whose English stolidity was shaken by the ominous brevity of the message. "Well, I'm damned!" he said, and proceeded to hustle his workmen as they had never been hustled before.

The theater was ready on time. Lillie's comment, upon her return, was as characteristic as her cable had been: "Of course the theater had to be ready. Never trust builders, Mr. Michael. They're the most terrible bores. Don't you think so?"

The interior decoration of the theater was unique and entirely new to London. A theater in Toledo, Ohio, had served Lillie as inspiration for the arrangement of the boxes. These rose on both sides of the stage to the top of the house, where, suspended from a sort of giant crown, hung canopies such as Napoleon had over his throne. These hangings and draperies, which were executed by the School of Art Needlework at Kensington, cost $10,000. The interior of the theater was all white marble, the upholstery yellow brocade, and the drop curtains were of green velvet embroidered with sphinxes and swans.

Several entirely new features were introduced by Lillie, the principal one being that the light did not come from huge chandeliers, as was usual, but through amber-colored glass in the ceiling. Her innovation soon became fashionable. Torches around the balcony, with yellow shades on them, completed the scheme.

Lillie's expenditure for her first production there was extremely lavish. The play decided upon was Pierre Berton's A Royal Necklace, in which Lillie took the part of Marie Antoinette. Her own dresses—trimmed with priceless lace, adorned with chinchilla and sable furs—were made for her by Worth and Doucet. The scenery and costumes were designed by Bianchini of the Paris Opera

A curious historical detail linked the play with the Imperial Theater. The story was that of the famous necklace bought by Cardinal Rohan for Marie Antoinette.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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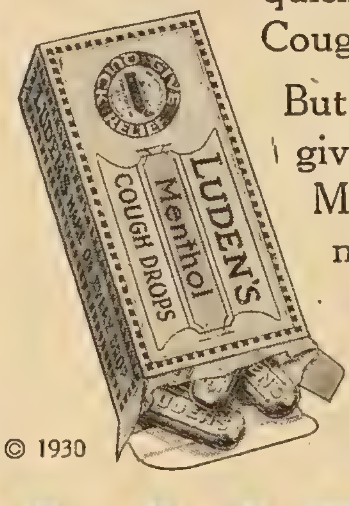

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THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page forty-five

Mme. de la Motte is supposed to have hired a woman to impersonate the Queen and to have received the necklace by this fraud. Found guilty, she was condemned to be flogged naked, branded, imprisoned for life. But Marie Antoinette, the Queen, assisted her to escape to England, where she met her death by falling from a window of the house where she lodged. This house stood within a stone's throw of the Imperial Theater.

Luckily for Lillie, her horses were coining money, for she met heavy financial losses at this period. Not only did she lose large sums through the Imperial: she sustained at the same time the loss of all her jewelry, which was not insured.

Her manner of taking the latter blow presents a superb example of her self-control. Her manager had just returned from America after completing arrangements for a new tour. Lillie invited him to lunch. He arrived to find his hostess absent. After a considerable delay—which astonished him, for Lillie was always most punctual—she returned, apologetic but unruffled. "So sorry to be late," she said. "I've had an accident. You see, I've just lost all my jewels."

Worth more than $200,000, they included a magnificent diamond-and-emerald *parure* which had once formed part of the Empress Eugénie's collection; the largest ruby in the world set in a brooch; a *rivière of* enormous diamonds and sapphires from Tiffany's; tiaras of rubies and diamonds, and of turquoises and diamonds; an immense pigeon-blood ruby; and a unique stomacher of black and pink pearls. Besides these, there was an endless array of rings, bracelets, and necklaces.

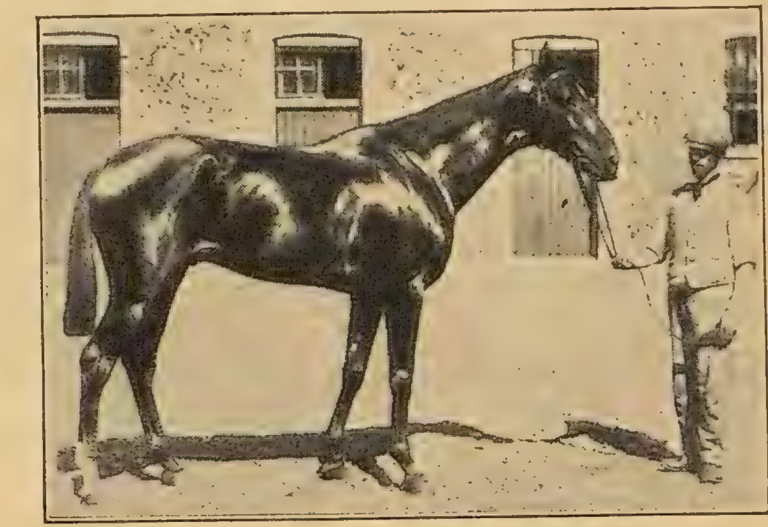
THE theft itself was a most daring one. As Lillie was afraid to keep such a valuable collection in her house, the jewels, locked in an iron box, were deposited with a reputable bank near by. Whenever she wanted to take out some of them she sent a written order to the bank by her butler, to whom the box was handed. He brought the box to Lillie, who took out what she wanted, after which the rest was returned to the bank—on the whole, a remarkably clumsy and unsafe way of dealing with so much wealth.

After a summer vacation on the Continent she had returned to her town house in October. Wishing to wear some of her jewelry that night, she sent her butler to the bank as usual. In a few moments he was back. White, trembling, he reported: "The bank says the box was delivered to you on August 18."

Lillie had been out of England on that date.

A representative of the bank appeared with the written order bearing Lillie's signature. It was a forgery, copied apparently from an indorsement given by Lillie to a certain popular soap.

The jewels were gone. And nothing that Scotland Yard could do was of any avail, for the thieves had a start of nearly two months. Lillie sued the bank for negligence. Had the case not been settled out of court—not very advantageously for Lillie, who accepted $50,000 from the bank in settlement of her $200,000 claim—it might have been a *cause célèbre*. For one of her counsel Lillie had H. H. Asquith, later Prime Minister, husband of the famous Margot Asquith. The Union Bank employed Sir Edward Carson to contest the case.



Merman at the time when he netted Lillie $195,000 by winning the Cesarewitch.

SOME part of her financial loss Lillie recouped by selling her yacht, the White Ladye. The upkeep of this luxurious craft had proved too heavy for her. Every year the White Ladye had been rented out for six months to Ogden Goelet at the rate of $1,500 per week. This gold mine ceased to yield for Lillie when Mr. Goelet built a yacht of his own. Lillie then decided to sell the White Ladye. The devoted and able Mr. Michael was consulted in the usual sweet manner:

"What are we going to do about the yacht, Mr. Michael?"

How much devotion and service can be traced to that tactful "we"!

Mr. Michael suggested a consultation with the agents who had the renting of the yacht.

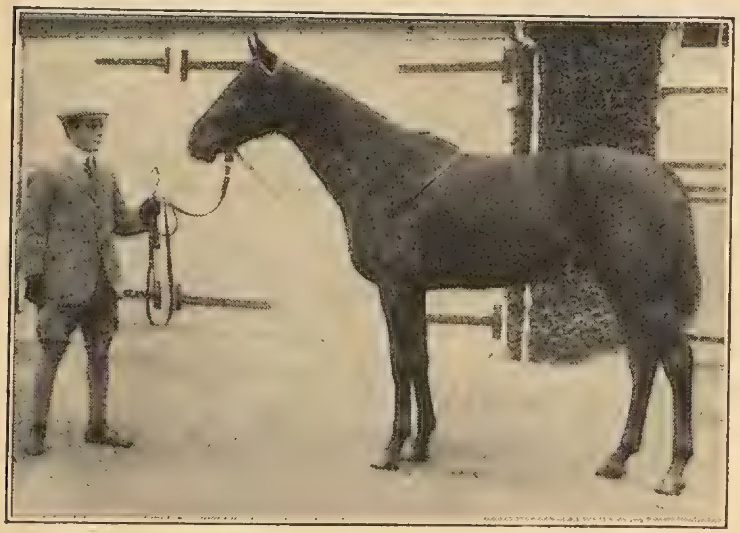
"Oh, no," said Lillie. "They will fiddle along interminably and the yacht will eat us out of house and home. The only way is to put her up at auction and advertise it well. We might consult the agents as to the best time to have the auction."

This was an entirely novel and most modern method of disposing of a yacht. The agents were horrified. They declared themselves emphatically against the scheme.

"Silly old-fashioned muddlers," said Lillie on hearing their answer. "Instruct them to auction the boat and to submit the form of their advertisement to me."

The yacht was sold very advantageously owing to the wide publicity Lillie had given the matter by her own ingenuity. Again she proved to be a pioneer of new methods, thanks to her personality and common sense.

Expensive though the Imperial Theater proved to Lillie, in it was staged, before she abandoned it, the social victory for which she had worked so persistently. She had decided to give up the Imperial and was preparing for a trip to America, where she intended to tour with a new play, The Crossways, of which she and Hartley Manners were co-authors.


W. W. Rouch & Co. photo.

Yentoi, her 1908 Cesarewitch winner, with Fred Darling, then her trainer.

Almost on the eve of her departure for New York came a command from Buckingham Palace. The King and Queen wished to witness a performance of her new play. The King was the former Prince of Wales, who had ascended to the throne. Cognizant of Lillie's run of bad luck, he had found a way to give her valuable aid.

THE theater was reopened for a single night. All London chattered and commented as the news spread. A command performance, and a most unusual one, at that! In fact, the expression "command performance" was rigorously contradicted. This was to be a private representation of a play enacted solely for the benefit of their Majesties and their royal household. No tickets could be sold. The audience would gain admission only through invitation. Of course, everyone strained themselves to obtain such invitations.

A notice was circulated among the critics to the effect that as this was a private entertainment they were enjoined to refrain from criticism. This brought an avalanche of reproach upon Lillie's head. The Times maintained a glacial silence, not even referring to the performance.

But to Lillie the occasion meant so much more than mere publicity! This was the social triumph for which she had hankered.

All is ready for the performance. Outside, in the chilly December drizzle, an enormous crowd has assembled to eye the "toffs." Punctual to the minute, just before the curtain is due to rise, the Queen, simply gowned in black with a diamond chain and long pearl earrings, enters the royal box. The King follows. The Prince of Wales (now King George V) comes next.

IN the audience are friends of Lillie — and enemies. The friends have the more gala appearance. There is Lady de Grey with a diamond diadem on her head, a diamond dog collar, and ropes of pearls. There is Mrs. Ronalds with her famous pearls. The Portuguese Ambassador, the Marquis de Soveral, intimate of the King and friend of Lillie, is present. Lady Constance Leslie, Lady Lister-Kaye, the Countess of Erroll—everyone is in the theater.

The play is bright and amusing, the lines good. The royal party laughs heartily. And Lillie, magnificently gowned, lovely as ever despite her fifty-two years, outshines in the flush of her victory every woman in the house—save one.

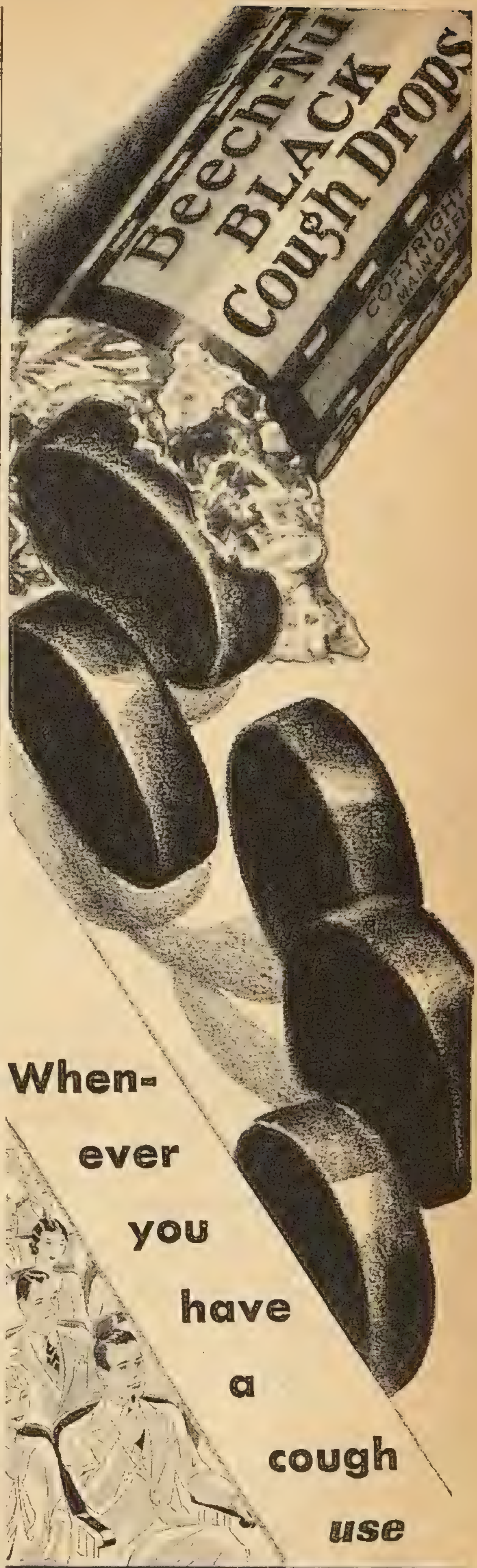
At the end of the play Lillie is summoned to the royal box. There she is presented to Queen Alexandra. The Queen, with her flawless features, her superbly gracious manners, and her eyes which in their blue depths hold so much sadness, has a beauty Lillie never will attain. Lillie, though life is slowly mellowing her, is hardened. Life, which has dealt none too kindly with the Queen, has given her only an added sweetness.

But to Lillie this is the night of nights. She has made a goal. That beyond it lie loneliness and old age—of this she is as yet unaware.

Princess Kropotkin's story of the life of Lillie Langtry will be concluded in next week's issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 32

1—The garnet.
2—The United States twenty-dollar gold piece.
3—The last Queen of Hawaii.
4—Abraham Lincoln.
5—Analysis.
6—Denmark.
7—Charles Dickens.
8—The wife of Napoleon Bonaparte.
9—Its path around the sun.
10—(That) you have the body.
11—Jonathan Swift.
12—Maidens who served in the temple of Vesta.
13—One that is gained at too great cost.
14—The Battle of Yorktown.
15—The Greek goddess of love and beauty.
16—Helvetia.
17—A proposed universal language.
18—In Arabia, on the Red Sea.
19—Wilhelmina I.
20—Notre Dame de Paris, by Victor Hugo.



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A Mouthful?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Can you not expand on your editorial, "'Freedom' of the Seas"? There remains much to be said on the subject.

The United States did not become signatories to the Treaty of Versailles—presumably because Washington recognized the injustice and dishonesty in many of its clauses.

The Allies, posing as plaintiff, judge, jury, and hangman, and depriving the accused of the right of a defense, starved their enemies into a confession of sole war guilt; enchained them economically for generations to come, took away their sources for raw materials, and added insult to injury by controlling their domestic affairs and foreign relations.

They are now "sittin' pretty," and are trying their damned best to enlist America's strength and resources to maintain the present status quo.

Before the hopes of peace-at-any-pricers can be realized, a better foundation than the rotten platform of Versailles must be provided.

The present alignment of European states cannot last. There'll be an eruption, the rights of neutrals will again be ignored, and we owe it to our forbears, to ourselves, and to our descendants not to relax in watchfulness and preparedness.—*Albert Wehde.*

We Have Four Readers for This Feature Alone

BRISTOL, PA.—It is most difficult to believe that your short short story contest is being held in good faith. Real consideration of MSS. cannot be made fairly where stories received one day are returned practically the same hour, as was the case with the story I submitted to you.

This conclusion is not one I have arrived at alone. I know others who have had the same experience.

My story, mailed to you Friday afternoon, arrived back to me in the early mail the following Tuesday morning. Quite a feat, I'll say, in view of the fact that you must be receiving hundreds of scripts daily.

Possibly your readers depend on intuition rather than judgment.—*(Mrs.) Lily Winner Giordon.*

Telling the General

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Of course we know that ex-General Billy Mitchell is writing his articles for the benefit of aviation in all its phases (and Billy), but we wonder if he has ever flown a commercial airplane of present-day construction, ease of control, and stable flying characteristics.

His article in your effort of November 30 makes flying seem not only difficult, but also frightfully dangerous—and we are under the impression that Billy doesn't quite know what it's all about these days—or maybe he just doesn't know how to express himself clearly.

We painfully remember when he was fighting the whole U. S. Army, the War Department, the Senate, and the Cabinet, that the other 99 per cent of us citizens felt he was *right* there and then, but somehow he couldn't tactfully tell it.

Say, Billy! Fly a bit in a good commercial job—and then rewrite the rest of your articles. The plane manufacturers will then help subsidize you and you'll owe me one good cigar.—*Pilot.*

Could We Interest You in a Nice Wailing Wall?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—All Liberty contains is murder, robbery, war, and liquor. If I could not put out a better magazine than yours I would go cry in a corner.—*An Anti-Liberty Reader.*

Naturally

LAKEWOOD, OHIO—Why all the hell being raised in Vox Pop because you do not satisfy every reader?

I bet you if, one week, you gave Liberty away free, the hell in the following Pop would be worse than ever before.—*Fred Bukey.*

Explanation: Mr. Brophy Is in a State Reformatory

CHICAGO, ILL.—"Antidote for Monotony"—the best $100 story to date. Take my advice and not only give Edward Brophy that hundred but send your editor down to visit him every Sunday, with a basket of fruit.—*F. W. Lovering.*

How Nice

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Of the many rejection slips that paper my walls, litter my desk, and build me a warming fire nightly, I find those of Liberty the most cordial and encouraging.—*Peg Cameron.*

It Takes Brains to Get Some Contributors Like Chambers

CHICAGO, ILL.—It's a good thing for you that you have some contributors like Chambers or a large magazine staff would again be looking for a job where brains don't count.—*R. J. G.*

The Mouth Isn't the Place

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—I read with interest the letter of Fed Up regarding the strappings he is getting from his dad.

This brought to mind the last time I did such a thing, and which I have regretted ever since.

My boy's sister told a lie on him, and without checking up the matter except to ask the boy about it, and which he denied, I smacked him in the mouth and two of his teeth dropped out. Then the girl said she had lied. Too late to do anything about that particular thing, but I never laid my hand on the kid from that day on.

I hope the father of the boy gets on to himself soon. He should remember that his boy will, no doubt, be a man some day, and possibly he will tell the old gentleman some things he would not want to hear.—*Regret.*

Prohibition and the Gangster

OAKLAND, CALIF.—This will convey my profound appreciation of "The Big Racket." Can anyone consistently refute the authoritative and intimate disclosures set forth by Mr. Sullivan?

The nation fairly reeks with the stench of corruption fostered by the Noble Experiment, and out of it is growing a bigger, better, and more versatile art of grafting.

Might as well get on the band wagon.
—*Sh!*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—"The Big Racket," by Edward Dean Sullivan, in the December 7 issue of Liberty, was stupendous in the mass of figures it presented to show corruption and crime, all ingeniously set forth as an indictment of prohibition.

We had gangsters and gangster rule and the underworld with all its evils long before we had prohibition. True, it never flourished on such a magnificent scale, but that is largely due to the sudden increase in wealth in the last decade and is one of its attendant evils.

Everything is done on a large scale these days. Take notice of the mammoth growth of our banks, chain stores, and big business. The criminal is no piker. He keeps abreast of the times. He would have flourished and grown fat if prohibition had never been enacted.

Prohibition is not the cause of the enormous increase in crime. Bootlegging has simply been a fertile field in which the criminal could operate. He surely would have had a fine place in which to operate if we still had saloons.

I can quite agree with those who believe that the Volstead method of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment should be changed, but I cannot subscribe to any proposition based upon false propaganda such as is set forth in Mr. Sullivan's article.—*William Howard Anderson.*

BOSTON, MASS—The article appearing in Liberty under the caption, "The Big Racket," by Edward Dean Sullivan, was without doubt the most straightforward comment ever written on America's greatest menace, prohibition, since it was incorporated into our national constitution.

We Americans, the most cocksure conglomeration of human beings on earth,

Pop

proudly boast of our ability to stand toe-to-toe with any other nation on the face of the earth and give them better than they can send in either sports, business, science, or war.

Yet we cannot relieve ourselves of the most galling, the most degrading act perpetrated against the fair name of America.

To those who say we can't admit defeat I say, isn't it better to admit defeat now and take our licking and benefit by it, as Germany did, than to go on and on filling our jails with citizens who would perhaps not be criminals if the means to be such were taken from them?—*J. H. Smith.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—What Liberty needs is a set of experienced writers like E. D. Sullivan. What the public needs is truth, not surmises.

The present crime situation needs to be faced squarely by voters who, without the least bit of knowledge, vote for the criminal rather than the honest citizen.—*William Richardson.*

Wee Bit from Boston

BOSTON, MASS.—Thanks for publishing a letter from "A New Yorker," in which he gave it as his opinion that Bostonians are narrow and bigoted. True—too true—and may I add a wee bit to it?

I tried to purchase a pack of playing cards here on Sunday in a chain drug store, and was informed by a clerk, in a clear and concise tone, that they did not sell playing cards on the Sabbath.

I asked him whether it was the rule of his firm or a law. He didn't know, he said—but I have since ascertained that this is a blue law.

This same store was selling every other item on its shelves.—*A Former New Yorker.*

Done—Thanks

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I read with much interest the editorial in your issue of November 23, entitled "College Football." To my mind it sums up the situation in a very clever and convincing manner.

I have picked up your magazine from time to time and always enjoyed it. Your choice of stories and articles appears to me to be right up to the minute. I shall appreciate your putting me on the list for a two-year subscription.—*W. B. Bovard, Vice President and Comptroller.*

For Miss Somers

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Your page, "Thanksgiving Wisdom," by Ethel Somers, proved very practical wisdom in the preparation of our Thanksgiving dinner.

I am writing to express my appreciation of this page.—*Mrs. A. S. Billing.*

*Miss Robinson Gets a Couple of Columns**

WHEATON, ILL.—Why did you spoil your excellent magazine by allowing the recent article, "The Job of Being a Wife," to appear? The statement that the labors of housewives are worth $385 per month in the open market is—well, it's terrible. If it were true, the market would be overrun with housewives ready to capitalize on their skill.

Grace Robinson's contention is based on the fact that chambermaids get $75 per month, valets $100 a month, nursemaids $75, cooks $75, laundresses $40, and seamstresses, working four days a month, $20.

A housewife who takes the place of all of these servants should, therefore, in Miss Robinson's opinion, get a salary equal to their combined salaries: $385.

Professional servants work from eight to twelve hours a day for their aforementioned stipend. So, if Mrs. Housewife is worth their combined salaries, she should also put in their combined hours—a minimum of well over forty hours a day.

Oh, well—why go on?—*I. M. Single.*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Your article in the December 7 issue, by Grace Robinson, on marriage vs. careers, was certainly a pip.

I think most of our complacent young men would be severely startled if they knew just how many girls agree with the views expressed in the first few paragraphs.—*Contented Cora.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Now listen to me, Miss Robinson! It's important that I should know where the $385 is that my husband's supposed to be saving through having me for a wife. I've looked everywhere for it.—*G. R. M.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Perhaps a few gullible and weak-kneed bachelors might be persuaded to try matrimony after perusing Grace Robinson's "Job of Being a Wife," but to the wary biped who has tried both matrimony and single blessedness, "caveat emptor."

What a poor fish a man is to let a sly minx maneuver him into a corner and exact the declaration when he may enjoy the peace and quiet of a bachelor apartment with a good pal who does not complain, nag, and dog his footsteps and censor his every move and command his bank book.

An efficient housekeeper may be had at $70 per month—a saving of $315 over G. R.'s prices, with no furs, frocks, silk stockings, doctor's bills, or babies to deplete his savings or ruin his comfort and happiness.

What a man really gets when a scheming female slips the halter over his unsuspecting ears is a spindly, hollow-chested, strong-voiced bundle of nerves and tricky moods totally untrained in the job of being a wife and whose services are worth about $10 per week in the marts of trade.

In these wonder days one can be well served and fed in an excellent restaurant for $1.25 to $1.50, and eat with companions of his preference and own choosing rather than a grumpy wife with mama-in-law joining the anvil chorus.

A bachelor, until he loses his hair and teeth, is a man of standing; the sought-after dinner guest and dancing partner. All women are scheming for his downfall into matrimony and he is petted and pampered at every turn, especially if blessed with a car and a modicum of the world's goods. His apartment need never be without the fair one's presence, but the lucky bach can give them the air when he feels like it.

So, by marriage, a man really loses his standing in the community of fair ones: his liberty, his means, his disposition. But even we cast-iron bachelors fall. Wotta life! Wotta life!—*A. M. Humbert.*

DUMBARTON, VA.—Grace Robinson's comedy of errors relating to "The Job of Being a Wife" was the limit.

If we could get the women out of business into their business—and let man into his business of supporting their business, woman's job of being a wife would be a *position.—Geo. T. Broski.*

DETROIT, MICH.—I am making all haste to dash words from my pen in a warning to prevent a strike among housewives! Read "The Job of Being a Wife," by Grace Robinson. It is exhilarating reading—like setting-up exercises. Made the blood race faster. *But beware—*

"A remarkable woman-servant whose services, if offered in the open market, would bring her $385 a month and keep" are heady words to hand harassed housewives.

I myself, through any number of ads in the daily paper, can secure a woman to run my house efficiently for at least a third that amount and many, who could be named, for much less.

There you have it. A glance at any newspaper will tell the story.

And for yourselves, O wives, before you set the valuation of your daily duties at $385, step into the open market and just you try and get it.—*Katherine D. Gilmour.*

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—That last article of Grace Robinson's, "The Job of Being a Wife," has caused more spoiled tempers and disrupted households in one week than burnt toast and bitter coffee could in a month!

Say, listen, sister! I could write a book on what I want to say to you!—*Jack the Giant Killer.*

---

* And you should see the letters we haven't room to print!

Winter SALADS

By ETHEL SOMERS

THE more vegetables and fruit a winter diet contains the more does it contribute toward maintaining the summer's abundance of stored health. It is also a decided advantage to eat these fruit and vegetable services in raw form whenever possible. In fact, some raw fruit or vegetable should be eaten daily. What part of the menu can so easily and attractively feature raw fruits and vegetables as the salad? Since our aim is always to provide our family with appealing health foods, why not turn our attention to some winter salads for the new-year menus?

Year-Around Salad

Chilled salad greens
2 bananas, cut lengthwise and halved
3 tablespoons lemon juice
⅓ cup finely chopped nuts, preferably peanuts
3 peeled oranges, sliced one-quarter inch thick

ARRANGE the crisp salad greens on a cold salad plate. Sprinkle the bananas with lemon juice and roll in the chopped nuts. Arrange two orange slices and two pieces of banana artistically on the greens and garnish with mayonnaise. Serve with fruity French dressing.

Fruity French Dressing

2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup orange juice
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon powdered sugar
½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons oil

PUT all the ingredients into a salad bottle or fruit jar and shake thoroughly just before serving.

Clover Salad

18 peach or apricot halves
Chilled endive or other greens
18 pecan meats
½ package cream cheese
2 tablespoons cream or undiluted evaporated milk

CAREFULLY arrange three halves of the fruit in clover shape on a bed of washed, chilled endive or other greens. Garnish with the cream cheese which has been softened with the cream and piped on with a pastry tube. Arrange the nuts artistically and garnish the center with a bit of greens.

Jellied Vegetable Salad

¼ cup cold water
1 tablespoon gelatin
1 cup boiling water
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup lemon juice
or commercially prepared lemon gelatin
½ cup finely shredded cabbage
1 cup diced celery
½ cup canned peas
½ cup small cucumber cubes
¼ cup shredded pimiento
Chilled salad greens

LEAVE the gelatin in the cold water until the water is absorbed, then stir in the boiling water until the gelatin is dissolved. Add the sugar, salt, and lemon juice. Cool, and when the mixture begins to thicken stir in the prepared vegetables. Pour into a damp mold. When well chilled and jellied, apply a cloth wrung out of hot water to the outside of the mold. Invert on a bed of chilled salad greens and serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

Shredded raw carrot, cabbage, and green pepper, with French dressing or mayonnaise, make a healthful salad.

FRESH fruit and vegetable salads are the energy builders that help protect your body against the fury of winter. These requisites of the well balanced winter diet can be delightfully varied by consulting the complete array of salad recipes to be found in Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. The booklets cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Please use the coupon when you send for them.

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I inclose ... cents in payment.
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Chopped cranberries, green pepper, tomato and celery, pineapple, pimiento, or apricot added to salad dressings greatly enhance their variety.

Filled Salad Dressing

½ cup chopped foods, as raw cranberries, green peppers, celery and tomato, pineapple, apricot, or pimiento
1 cup mayonnaise, boiled dressing, or French dressing

MIX the chopped materials with the chilled dressing just before serving.

Frozen Cheese Salad

½ cup cream cheese
2½ tablespoons mayonnaise with enough whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk added to make ½ cup in all
2 or 3 tablespoons chopped pecan meats
½ green pepper, minced
½ tablespoon orange juice, or
½ teaspoon lemon juice
⅛ teaspoon salt
Few grains paprika

BEAT the cream cheese until smooth, gradually beating in the mayonnaise and whipped cream. Add the other ingredients and spread to one-inch thickness. Freeze. Cut in cubes and serve on chilled lettuce.

Frozen Fruit Salad

½ teaspoon gelatin
1 teaspoon cold water
1 cup cream rich enough to whip, or evaporated milk prepared for whipping
½ tablespoon lemon juice
1½ to 2 cups prepared fruit (use canned fruit, drained, or fresh fruit sprinkled lightly with powdered sugar)
2 tablespoons shredded almonds, if desired

WHEN the gelatin has absorbed the cold water, heat over hot water until dissolved. Whip the cream and add the dissolved gelatin. Add the remaining ingredients. The fruit may be from canned assorted fruit-salad mixture, or may be a selected combination of fruits as listed in any favorite fruit-salad recipe. For example: one-half cup sliced bananas, one cup diced pineapple, fresh or canned, one diced orange. Mix until well blended and freeze.

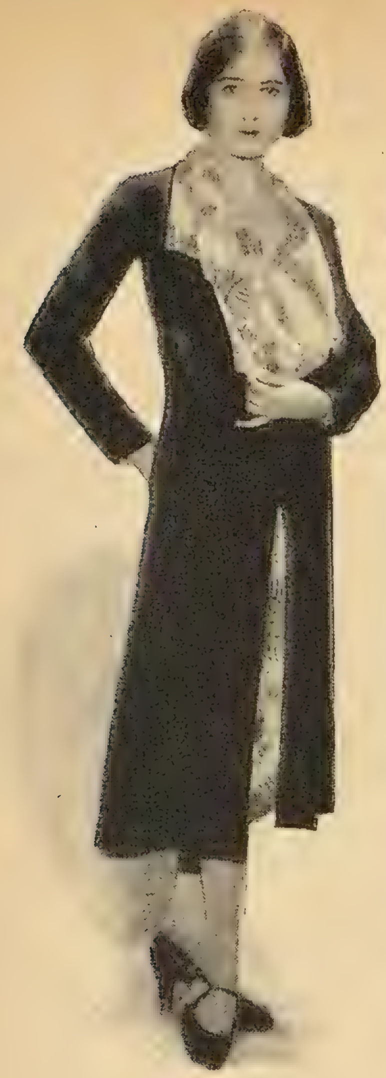
Cherry-and-Almond Salad

36 blanched almonds
36 fresh or canned cherries
Lettuce
French dressing

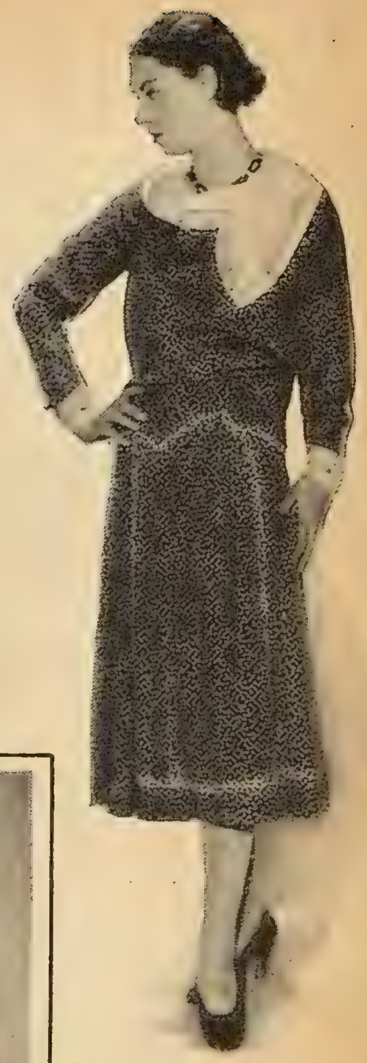
INSERT the blanched almonds into the pitted cherries. Arrange on chilled lettuce leaves and serve, preferably with French dressing.

STYLES from the SOUTH

By BETTINA BEDWELL



Printed frocks are smart combined with plain material.

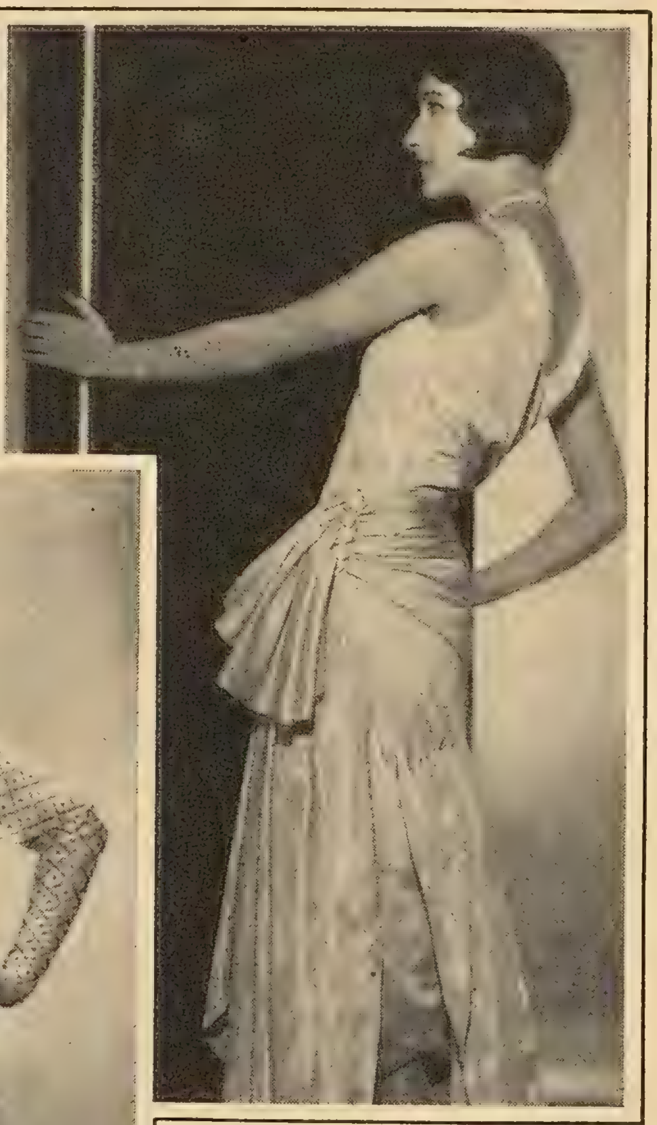


A Louiseboulanger frock of voile.

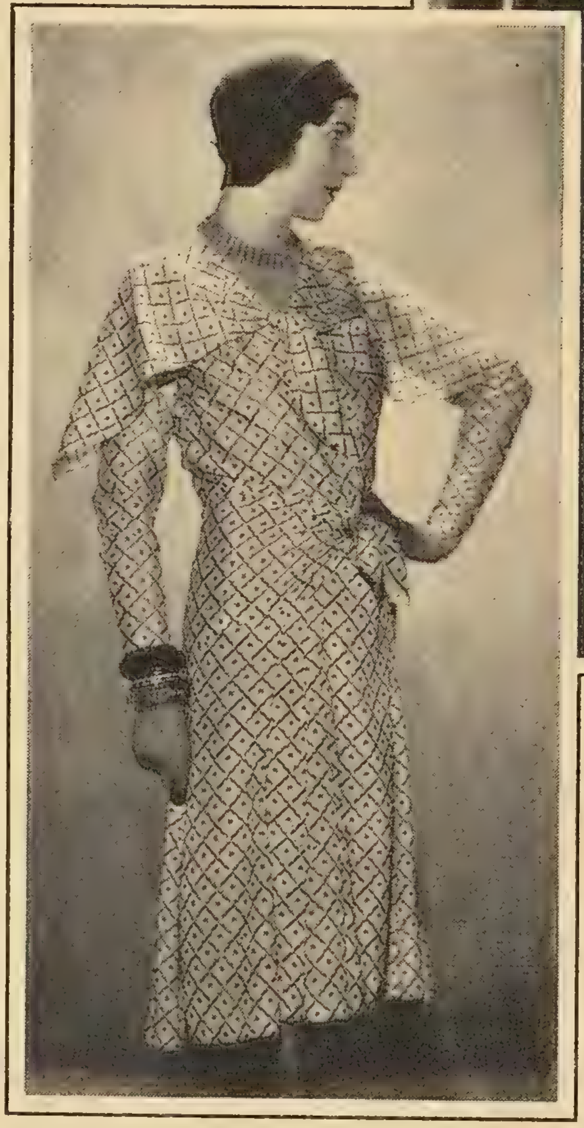
Paris.

FIRST spring styles begin to unreel themselves under southern palms. Having attended the previews mid snow and ice in Paris, I can give you some idea of the novel devices of the mode.

I can't wait to tell you that skirts are shorter! Not much, but enough. Even Patou has given up his "Long skirts or die" slogan. Only the knees are submerged in the flow of the daytime skirt hem, while pretty legs and ankles are just as frankly visible as they ever were. Waistlines are looking less pinched and puffy because pulled-in belts and fitted bodices are modified, in some cases even eliminated.



Both long and short is this dress by Lucile, made of taffeta.



Premet makes this frock and cape of silk tweed in black and white. Note the girdle treatment.

Materialistically the new southern styles are simply heavenly, with revived voiles, etamines, marquisettes, silk tweeds, wool tweeds, and cotton tweeds leading the fabric parade. Printed materials are accepted by Paris, although most of them are combined with plain goods.

White, and Veronese and heart-of-lettuce green, are good. Navy blue is very chic. Soft banana and salted-butter yellows are in the picture, and pale, pastel, and periwinkle blues. Grays that are toned with lilac, pink, or blue look good to the fashion experts. Beige is back, and black and white we have always with us.

CAPES have been made part of many dresses and coats for the southern resorts.

Bathing suits are no longer backless. Some of them have bloomers instead of trunks. Pyjamas are smarter than ever for lounging on the beaches.

All the details of southern styles proclaim fashion a pronounced feminist. Feminine collars, like the one shown on the voile frock from Louiseboulanger, in our upper right photograph, made of lace-edged georgette and draped in a new kind of fichu arrangement, are signs of Paris chic. This dress is in green and white silk voile printed in a maidenhair-fern pattern, with narrow lines of white outlining the girdle and part of the hem. The sleeves have georgette-and-lace cuffs.

The best way to modify the printed frock is shown in our first photograph. Louiseboulanger takes a printed georgette dress in blue and white, and over it places a navy blue silk etamine blouse that shows the unusual draped jabot, and a split skirt of the same stuff that is longer than the printed skirt under it and reveals a wedge of print.

Our lower left photograph is of a Premet frock made of silk tweed in black and white, with a very brief cape. The girdle, which has a high waistline and low hipline on the right side, is an important detail. The skirt, with its fan-shaped plaits set on in descending panels, is interesting.

Our photograph to the right of the foregoing shows a southern evening gown of heart-of-lettuce green brocaded taffeta, from Lucile. It has a wide draped girdle, and a short skirt with four long petal panels placed over it.

* * *

We are going to wear bright-colored cork sabots, shaped like the wooden shoes French peasants wear. They are from Mary Nowitzky.

Schiaparelli's newest sports bracelets are narrow bands of white leather wound around a black enamel circlet.

Agnès' berets of horsehair, dotted with chenille, and covering the top and one side of the head, are chic.

Tail of Woe

A New For the Love o' Lil

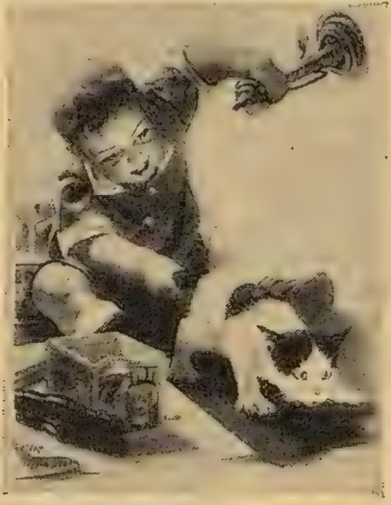
"COULDN'T you make a little less noise?" Lil called from her chaise longue. "Mother has a headache. Run down to the kitchen and get a bun with a glass of milk, dear." She tucked a green silk pillow behind one ear and practiced deep breathing over a frosted jar of something guaranteed to relieve dizziness, colds, and dyspepsia. One dollar.

Bang, bang, bang! Wooden blocks were being thumped together. They sounded like the midnight freight clattering over a junction.

"Please, dear! A little less noise," Lil begged.

"What?" Ulysses called back. "What didja say, mother? Mother, what didja say?"

Crackle, crackle, crackle! Snap, snap, snap! Old King Cole's crown, pipe, and bowl, unfortunately painted on a fragile box, turned to splinters under a mahogany rocker in the nursery.



This week's cover picture.

"Oh, gee! You oughter see the fiddlers three. Their backs are broke, their backs are broke! Hurray!"

"Mercy," Lil groaned. "My son needs a prairie for a play room. Perhaps we can buy a tract in Florida?" Of course, she was mixed up with the everglades. Had the headache given her a pain in her geography?

Rumble, rumble! Squeak, squeak! A train of cars was making a record run from bed to bureau via two doorsills.

"N'York, *N'York!* Board fur N'York! My house! My house next stop. Mother, wanta go on my train?"

"Yes, thank you," Lil called. "Just one ride, but tell the engine not to make any noise. The people are asleep in the Pullmans."

"No, they ain't. No, they're not. They're looking at the sceneries. The mountains, goats, eggs, donkeys, eggs, kitchens, canaries, eggs, new shoes, pianos, buttons, books, mittens, rabbits, rowboats—"

"Little boys shouldn't be such dictionaries," his mother told him.

"You called me a name!" Ulysses shouted. "I'll call you a name. You're a hunk of ice cream, *ice cream,* ICE CREAM! Chocolate, vanilla—"

"Why, Ulysses Grant Jenkins," Lil said, appearing at the door with a Lady Macbeth look. "How dare you?"

The telephone in the hall! And so, her son's feelings were spared a terrible verbal lashing.

"Hello, dear," a hoarse voice announced. "This is Kathleen Montgomery. Will you make a fourth at my bridge party tomorrow? Cecil Wegmann's coming, but Alma Shaw has a stiff neck and has to go to an osteopath."

"I'd love to—" Lil began weakly.

"Goody!" Kathleen snapped back, ringing off.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty! Toot, toot, toot!" The youngster was yelling like an I-cash-clothes man as he suddenly discovered his kitten. He grabbed the sleepy creature's tail and shouted, "Ding, dong, bell!"

"Me-OW!" kitty screamed. "Me-OW!"

Oh, oh, oh! What a pitiful tail of woe!

(Next week's cover adventure: Winter Reading)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—at your favorite movie theater

MURDER on the ROOF!

An all-talking Mystery-thriller

with

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Raymond Hatton and
Margaret Livingston

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MURDER ON THE ROOF is a Columbia Production

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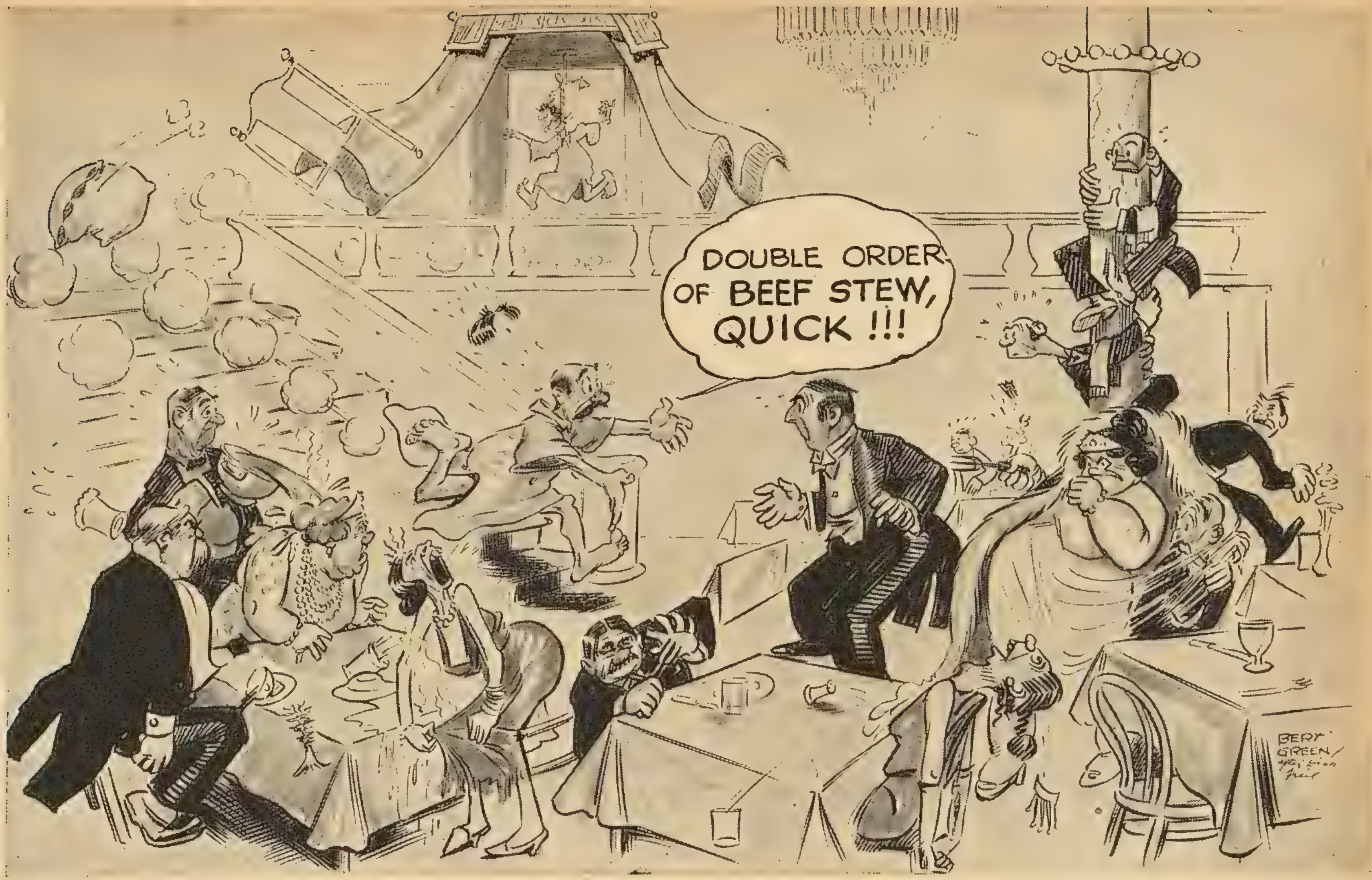
See this picture by all means, or you miss the treat of the year. It will be ready for your favorite theatre soon. Ask the theatre manager for the exact day.

COLUMBIA PICTURES for BETTER ENTERTAINMENT


DOUBLE ORDER OF BEEF STEW, QUICK !!!
BERT GREEN

With one leap he flew down the starcase and yelled to the head waiter.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

A Little Banana Oil on Troubled Waters

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

En Route to the Grand Canyon,
Arizona.

DEAR MARGE:

Youll have to excuse me writin on the back of this piece of linoleum. I just ran out of me swell monogram paper. I used the last sheet of the doggie paper on Jimmy McNeil. He put the touch on for 50 slugs because he had to go to a dentist and get his fangs disarranged. He says that he had a terrible time with his car. It seems he was drivin it down to get a new finish on the thing and he ran over a big rock, sneezed, and his new $5 set hopped out and busted the windshield. He says it was terrible. He says the molars and eye teeth and butter dishes were all over the map. But that wasnt the worst of it.

Just when he was crossin the railroad tracks, the gizzard fell out of the can and he couldnt budget. The next thing he new, the 5:15 roared around the curve and put the *real finish* on the thing. He wrote,—there wasnt enough left of the outfit to put in a cake. Yeh, its too bad.

Didja ever see his wife? By golly what a thin thing she is. From a distance she looks like a safety pin. No foolin. She has to wear suspenders to keep her skirt from fallin off every time she exhales. All jokes aside, she could take a shower in a piece of macaroni. I'll bet when he takes her in his arms he imagines he has a load of cord wood. What a prize from the preacher I ask you!

Its a good thing for Jimmy though he lost the car. I'll tell you why. Theres a certain swell town along the California coast, the name I wont mention because it may get back to the judge and spoil the rackit. Well sir, Jimmy was sneakin through the town with a case of liquor. He had it hidden under the hood wrapped in blankets where the cops wouldnt see it. Well, just as he got through the town a motorcycle cowboy comes up alongside and asks him where the fire is. Jimmy says, I didnt know there was any. And the cop says, like hell you dont. You was doin 60 when I ketched you. An Jimmy says, If I could get 20 miles an hour outer this buggy Id sell it.

So right away the cop jumps on the fire cracker and takes Jimmy to the head man in the police station. The judge takes one look at him and yells—Guilty or not guilty?

Jimmy says—*Not Guilty!*

So the Judge says—I sentence you to *one year in jail!!!* Then he hollers—But Im goin to dismiss you now. Be ready to be called any day and serve your sentence!! Dyerunderstand???!!

Jimmy left the courtroom shiverin in his shoes. Ever since, when he goes through a town, the hand on the gas meter registers 4 miles an hour. Every day he expects to be called. Hes scared to death. But nothing happens.

Heres the gag Marge. The judge sentences *everybody* to ONE YEAR IN JAIL. But he *never* calls the guys or

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR

Continued from page fifty-three

fines them. The result is that people drive through the berg at 5 miles per hour, thinkin all the time theyre goin to the iron boardin house.

Thats a hot one, aint it?

Its a good thing the cop didnt take a peek under the hood or Jim would a been shinin the wardens shoes.

Cliff Edwards just told me that his Lincoln gave birth to eleven Whippets with brown spots and tail lights. Thats a laf!

Speakin of hidin booze. I'll have to tip you off to a funny one I saw happen the other day.

I was down to San Pedro to get a load of giggle soup off the police boat. While hangin around the dock I walked aboard one of the English steamers what just came in.

Well, all of a sudden a guy comes down the deck with a great big black bag. Just as he parks his O'Sullivan on the gang plank the Customs inspector hollers out—Wait a minute! *Open up that thing!!*

The sap looks at the inspector and says—Why, you know me. Im a steward on the boat. But the inspector chirps up—Thats awright, *but open up the bag!!* The goof hollers—I cant open it up, I got the ships cat in it. Im takin it ashore to get rid of it. Its gone nuts, goofy or something!

Thats a good line, grins the Law.

I cant open it up! She'll get away. It took me all mornin to ketch the dam thing.

Open it up!! Wadya think this is, an express office?

So the steward slowly opened the bag, and *out popped the cat* just missin the inspectors mudguards.

Yer see that? Now I got to waste the rest of the day tryin to ketch the darned thing, and believe me that guys fast!!

Three hours later the steward came down the deck with the great big bag. Hes got a swell smile on his jaw as he greets the inspector.

The inspector hollers—Well, I see you caught her again??

Sure,—some job,—what I mean!!

So down the gangplank went the steward—Not with the cat, but a *dozen bottles of laughin soup.*

BUT—just as he was about to park the works in a nice fresh taxi, who comes strollin down the gang plank but the *big black cat.* The inspector took one slant at the cat, leaped off the gangplank, hopped in the taxi, and—

This is station WOW. This program has come to you thru the curtesy of the Fur Lined Icebox Co. makers of Sunkist Valvestems etc.

OH I mustent forget to tell you about my cousin Tim O'Reilly who I just heard from. You remember Tim the little runt with the curly hair what used to run the milk route up in Mootch Chump. Well him and your girl friend with the crockery eye became engaged. Sure, theyve been goin together for six months.

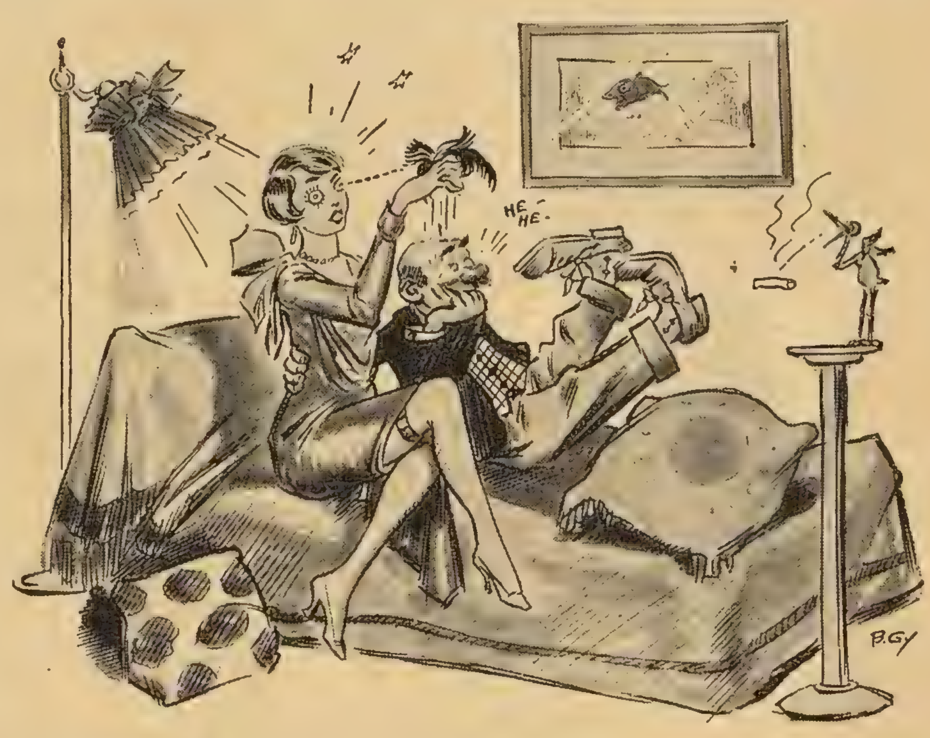
Well, one day when the girl friend was runnin her fingers thru his hair, his wig hopped off. Brother was she burned up! She got the surprise of her life. She didn't know he had a one man top all the time she was goin with him.

An did he fool her. He used to sprinkle breadcrumbs in the hair to make it look like dandruff. What a man!!

Well after that she was *thru.* She dropped him like a hot berdado. But the poor little stiff took it to heart. Oh was he busted up. He went for *strong liquor* somethin awful. He was lushed ALL the time. He wouldnt even get out of the gutter to let the water run by. He drank everything scraped off the boats. Finally he got so bad that he began to *get the leaps.*

He used to imagine that another little guy followed him around. Napolian, he called him.

Hed hoist a shot of nose paint then turn to Napolian and carry on an imaginary conversation with him. After another coupla shots, Napolians hat would fall off and hed follow him all over the joint and bawl him out for droppin his hat. Hed even stand him at the bar and go thru a bunch of jestures and panned Napolian for holdin out on Josephines room rent.



One day when the girl friend was runnin her fingers thru his hair, his wig hopped off. She didn't know he had a one man top.

Then hed stagger over to the electric piana, toss a slug in the slot and play that swell number called Smiling Irish Eyes. Hed sing it to him and get Nap to join in the chorus.

Oh, honest Marge it was terrible the way the poor guy went on. Why it got so that he lived on a regular hangover. The next morning hed go against the sourcraut juice, roar tomatoes, asperin and triple bromides and they wouldnt even make a dent on him.

Finally, when he was just about ready to fold up and go for the Creamatory he decided to consult the medical. He tossed the doc a fin and told him to give him the works.

Well Marge, the doc looked him over very carefully. He slapped the highdrometer in his kisser, screwed the water wings on his arm and pumped up the Big Ben. He told him he was a midiron shot from the Pearly Gates. He red the Riot Act to him so bad that the poor devil was scared stiff.

He told him that if he ever felt like drinkin again to *rush for food. Eat Anything!* A loaf of bread, *anything.* No matter what happens just EAT! —EAT!—EAT!!

Well sir, from then on the little guy was *through. Demon Rum was out.* He made up his mind that if he ever felt the urge of liquor, hed eat everything if he had to empty all the chain stores.

That night in the hotel just as he was about to retire, he heard a funny noise.

He quietly slipped out in the hall and what did he see but a guy in the next room HANGIN HIMSELF!!

WOW!— What a break. With one leap he flew down the starcase in his nightshirt and yelled to the head waiter—Give us A DOUBLE ORDER OF BEEF STEW, QUICK!!!

NOW listen, Love Lips. I shouldnt be writin you all this sad news the way youve been treatin me. Why dont you cut that movie life and come home like a sweet girl. You know I love you. Sure, better than that eyetalian girl I had over in France. Gosh, Im lonesome as anythin.

Please right me and say you will. Wont you?

Im leavin today for the Grand Canyon. Im goin to fly over and I'll write you all about it if I come back.

Oh, you remember me tellin you about Dinny Killgallon, the flyer. Well, he aint no more. No, the poor guy had an accident. He was flyin over the home town when the motor went Sweedish. He jumped out of the crate but the parashoot didnt open.

Yes its too bad. A nice fello and *good to the last drop.*

Good bye
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Your old man aint sent me that 22 bucks for them French post cards yet.

More of this in an early issue. Mike ought to be hearing from Marge.

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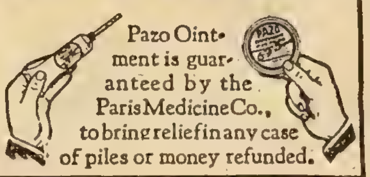
Guarantee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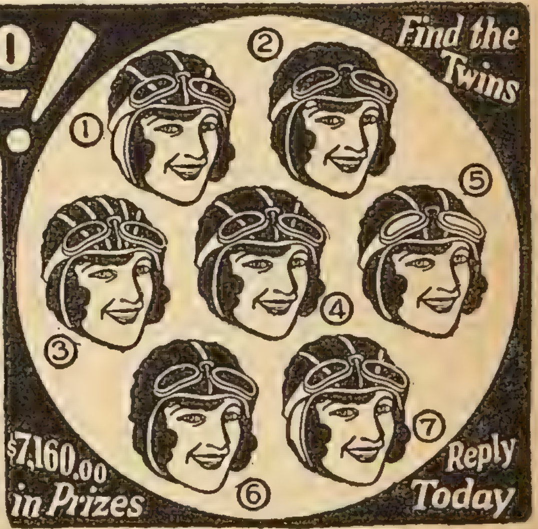

To advertise we are going to give over $7160.00 in prizes. Charles Henfling, between 60 and 70 years old, won $4245.00 in last offer; Joe Hanslick, 15 years old, won $900.00; Mrs. D. H. Ziler won $1800.00. You can Win $3500.00 now.

CAN YOU FIND THE TWINS?

Be careful! Don't make a mistake! It's not as easy as it looks because two, and only two, of the seven pictures are exactly alike. Find them—mark them—or send numbers on post card or letter. Over 25 prizes this time, and duplicate prizes in case of ties! Send no money. Anyone who answers correctly may receive prizes or cash. You can have cash or Waco airplane, or automobile, or new home. If correct you will be qualified for this opportunity.

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—making total prize you can win $3500.00. Find twin flyers and send answer today. First prize winner gets $625.00 cash just for promptness. Rush. This offer is open to men, women, boys and girls living in the U. S. A. except our own employees, residents of Chicago, Illinois, and former major prize winners in previous contests.

J. D. SNYDER, Publicity Director, 54 West Illinois St., Dept. 169, Chicago, Illinois

I'll love you twice as much
when they hand out
S.B.'s with the programs
FANNY BRICE
Brilliant comedienne of stage, screen, revue.

"DEAR AUDIENCE: I love you very much. Of course, I do. But when you start to cough I'd like to wring your necks. How can I be funny on the stage to the accompaniment of loud barks?? . . . I ask you!

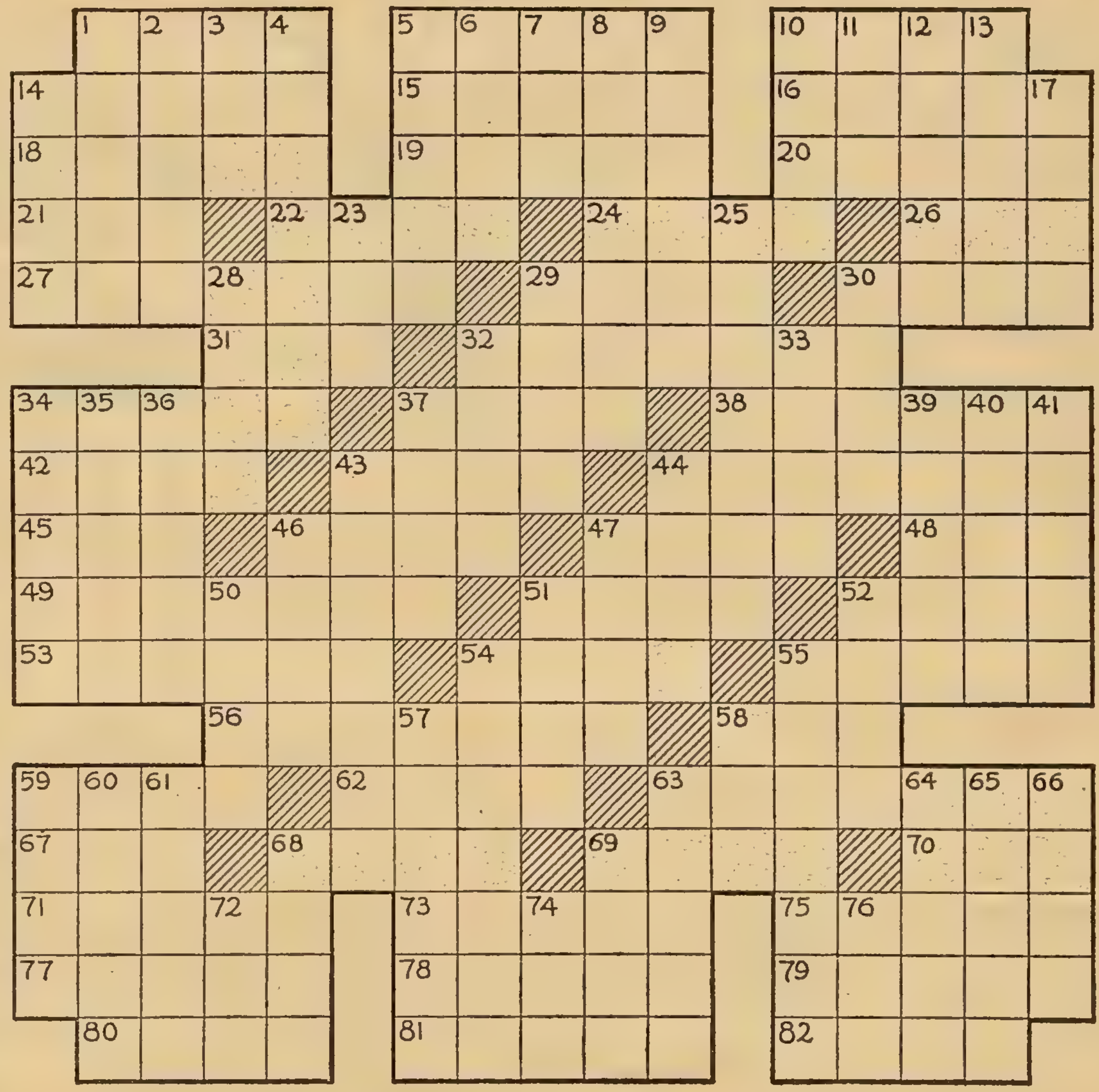
"That's why I'd love to see theatre managers hand out Smith Brothers' Cough Drops with the programs. I'll guarantee Smith Brothers' will keep you quiet and coughless. I'll guarantee that with S. B.'s, you will enjoy the show twice as much."

Smith Brothers' Cough Drops are an excellent, pleasant throat protection. They *stop coughs.*

5¢ *Two kinds: S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol.*

5 Cents
SMITH BROTHERS' S. B.
COUGH DROPS
TRADE
S. B. COUGH

Two New Puzzles: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49 50 51 52
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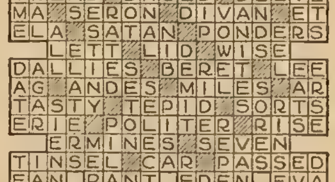
71 72 73 74 75 76
77 78 79
80 81 82

HORIZONTAL

1 Light conversation
5 A fish (plural)
10 Cooking vessels
14 Thin crimped stuff
15 Round and tapering to a point
16 Expiate
18 Made of a certain cereal grain
19 A tree
20 Giver
21 Cardinal number
22 Go forth suddenly
24 Faucets
26 Man's name
27 Account books
29 A tube
30 Performs
31 A fragment; refuse
32 Obsequies
34 A Hindu measure of weight (plural)
37 Attack of emotion
38 Wheelless vehicle
42 Instigate
43 Lame
44 Remains of past ages preserved in rock (plural)
45 Large snake
46 Go to seed
47 Light cotton fabric
48 Large container
49 Abates
51 Insects
52 Fabricated
53 Circumstances of one's life
54 Prevaricated
55 Better balanced mentally
56 Rectors
58 Rude small house
59 Wagers
62 A thump
63 Feels contrition
67 Commotion
68 Colored
69 A fish
70 A constellation
71 Saltpeter
73 Sea mammals
75 Part of the arm
77 Gaze fixedly
78 Pass or flow out
79 Subterranean part of a plant (plural)
80 Killed
81 Charger
82 Weeps convulsively

VERTICAL

1 A wading bird
2 Detested
3 A simian
4 Offers
5 Cicatrices
6 Young equine
7 Furthermore
8 Practicing a prescribed course of feeding
9 Remove by rubbing
10 Cushions
11 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
12 Pertaining to tones
13 Force air with violence through the nose
14 Lacking in warmth
17 Periods
23 Craft
25 Individuals
28 A ruminant
29 Flat-bottomed boat
30 Beverage (plural)
32 A season
33 Too
34 Piece of furniture
35 Wind instruments
36 Most unimportant
37 Comrades
39 Large, low sofa
40 Open space through a wood
41 Ethereal salt
43 Integrity
44 Supply with food
46 Greek letter
47 Dregs
50 Undermines
51 Feathered vertebrate
52 Companion
54 Most clamorous
55 Meals
57 A statement; a proposition
58 Pronoun
59 Forbids
60 Amends and revises
61 Sum
63 Obliterated
64 Man of great wealth
65 Jogs
66 Carpenter's implement (plural)
68 Pulled; hauled
69 A hint
72 Sooner than
74 Mother of Peer Gynt
76 A game at cards



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TASTY▨TEPID▨SORTS
ERIE▨POLITER▨RISE
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EAN RANT EDEN EVA
ANA EROS DOLE DEW
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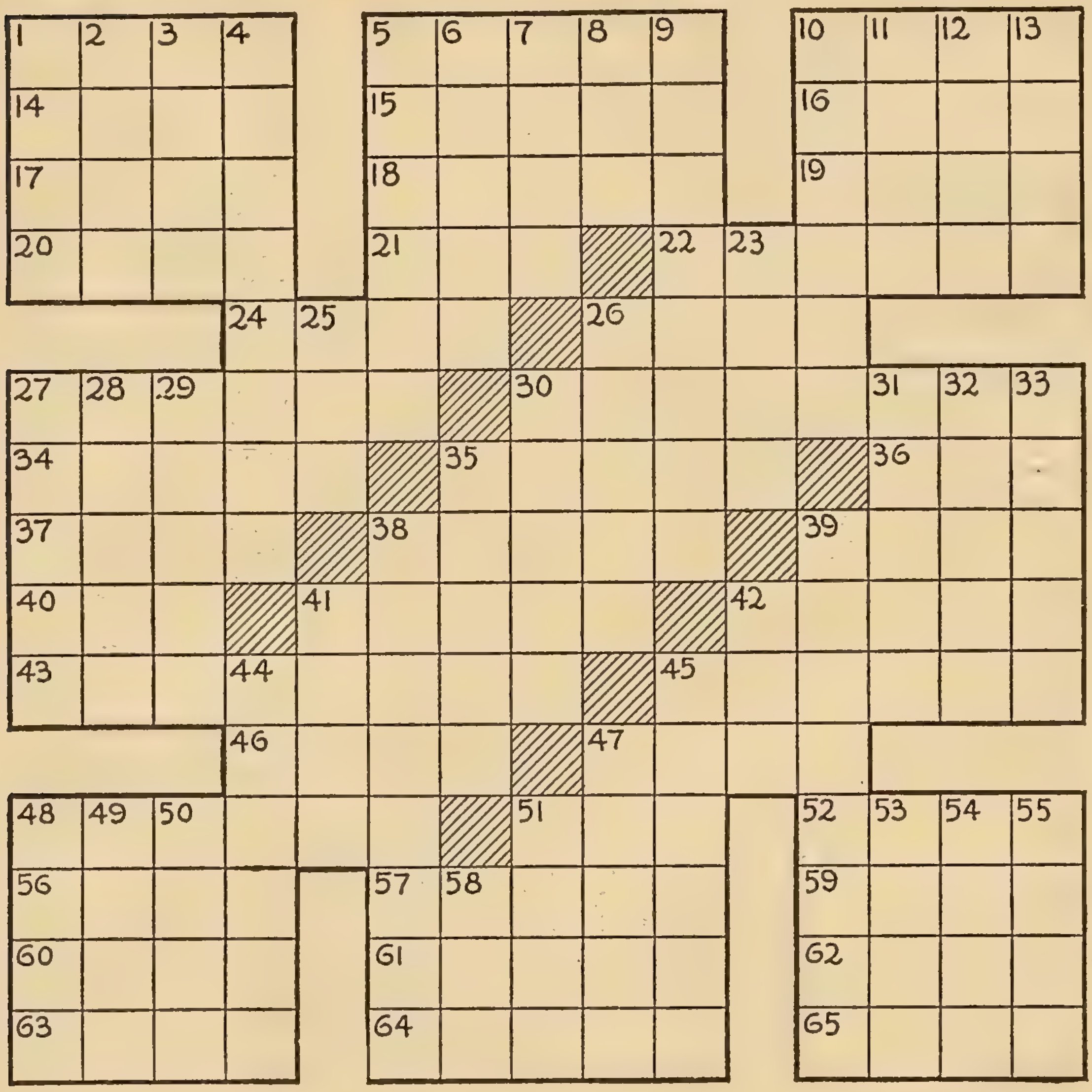
Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice

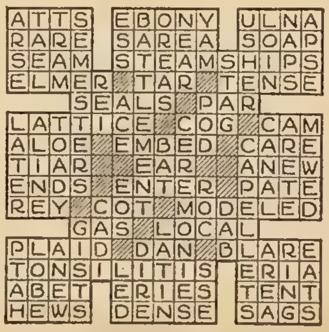


HORIZONTAL

1 Fixed time from which a series of years is reckoned (plural)
5 Classifier
10 The wild buffalo of India
14 Soft mineral
15 To accustom or habituate
16 Deck in the rear of some ships
17 Titular character in a Verdi opera
18 One who acts like an automaton
19 A panel
20 Thick plate or slice of anything
21 Hoosier author
22 Rendered clear for ingress or egress
24 A kind of cheese
26 The solar disk, in Egyptian mythology
27 Invest with ministerial functions
30 Spendthrifts; prodigals
34 Sharp excrescence, as on a plant
35 Buff or yellowish brown loam
36 Roumanian coin
37 To have or keep
38 Ground used in playing various games
39 Ridges of drift
40 Compass point
41 Preserves in salt
42 To stay
43 Made restitution
45 Anger; ill humor
46 Islets
47 Acts of a Roman magistrate
48 Fastening device
51 Self
52 Hawaiian food made from roots
56 Tender affection
57 Street urchin
59 Persia
60 River in Germany
61 City official of ancient Rome (variant)
62 Department in France
63 Sailors
64 Edible flatfish (plural)
65 Sleeps

VERTICAL

1 Letter of the Greek alphabet (plural)
2 Utter reproaches against
3 Name of an operatic soprano
4 Sheath for an edged weapon
5 To get again; to recover
6 Positive terminal of an electric source
7 Either of two large bulrushes
8 Sooner than
9 Most distant
10 To add as an accessory
11 Color of some horses
12 Not any
13 Imitated
23 Writes
25 One-tenth of a Japanese sen
26 Mockers
27 Different in identity
28 River in France and Switzerland
29 Deals out in small portions
30 Water connecting two larger bodies
31 Feminine personal name
32 Author of The Cloister and the Hearth
33 An enticing, dangerous woman
35 Region of a bird's head (plural)
38 A train of attendants (plural)
39 Offering; sacrifice
41 A spiral of wire
42 Fitting
44 Small wax candles
45 Scotch cakes baked on a griddle
47 Apt or ready to move; nimble
48 Narrow aperture
49 One of a Hindustan people
50 Assert to be true
51 A man's name
53 A song
54 A file
55 Possessive pronoun
58 Commotion



ATTS EBONY ULNA
RARE SAREA SOAP
SEAM STEAMSHIPS
ELMER▨TAR▨TENSE
SEALS▨PAR
LATTICE▨COG▨CAM
ALOE▨EMBED▨CARE
TIAR▨▨EAR▨▨ANEW
ENDS▨ENTER▨PATE
REY▨COT▨MODELED
GAS▨LOCAL
PLAID▨DAN▨BLARE
TONSILITIS ERIA
ABET ERIES TENT
HEWS DENSE SAGS

Answer to last week's puzzle

OLD MONEY WANTED

We Paid $200
to J. D. Martin, Virginia
FOR JUST ONE COPPER CENT

"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It is a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you that it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins."
JULIAN D. MARTIN, Virginia.

This is but one of many similar letters we are constantly receiving. Post yourself! It pays! We paid Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740 for some old coins. We paid W. F. Wilharm, Pennsylvania, $13,500 for his rare coins. In the last twenty years we have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills & Stamps
WANTED!

$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now we will pay $50 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not Buffalo). $100 for 1894 dimes, "S" Mint. $8.00 for 1853 quarters, no arrows. $10.00 for 1866 quarters, no motto. $200 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars. 10c each for 1912 "S" Mint nickels, etc.

Big Cash Premiums for Hundreds of Coins Now Circulating

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. *Watch Your Change.* Know what to look for.

It Will Pay You to be Posted on the Big Values of Old Coins

Knowing about coins *pays!* Andrew Henry of Idaho, was paid $900 for a half-dollar received in change. A valuable old coin may easily come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. *Post Yourself.*

You will open your eyes when you read our large Illustrated Coin Folder

Send 4 cents. We will send at once our big, highly illustrated and interesting Coin Folder. WRITE TODAY for this eye-opening valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. *You have nothing to lose—Everything to gain.*

Will pay up to $80.00
Will pay up to $50.00
Up to $100.00 for this coin
Will pay up to $10.00
Up to $2.00 for this coin
Will pay up to $100.00
Up to $2.50 for this coin
Up to $225.00 for this one
Up to $10.00
Will pay $1,000.00 for this coin

SEND COUPON NOW

Numismatic Bank Bldg.
Established Over 20 Years

Send this COUPON NOW

NUMISMATIC CO. OF TEXAS,
Dept. 252, Fort Worth, Texas.

Please send me your large Illustrated Coin Folder for which I enclose 4 cents.

Name..............................

Address..............................

....

SNIFFLE-SNUFFLE?

When the brisk, bracing new year brings you nothing but an American beauty nose . . . when it's snuffling time in January . . . and you'd like a real good smoke . . . there is always that one great cigarette . . . which opens the way to old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

◆

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

◆

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

BOYS! ice skates free!

IMAGINE yourself skimming over the ice on a pair of speedy racing tubes! You can get a dandy pair of skates with shoes absolutely *free.*

In addition you can have a regular weekly income. All you need to do is some easy work in your own neighborhood — during your spare time. Mail the coupon below, and we will send you full details along with our big catalog of over 350 Free Prizes.

Mail this coupon today!

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,* 1-11-30
247 Park Avenue,
New York, New York.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen, and make money while earning free prizes.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY .... STATE ....

BEAUTY MAY STALE

By

EILEEN BOURNE

"STALE!" That was the word used by a famous connoisseur of beauty, a man whose nod of the head has been known to make or obstruct careers times without number. And she whose beauty had staled was still in her late twenties—nevertheless, as age is reckoned nowadays, still in what should be the prime of youth. Yesterday, the acknowledged beauty of her set; today—

"Stale!"

What a word, that! "Vapid or tasteless from age; not freshly made; worn out by use or familiarity": so Webster tells its story.

Wonder why we have not used it before in beauty sermons? It belongs so rightly in them. It describes so neatly that massaged and tended face behind which the fires of heart and soul burn low. It explains why the obviously strenuous pursuit of dress and cosmetic decoration so often leaves us coldly unenthusiastic.

What an indispensable word it is in explaining the rise and fall of Dolores Paget, a fictitious name for a very real person. Dolores had everything that lay in the power of the gods to fashion a faultless form and face. At twenty-two Dolores was still being borne along on the sheer bodily beauty of youth. At twenty-five, had she been less the variety that is wont to stale, she might have heeded the not far distant cries of "Hail the new beauty!" She might have brought to that "line" of hers something fresh, stimulating. She might have inspired a new flash in her eyes with a fresh outlook on life. But she didn't.

Women stale for various reasons—frustrated ambitions, disappointments, perhaps marriage disillusions; but chiefly they stale because they refuse to grasp the opportunities around them which provide the "infinite variety" that prevents age from withering and custom staling them. From useful lives, from useful work, from worth-while human contact, the fires of youth are fed.

With the passing years we feel the need of something new—something to replace our old familiar look. We study color for the return it brings in youthful simulation. We acquire new hats, new gowns, new haircuts, new rouges. We refuse to be catalogued by embonpoint. Exteriorly we put up a glorious fight against time. But if, in spite of all this commendable effort, a connoisseur of beauty can dismiss our physical gesturing with a single epithet—"Stale!"—doesn't it look as if we must go in for more of that inward stimulation that fires the eye and lights the countenance?

There is no doubt about this need. Beauty has come to such a pass that more than piquancy is asked of it; more than being a "type" is wanted; more than being pleasant of face and form. It is because so many women may now subscribe to the straight physical requirements that beauty stales—unless it possesses the thing that makes it interesting.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

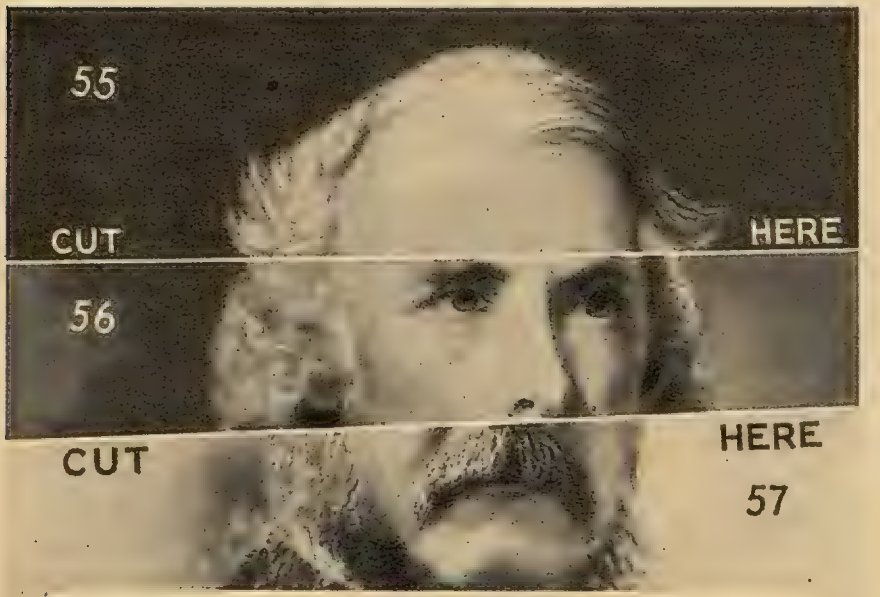
Name ....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No ....

City .... State **178**

Who Are These Presidents?

Can you rearrange these composite pictures and name them?



This is .... (Write name of President here)

Years of Administration ....to........... Set No. 7

THE forehead is of a State Comptroller; the eyes and nose are of a Cabinet member in Jefferson's two administrations; the mouth and chin are of a Vermonter.

$25,000 in Prizes

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next fifty prizes ($25 each)	1,250
Next 680 prizes ($10 each)	6,800
One Hundred Prizes to Teachers ($100 each)	10,000
TOTAL (835 prizes)	$25,000

THE three composite pictures on this page when cut apart and put together correctly form the pictures of three Presidents of the United States. Can you name them? The Patriotic Game of Presidents is entertaining and educational—and Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes for the best answers, as explained in the rules.

RULES

1—Every week for ten weeks a set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States will be printed in Liberty.

2—Each set of pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

3—This contest is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4—The Composite Pictures may be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture write the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Calvin Coolidge, 1923 to 1929.)

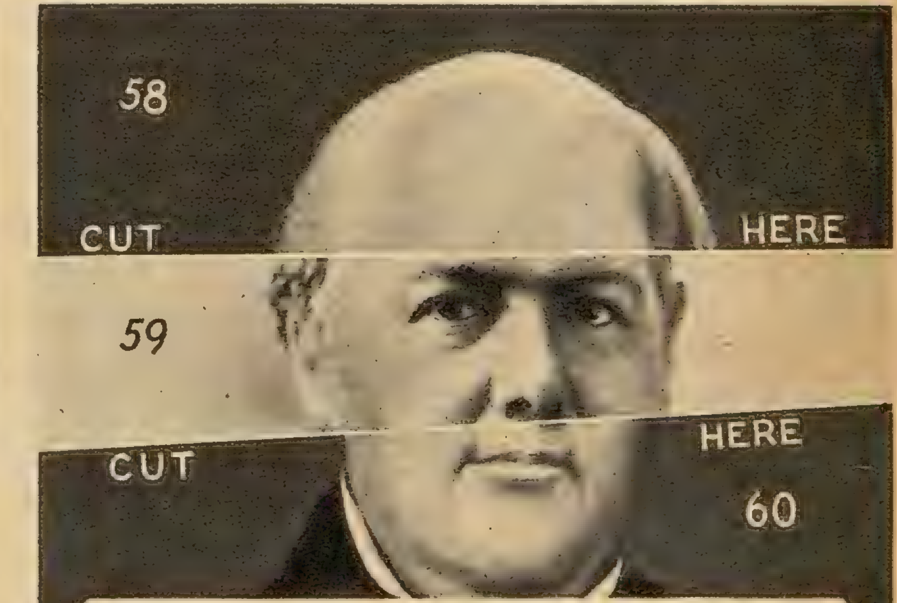
5—In all, thirty pictures will be printed—one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of thirty. Then send them to Presidents, Liberty, Post-office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All pictures must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7—Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8—You need not purchase Liberty or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

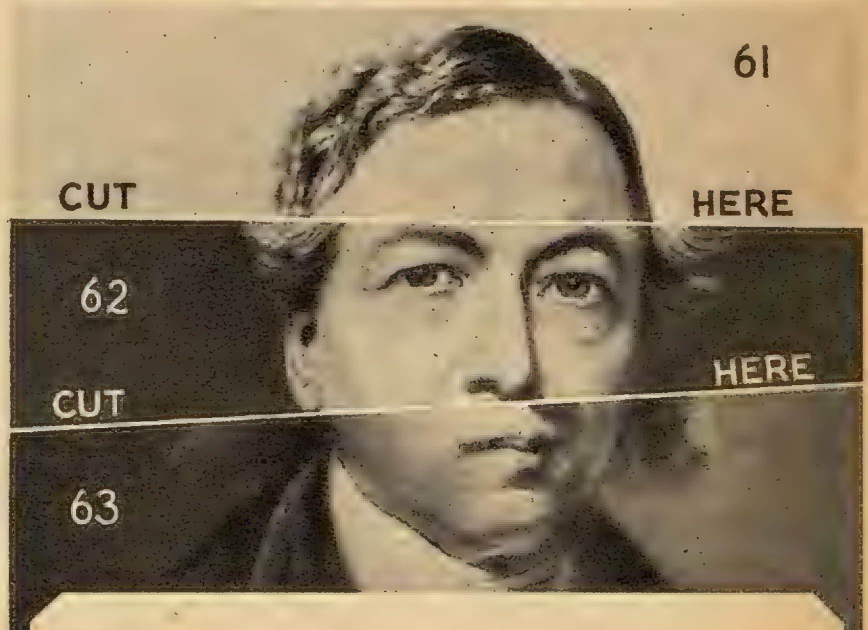
9—The Judges will be a committee appointed by Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.



This is .... (Write name of President here)

Years of Administration ....to........... Set No. 7

THE forehead belongs to a Princeton graduate; the eyes and nose are of the principal of an academy; the mouth and chin are of a defeated candidate for a governorship.



This is .... (Write name of President here)

Years of Administration ....to........... Set No. 7

THE forehead is of one of Scotch-Irish parentage; the eyes and nose are of a native New Yorker; the mouth and chin are of one who helped to frame the Constitution.

$10,000 to Teachers

ONE hundred prizes of $100 each will be paid to school-teachers whose pupils make the best records in the Patriotic Game of Presidents. When a child enters the contest he is advised to state the name of the school he attends, the name of his teacher, and the grade.

School-teachers: Get as many of your pupils as possible to participate in this instructive game.

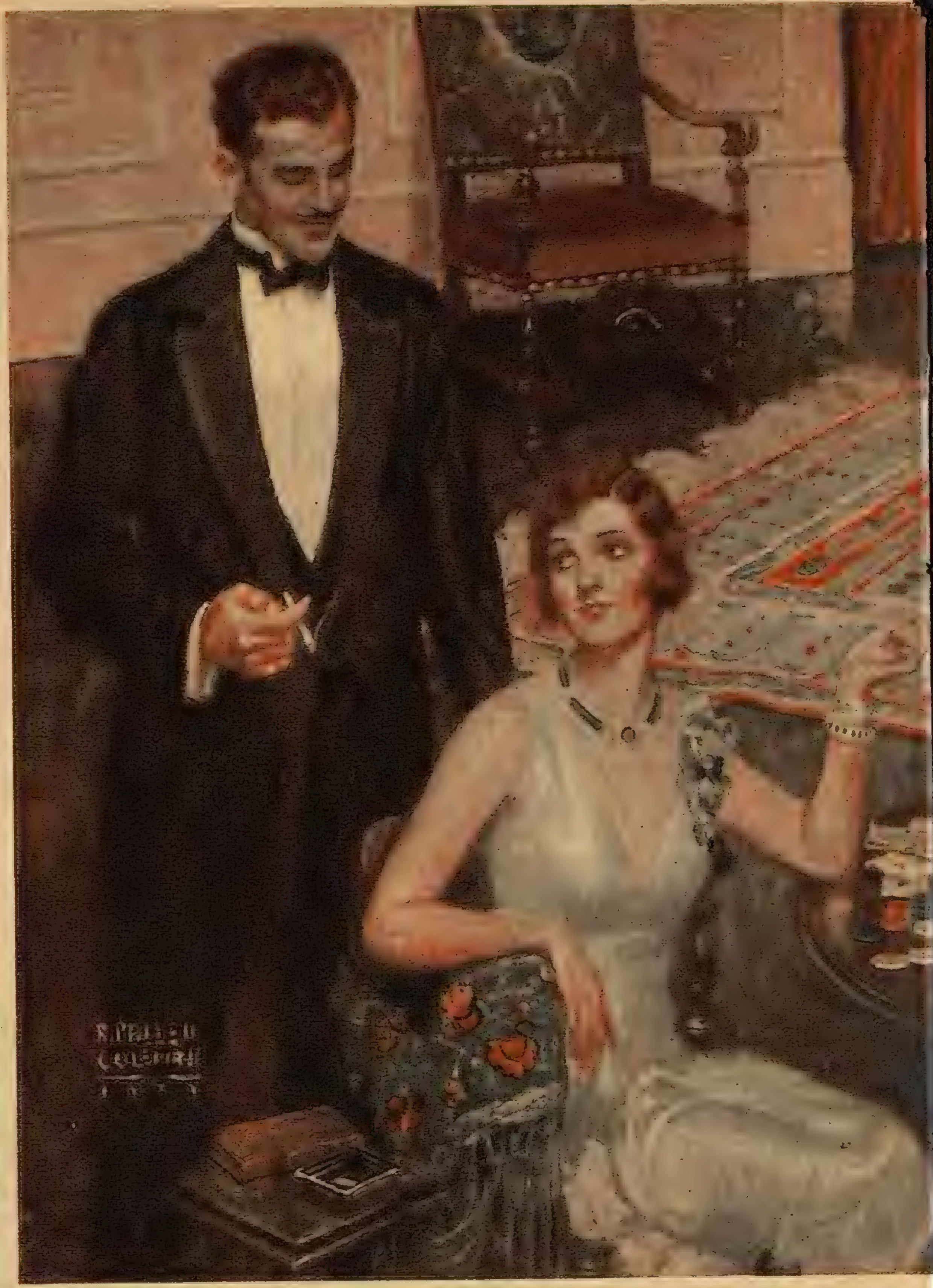
This is the seventh set of the series. The eighth will appear next week.

The Story of a Neglected Wife

By

ODGERS T. GURNEE

Pictures by
RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN



Pete Del Valle was too good looking to be on the leve

IF you hate newspaper work you're not a good newspaper man, so you quit and make money. If you love it you can't quit—and sometimes you make money anyhow. But more often not.

That is why Robin Mallory had no business marrying Betty Ann Vail and taking her out of the city room—into a sitting room. And then going off to bury himself on the night city-desk shift and leaving her to do nothing but sit and twiddle her thumbs.

Bob Mallory was a newspaper man because he thought he couldn't ever be happy at anything else. But Betty Ann Vail went into it because she was young—and, being young, craved the adventure spread freshly every twenty-four hours across the assignment sheet.

Which, it must be admitted, holds more allure than a marketing list headed: What I Need Today, running down through " bread," " cereal," " cigarettes," and " zwieback " to the bottom where it said, " Compliments of Mike Poppas, Fancy Fruits and Groceries."

Betty Ann had made out 345 " What I Need Todays " when she met Pete Del Valle. Her first wedding anniversary was ten days off. The difference being that she and Bob had actually gotten away on a honeymoon. That lasted ten days, too. Ten gorgeous days in which they'd ordered all their groceries ready cooked from cartes du jour.

But the Methuen murder mystery broke on the morning of the eleventh—and they'd rushed back to town. Somebody at a Press Club dinner had once said of Bob, that, given a couple of reporters who'd follow instructions, he could sit at his desk and stage a more successful man hunt than half the detective-bureau personnel on the loose. So the honeymoon went down behind a cloud, Bob went to his desk, and Betty Ann began to write " bread," " cereal," etc., *ad lib ad nauseum.*

. . . . .

Anyone looking at Pete Del Valle would have said at once that he was too good looking to be on the level. That was the first thought that popped into Betty Ann's mind when he breezed into the weekly poker game at Marie Dunning's, refused to eat, drink, or play, and just sat and stared at her.

" No more morals than a catfish," she said to herself. Then she raised the pot the limit and called for a cut.

She caught a heart which gave her four showing and bet the limit again when everyone else checked. Then they dropped and she turned over the hole card.

" ONE pair of deuces back to back," she said coolly. " Thank you one and all." Everyone laughed but Pete. She could feel his eyes.

" You're a good gambler, Mrs. Mallory," he said.

Betty Ann met his gaze. " I'll call that bet," she said to herself.

" Yes," she said aloud. But you had to guess whether it was a question or an affirmation.

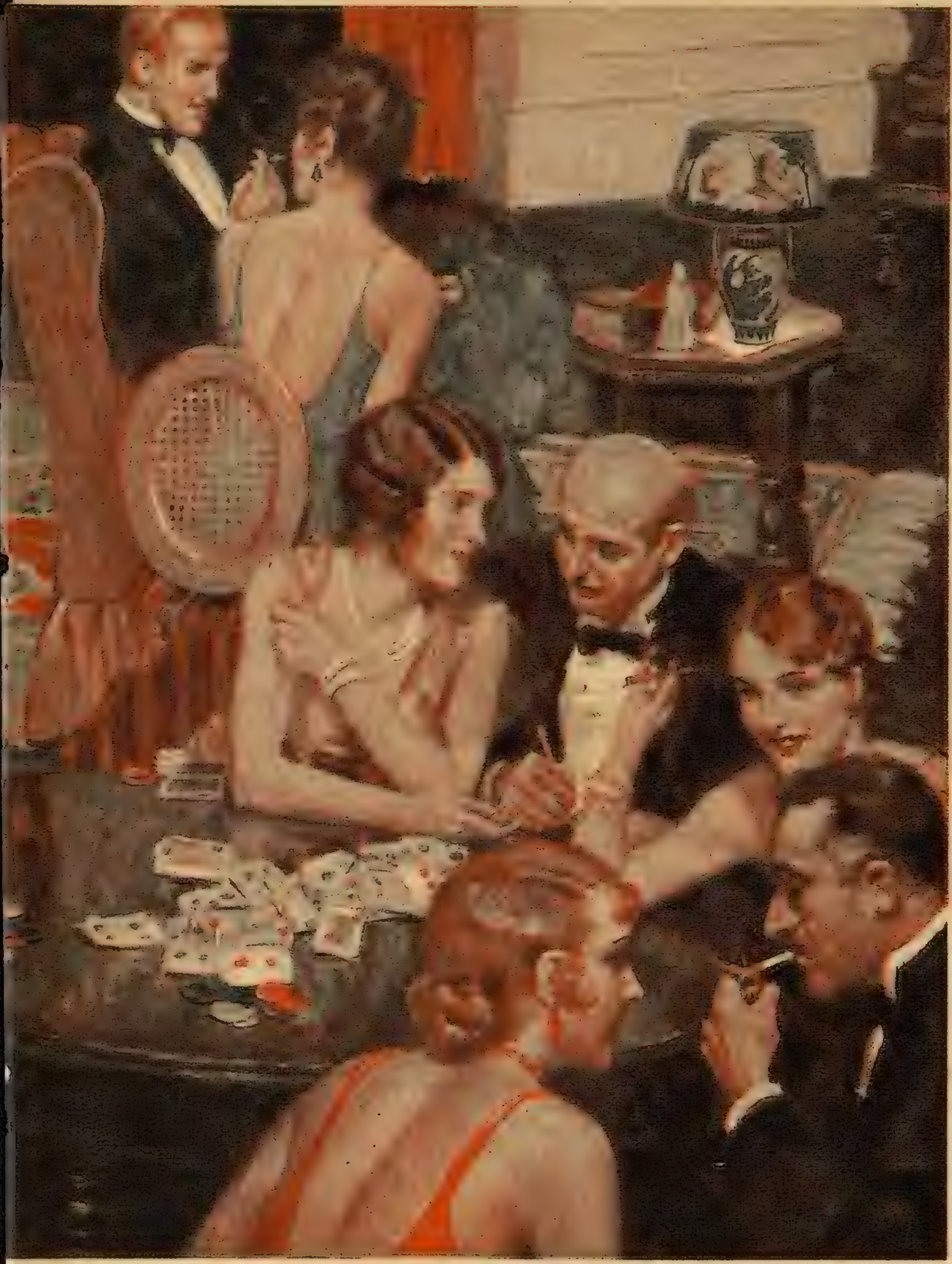
People began to go home soon after that round and when Betty Ann rose, Pete was holding her coat.

" My car is outside," he suggested.

" I live across the street," she answered shortly.

He grinned engagingly. " I've parked right in front of a hydrant. If I don't move they'll give me a ticket."

There wasn't any hydrant of course, but she didn't bring that up, even though he drove the better part of a square mile.



hat was the first thought that popped into Betty Ann's mind.

"My husband will be home soon," she said when they finally got back. "Won't you come in and meet him?"

"How long," he countered abruptly, "have you known Marie?"

She frowned. "About a week. Why?"

He opened the car door and helped her to the sidewalk. Then he got behind the wheel again and shifted gears.

"Don't play poker there any more," he said flatly. "It's a crooked game. She pays her rent that way."

He called the next night and she pleaded an engagement (nonexistent). But he phoned again the second night. So she made one—with him.

"Eight o'clock," he said with finality. "We'll have dinner and go for a ride."

"Eight o'clock," she answered. Her hands were shaking. It wasn't fear. It was more like the sensory tingle of nerve ends just before the finger touches flame.

"Going for a ride," she repeated grimly. It sounded significantly like being "taken for a ride," which is Chicagoese for a short cut to oblivion. Well, she was in a sense—or half expected to be. She was sticking her head into the lion's mouth. Knew it and didn't care. Pete Del Valle was going to take her soul for a ride. It might come back in one piece—and it might not.

It scared her for a moment and made her bluster to prop up her sagging morale. "I can take care of myself," she insisted.

The four walls of the living room, the familiar, mutual objects of the household seemed to close in tighter around her when she said that, as though offering sanctuary. But she thrust it away, jumping to her feet and striding quickly from room to room.

"I've got cabin fever," she told herself. "I can't stand being cooped up this way alone. I've got to get out and stretch."

Her roving eye fixed upon the pencil-scrawled "What I Need Today," and she leaped at it, tearing it to shreds. The burst of fury calmed her and she went back to the living room and tried to read.

BUT before she ran her bath she stopped in the kitchen and picked up the scattered pieces, depositing them carefully in a wastebasket. The significance of the move was not lost on her. But her sense of humor functioned in the emergency.

"Just an old-fashioned housewife," she said with a snorty little laugh. Then she stood up and began peeling off her clothes, luxuriating in the soft feel of the sliding silk against her flesh. She caught sight of her face in a mirror and her eyes danced.

"—so far," she said to her image.

Before she dressed she called Bob. "I'm going out to dinner, so don't try to get me on the phone."

His voice boomed jovially. "Swell." He always said that. He seemed glad when she went out with other people. Maybe he'd change his mind some day.

She checked that thought. "With a brigand," she said into the mouthpiece.

His voice rose. "A what?"

"Brigand," she shouted. "B for Benny, R for Robert, I for Isaac, G for George, A for Andrew, N for Nitwit, and D for DAMN!"

He was laughing. "Hell," he said, "I thought you said deckhand. Wait a minute, a woman just shot—"

Betty Ann stopped him short.

"I hope she killed him," she barked, and slammed the receiver on its hook.

. . . . .

Pete Del Valle arrived promptly at eight o'clock. But Betty Ann had been ready and waiting for fifteen minutes, and three times she'd gone back to the dresser to curl the ends of her bob above the ears and slap on and dust off a new "face."

The nerve tingle came back when she met him at the curbing. He seemed to say so much and yet so little, simply by looking at her. She hadn't realized until she squeezed into the bucket seat beside him how seldom he actually spoke.

Dinner was almost a monologue. Her nerves wouldn't let her keep quiet. And the silences when she did stop talking were too fraught with strange imaginings. It was much easier to keep the thoughts impersonal when the tongue—her own—was wagging. Later, after he had swung the car out along the spangled driveway off the North Shore, the fact that she'd bubbled over annoyed her.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[△ Continued from page sixty-one]

"Gosh," she said ruefully, "my life's more than an open book to you now. It's a movie—with SOUND."

Del Valle shot between two laggard sedans and stepped hard on the accelerator.

"What makes you think," he said slowly, "that your husband doesn't love you?"

. . . . .

Seven days later—and that meant seven dinners, seven drives with Pete Del Valle—Betty Ann insisted he come in and stay to meet Bob. She wanted to see them together, to focus, if possible, the things these two men meant to her on one plane, and then to back off and get the perspective. She didn't let them know it, of course.

But she had to know. Pete, who looked like a bandit, made love like a shepherd. Instead of trying to sweep her off her feet, without rhyme, reason, moral sense, or a damn for consequences, which she had expected, he had lifted her with infinite caution to a pedestal.

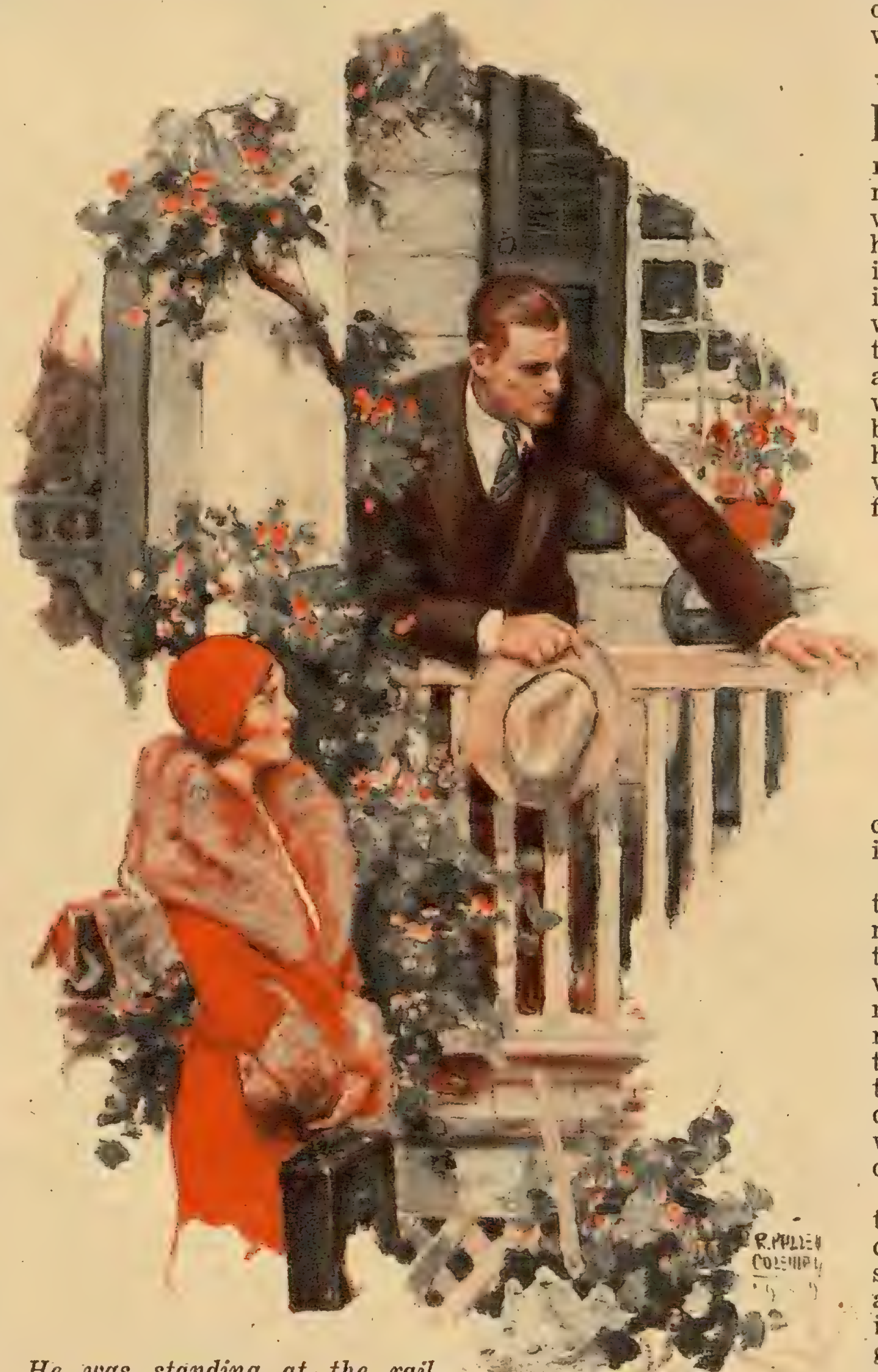
From cloaking her soul and body against him in protective armor she had turned to pitying him. The anticipatory nerve tingle that had keyed her to sense the border line and send her back in swift reflexes was throttled down to a slow soft pull that bored from within against the buttresses of her judgment.

SHE tried to reason the thing out, her position and her future, as they sat between the press of the four walls of the living room, waiting for Bob to come home.

She knew her instinct, or intuition if you will, hadn't betrayed her. Pete loved her—deeply. Of that she was certain. But what she might mean to Bob, if anything, she couldn't tell. The thought made her a little bitter. After all, she'd given up a lot for him. And she'd loved him, too. Probably he'd be glad to get rid of her. Or would he? It was all very perplexing and there didn't seem to be an answer.

Bob came in time to keep her from incipient hysteria. Her greeting, in consequence, was forced and rather too noisy.

It made her fume inwardly because it sounded like some giggling schoolgirl, caught kissing in a corner. The fact that Bob seemed not to notice it at all, angered her even more. He was speaking amiably to Pete, unrolling the everlasting armful of morning editions on the living-room table.



He was standing at the rail, looking at the tops of the stunted trees that rose from the lake shore below.

"It's been mighty kind of you to see that Betty Ann hasn't been lonesome," she heard him say.

In that instant she reached her decision.

"Lord, if he'd ordered him out of the house, thrown things, disgraced us, beaten me—anything but to just ignore a thing he must realize."

Those things she thought. "Shall I put some coffee on the fire?" was what she said.

. . . . .

BETTY ANN slept fitfully. She had reached a decision, but not a solution. There were long stretches of half-dawn awakeness in which she lay staring silently at the gray walls, reaching for the thing that eluded like a drifting feather which feels the wind before a thrusting hand and billows always just beyond the finger tips.

If Bob really loved her he couldn't help showing a little flare of jealousy. That was the refrain of her thought. And, after all, the thing she wanted most was simply to be loved. She couldn't, wouldn't, be ignored.

She awakened to their anniversary morning determined that she must break with Bob. But she let none of that determination appear upon the surface. What there was of it, this day was theirs. She would make the best of it.

He was up earlier than usual. Up and dressed by ten o'clock, smiling, jovial, more attentive. "We're going to step out and go places," he announced.

She tried to match his mood and succeeded.

"Where away?" she asked, and not caring so long as it meant moving on.

"I'll tell you when we get there," he laughed, slamming down the windows and bundling her out of the door.

They drove out through the welter of the South Side, across the Indiana state line, and curved slowly north by east toward Lake Michigan.

She had known almost at once where they were heading, but she had kept silent, letting him believe it was all to be a great surprise. Now, threading the crossroads toward the shore, it was obvious.

"The dunes!" she said abruptly. "We're going to the dunes." Her left hand reached up and gripped his fingers where they curled around the steering wheel.

He stole a moment from the road ahead to look aslant at her.

"You've probably known that for the last thirty miles, Mrs. Mallory," he said lightly, "but it's been sweet of you to act happily surprised." She jerked back her hand. "Yes, I'm surprised," she said. "Surprised you even remembered it was our anniversary."

She saw his mouth, half-opened in a shock of amazement, snap shut grimly. It made her feel small and mean. She reached again for his fingers.

"That was unkind, Bob. I'm sorry. It is a surprise—to be going out here—a pleasant one. And I am happy—" She choked off abruptly and her hand, that had been lying loosely on his, gripped fiercely

"Damn it, Bob! Why can't we be happy? Why can't we have any home life? Why can't you get another job—a day job and work the sort of hours a white man ought to work?"

It was the obvious place for him to meet her more than halfway. To promise anything or everything—for that moment at least. But it is one of the tragedies of the propinquity of marriage that men and women turn anger aroused by outside influences against one another.

Bob's tongue was against his teeth, forming the words of his answer. Probably it was to have been conciliating, repentant, equable. But the words never came. A sudden traffic block. A nitwit in a slattern roadster across their path—and his tongue went between his teeth, and feet thrust against brake and clutch.

The traffic opened. He threaded ahead and increased speed, driving tensely. The sudden scare had touched off something that boiled inside.

"You've got a home," he said shortly. "And I've got a good job, a better one than I could get anywhere else. I won't give it up."

THERE was no answer. They raced ahead in silence to the woods road turning north into the dunes. Neither spoke again until he braked the car beside the clapboard cottage on its rise of sand above the lake.

It was the place where they had first seen one another as human beings instead of cub reporter and city editor, and the sight of it softened them.

As he stepped out, reaching to help her, their eyes met, each a little ashamed and sorry. His smile answered hers, and his grip quickened. He leaned forward. Much, or all, could have been carried away in that kiss.

But, sensing that fact and realizing all its potentialities though she did, some twinge stirred painfully deep within her. Without conscious propulsion the muscles of her arm stiffened. The ripple of steel passed through her hand and into his. He stepped back, looking at her, shaking his head slowly. Then he sighed and walked with quick, choppy strides to the cottage porch.

Betty Ann followed him slowly, trying to fathom the unreasoning tumult of anger that flared between them despite the obvious efforts both were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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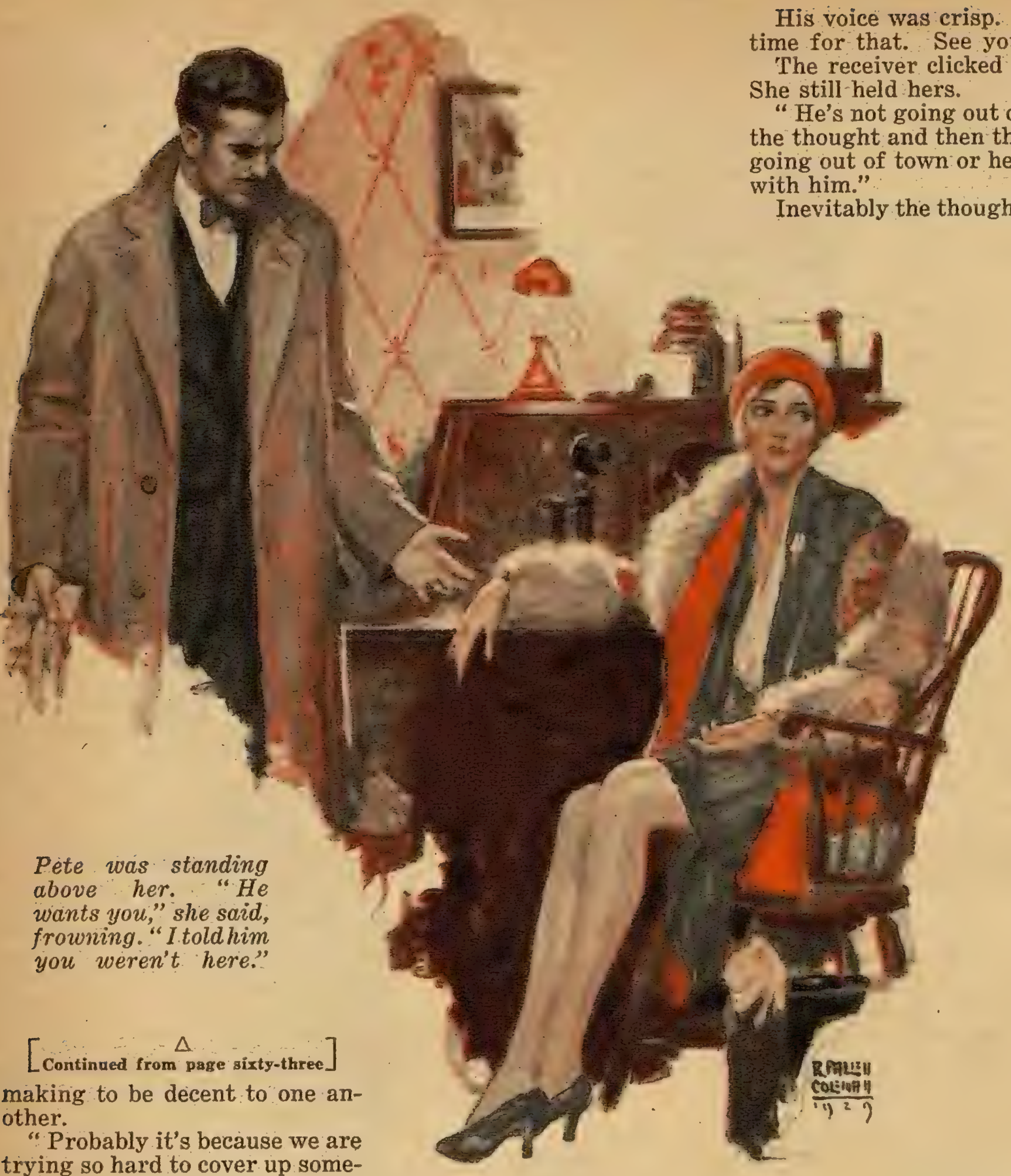

Pete was standing above her. "He wants you," she said, frowning. "I told him you weren't here."

Continued from page sixty-three

making to be decent to one another.

"Probably it's because we are trying so hard to cover up something that ought to be given a good airing," she decided. He was standing at the rail of the front porch, looking at the tops of the stunted trees that rose from the lake shore below. A hen robin, carrying a piece of businesslike string in her bill, was fluttering anxiously about the foundations of a nest in a forked bough a few feet above his head.

"I've been watching her," he said. "She seems to be going it alone!" He spoke as though repeating the sequence of arriving ideas as they flowed through his mind, knitting one thought to the tail of another in a monotone. "I always thought they worked together on the nest—or maybe she hasn't got him yet— Just an optimist"—he smiled cynically—"building on speculation."

"Or perhaps," Betty Ann cut in, "her husband's a newspaper man."

"I'd thought of that too," he said quietly.

THE drive back to town was accomplished in comparative calm, largely because neither spoke beyond commonplaces. He left her at home and went to his desk. She went to her room more than ever decided that the quickest way out was the best way.

Pete called at eight o'clock. "I've got to be alone tonight," she told him. "I've got to be free to think—to put my house in order."

At ten Bob telephoned. "I shan't be home tonight," he said in a brusque, rush-of-business way. "Something very important has come up that I can't explain by telephone."

"Don't you want me to pack a bag?" she asked, her mind a jump ahead.

His voice was crisp. "Thanks, no, honey. No time for that. See you tomorrow or next day."

The receiver clicked abruptly at the other end. She still held hers.

"He's not going out of town," she repeated first the thought and then the words aloud. "He's not going out of town or he'd have taken some clothes with him."

Inevitably the thought of another woman reared in her mind, but she fought it away. Betty Ann had prided herself on complete emancipation from the curse of jealousy. And so had Bob. But here she was being jealous in spite of herself. And being doubly inconsistent in wanting him to wave the green flag as a signal of continued affection. She went to bed damning her vagaries and bathed in self-pity.

NEXT day she did something she never had done before. She called Pete and asked him to come for her.

"What shall we do?" he asked. The question came automatically. She had been the one to take the lead.

"Don't ask me," she said, "tell me. I've taken days and days to reach one decision. I can't think any more. All I know is I've got to get away."

The storm of nervous tension she had been storing and bottling foamed suddenly.

"I want your shoulder to cry on. I want you to say funny, foolish things to me, make me laugh when I'm not laughy. Think for me, act for me, carry me along, protect me, love me—let me slide and coast and float—and not ever have to think about a damn' thing again."

He said something—the tones of his voice were warm and eager—but she didn't hear the words.

"Hurry," she insisted.

It was dusk before he reached the apartment, but he was breathless, flushed, staccato.

"Everything is done," he greeted her. From a vest pocket he drew a pad of traveler's checks. With a swing of his arm he indicated the street.

"The car is outside. We start tonight, drive to Mexico, where you get your divorce immediately. Then from a gulf port we sail south to Guiana. One doesn't think much about anything in Guiana."

His waving hand dropped to her elbow. "Come," he urged.

"My bag." She drew back and hurried to her room. The traveling case, packed and locked, was ready. She swung it up and raced back toward the hall, suddenly overwhelmed with the impulse to crowd speed on speed.

At the living-room table she stopped short. She should leave some word of explanation. She felt Pete's eyes following her anxiously.

"I ought to write—something," she said.

His voice was curt. "Send a telegram."

She shook her head. "No." That was too abrupt. She couldn't do it that way. The case dropped to the floor and she tore at her gloves, reaching for pen and paper.

"It won't take a minute." She was writing rapidly, the pen jumping from word to word, the letters scrawling. She didn't know what she was saying. The same things over and over she'd been saying to herself, to Bob, to Pete.

She signed it more slowly, folded and sealed it meticulously in its envelope. Then she propped it against his tobacco jar and wedged it upright with his pipe.

"All right," she said. Her voice crackled metallically. "Let's go."

The sound of it seemed to grow and reëcho, bouncing back at her from the desk. She was at the door before she realized it was the telephone. Pete was shaking his head.

"Don't answer," he suggested.

"Yes," she said. She tried to walk slowly to the desk, but her hands fumbled with the cord. She swallowed resolutely. "Hello!"

"Is Pete there?" The voice was crisp, incisive. She dropped the phone to her lap and smothered the transmitter with her hand.

"It's Bob," she whispered. Pete started toward her.

"I'll tell him," he said sharply. But she shook her head frantically. Something impelled her to equivocate.

"No," she said into the mouthpiece. "Why?"

"If he calls or you know where you can get hold of him, tell him to phone me at the office at once. I've got to get in touch with him tonight."

THAT was all. The voice shut off and left her thoughts galloping. What did it mean? Pete was standing above her questioningly.

"He wants you," she said, frowning. "I told him you weren't here. You'll have to wait a little and then call him back. Say I told you."

He backed away. His eyes were like sharp points of inquiry.

"What have you told him?" he demanded.

She shrugged wearily: "Nothing."

"What are you going to do?"

Pete whirled. "What the hell!" he said. "Can't a woman divorce a man that doesn't love her without acting like she was killing sheep?"

He moved quickly to the phone. At her side he stopped and cupped her chin in his palm.

"It's all right," he said. "Don't worry."

She nodded and went back to the table, reassembling her gloves and bag while he put in the call. It seemed an age before the city room answered and she heard him ask for Bob. Then the burr of that quick, sharp voice. No answer from Pete. But a stiffening of his body and the slide of muscles along his jaw line.

He hung up and stood with his back to her for a moment, drumming nervously on the desk with his fingers. When he turned, his eyes were black.

"I've got to go," he said. It frightened her.

"You're not going to do anything?" she demanded. "You're not going to—"

He laughed. "Fight? No." He reached for her suddenly, kissed her, and then held her off with stiffly bent elbows. "It's not that, hon. Something else. Business. But important as hell."

He released her as quickly, and scooped up his hat from beside the bag. At the door he turned.

"I'll be back for you," he said with finality.

She smiled. "Promise?"

He drew his hand across his heart. "Promise," he said.

. . . . .

Robin Mallory was alone in the little cubby-hole office when Pete came and sat across the flat desk facing him.

There were no preliminaries.

"I've just been talking to Frenchy Ducour," Bob said slowly.

Pete shifted his weight. His eyes veiled.

"So you told me over the phone."

Bob smiled. "But I didn't mention names. I see, however, you understand." He hitched his body forward slightly. His words were spaced.

"You see," he explained, "Frenchy has been worried about you for some time."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"But They All Come Back To Williams!"

Here's a drug clerk testifying, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!"*

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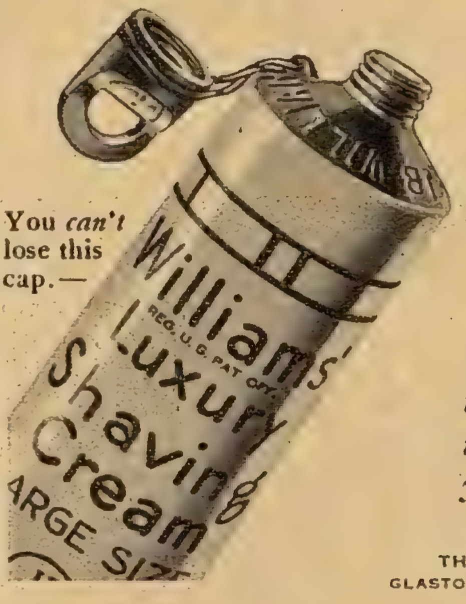

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[Continued from page sixty-five]

There was no answer. He went on, even more slowly:

"He didn't know what might happen—if a man who knew a lot about his racket was with the wife of another man who also knew too much"—he halted for a moment—"if they were together—too often."

Pete drew back. "And just what do you mean by that?"

There was a flicker of a smile on Bob's lips.

"I assured him you weren't discussing business affairs."

"No," said Pete sharply. "No, we—"

Mallory's hand waved him to silence. The slow voice cut in:

"But he found out that you'd bought ten thousand dollars' worth of traveler's checks this afternoon. A man has to be very careful in Frenchy's business. He did something else too—I think he must have tapped your wire several days ago."

Bob's voice lost a shade of its soft impersonality:

"Ducour doesn't like to have people he's trusted—run out on him."

The face across the table had grown gray and the veiled eyes flicked swiftly across the corners of the room. Pete was thinking. Then abruptly his teeth flashed whitely and he laughed.

"When do I take the ride?" he asked.

Bob smiled back at him. "One fifty-five," he said. He straightened in his chair and his voice came crisp and cold again, the words clicking rapidly:

"But you go on this one on your feet. On a train. I'm putting you on it."

HE dismissed the other's protest with a stabbing forefinger against the table top.

"I've promised Ducour you'd never talk. He's letting you go—alive."

Del Valle, searching for the answer in Bob's eyes, shook his head, bewildered.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because he has to play ball with me."

"I know—but how do you know I won't talk?"

"Because I know something Ducour doesn't know."

Bob's voice slowed again:

"I know where the girl is who killed Abner Methuen."

He heard the stifled gasp that came from the man across the desk as he said that, but he was looking down at something in his hand. He tossed it across the walnut surface.

"There's a ticket to St. Pierre-Miquelon," he said conversationally. "Your sister will meet you there. One of my men is with her."

He looked up and caught and held Del Valle's gaze. "A man I can trust."

The bigger man facing him seemed to have wilted. He slumped against the chair back, drawn in upon himself. "How long," he asked huskily, "have you known?"

"Methuen died a year ago. I've been working on the thing ever since. I was lucky. I found something the police hadn't found—the only blind spot in his career—the two weeks he spent at St. Pierre when everyone thought he was hunting in Maine."

Del Valle thrust a hand half across the table. "Listen," he pleaded.

"I know," Bob assured him. "Methuen was a louse."

"She did it for me," the other interrupted. "We were fighting—"

Bob's voice halted him again.

"I know." His eyes shifted to the wall beside them—to the photograph of Betty Ann. Pete saw his gaze and followed it.

"I don't blame anyone," Bob said, "for fighting for the thing he loves. Do you?"

Del Valle stood up and took the folded railroad ticket. He looked intently at the picture, then down at Bob.

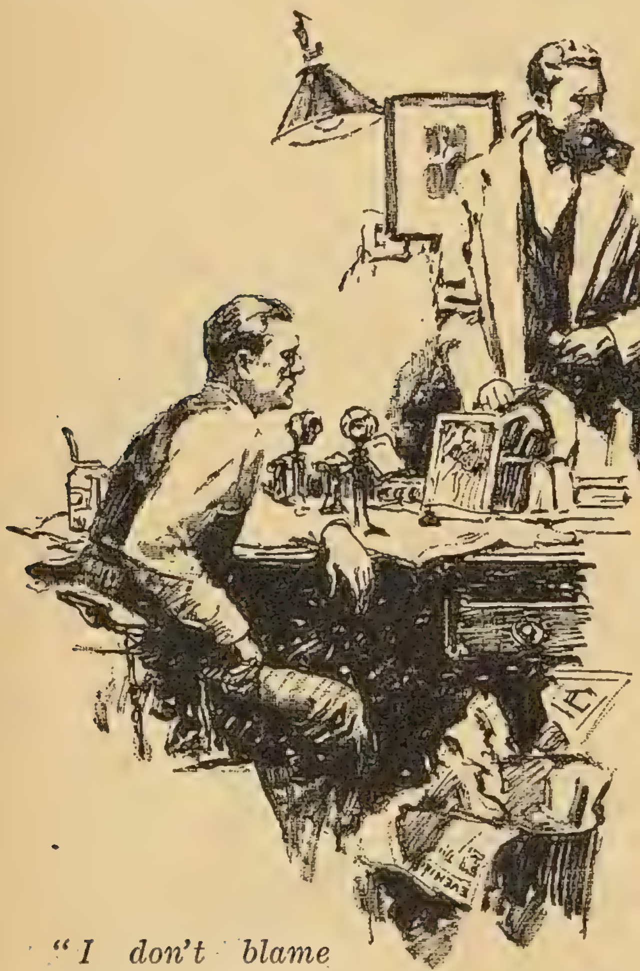
"No," he said. "No." They went to the door together. "I didn't know," he said.

* * * * *

Betty Ann, waiting, heard the grip of brake bands in the street below and rushed to the window. A car had stopped. In the light from the street lamps she could see it was hers.

HERS! The word gave her a queer fillip of pride. Then she saw Bob getting out. He moved very slowly as though tired out.

But he was all right. Not hurt. She could see that. A rush of relief weakened her and she sat to stop the trembling in her knees. But Pete. Where was Pete?



“I don't blame anyone,” Bob said, “for fighting for the thing he loves. Do you?” Del Valle stood up and took the railroad ticket. “No,” he said.

She remembered, then, the note, her bag—the preparations for departure. It came to her suddenly that she really didn't care where Pete was. She struggled to her feet and ran across the room, tearing the note half across and cramming it into her pocket. She swung up the heavy bag and carried it into her room.

Then the sound of Bob's keys in the hall door. She went back to see him standing in the door. He smiled.

“Hello,” he said. “You must be a mind reader, honey. I came up to ask you to take a ride and here you are with your hat and coat, all set to go.”

Her hand flew to her head. She'd forgotten her hat, her coat.

“It looks swell,” he said. “Let's go.”

The words burned her ears. She remembered saying them herself two hours ago—or was it a lifetime? There'd been a tremendous time for thinking in between.

And now she knew he knew. Knew why she'd worn the hat and the coat. But he'd thought of a way to make it seem all right. She answered his smile.

“Coming up,” she said.

They had driven miles beyond the edge of the city before she voiced the question that still lay between them.

“What was the horribly important thing you had to see Pete about?” she asked.

Bob throttled down the motor. “We got a tip at the office that might have meant quite a lot to him,” he said. “I wanted to reach him in time.”

The car slithered easily across another square of pavement.

“He had to leave town in a hurry to—see about it.”

Betty Ann didn't know what to say to that, if anything. Inside of her something repeated, “I'm glad! I'm glad!” over and over in time with the rhythm of the motor. But she couldn't put it into words. She took refuge in the ageless and unfailing. She kissed him and almost ditched them both.

But it didn't make him angry. It made him laugh.

DAWN was streaking the purple sky above the lake when they came back again to the cottage on the dunes. A chorus of early-rising birds greeted them as they parked the car in the sand road.

“I'll get some breakfast,” she said, “if there's anything here.”

“Swell,” said Bob; “and if there isn't I'll run down and buy out a couple of stores because we're going to stay here for a month.”

“A month!” she echoed. “Why, how—”

“And then,” he announced portentously, “I'm going on a new job—daytimes, Mrs. Mallory—white man's hours.”

He lifted her in his arms and ran up the steps. “Rustle up a lot of food, honey. I'm starved,” he demanded.

She flung open the windows of the kitchen and busied herself taking inventory.

A can of beans, a ball of twine, a crumpled photograph of Bob. He'd have to go to the store or they'd never eat.

Tacked to the wall she saw a familiar square of pasteboard.

She laughed and smoothed a torn edge of the snapshot of Robin Mallory. He was calling her now from the porch.

“Hey, come here!” he said. “There's two of them in the nest now. Love has come to Mrs. Robin.”

Betty Ann's laugh sailed out to answer him.

“At last,” she said.

And then she stuck his picture in the middle of the pasteboard on the wall, right smack underneath the place where it said:

“What I Need Today.”

THE END

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McGILLICUDDY

The Three-Decade Pennant Winner of Baseball

By PAUL GALLICO

Brown Bros. photo
Eddie Plank

Ring photo
Eddie Collins

Ring photo
Rube Waddell

Topsy Hartsel

Ring photo
Stuffy McInnis

Ring photo
Frank Baker

THE pictures on this page show six great ball players who became famous under Mack. The four on the next page are stars of his present crop of world champions.

McGILLICUDDY, of course, is Connie Mack! And Connie Mack is—baseball down through the ages. Cornelius McGillicuddy! You read pieces about him in the newspapers . . . "Great Old Connie Mack has again surrounded himself with a championship team, etc. . . . etc. . . ." Father looks at the sheet with a start. Good Lord! Old Connie Mack. OLD! Why, it seems only yesterday that Philadelphia acquired that new manager, McGillicuddy. That was the year father met mother. They went bicycle riding together. . . . There were evenings at Reisenweber's. . . . They went to see Leslie Carter in Du Barry. Still managing the Athletics, eh? And just won his seventh pennant and fourth world championship. The same Connie Mack. . . .

How old is he today? Sixty-seven! A pennant winner in three distinct decades. And he has brought but one thing down from those dear, gay, stuffy, priggish bacchanalian, shirtwaist days—the high, stiffly starched collar that encircles a gaunt and stringy neck. His ball team and his ideas are as modern as radio, the theme song, and electric refrigeration. Don't take my word for this. Ask any of the Chicago Cubs.

In 1902, to give you an idea of how horribly long ago that was when Cornelius McGillicuddy, ex-baseball catcher, guided the American League ball club of Philadelphia, butter was nineteen cents a pound. Mr. Roosevelt was occupying the Presidential chair and bawling at the trusts, Siegel & Cooper was selling shirtwaists to the Gibson gels at eighty-five cents apiece, and seven dollars was enough to pay for a good suit of clothes.

New York City had no American League ball club, but there were rumors of a franchise shortly. R. F. Doherty, an Englishman, defeated Malcolm D. Whitman, an American, for the tennis championship, and nobody apparently could beat Walter J. Travis at a Scotch game called golf. American Bicycle was selling at 6 on the market, American Car and Foundry was 32, and U. S. Steel was 40. At the Eden Musée they had a funny contraption called the cinematograph showing moving pictures of a hayrick burning down, and the inside pages of the newspapers were adorned daily with pictures of the bald-headed Mr. W. L. Douglas, who gazed at you over handlebar mustaches and promised you that for $3.50 his shoes could not be beat.

All during that season when three men never heard of before in baseball—Eddie

Connie Mack (Cornelius McGillicuddy)—born December 23, 1862, East Brookfield, Massachusetts.

Played with Meriden, Connecticut, baseball club as catcher in 1884 at age of twenty-one. Joined Washington Club in old National League, 1887. In 1891 began six-year stay with Pittsburgh Club of the National League.

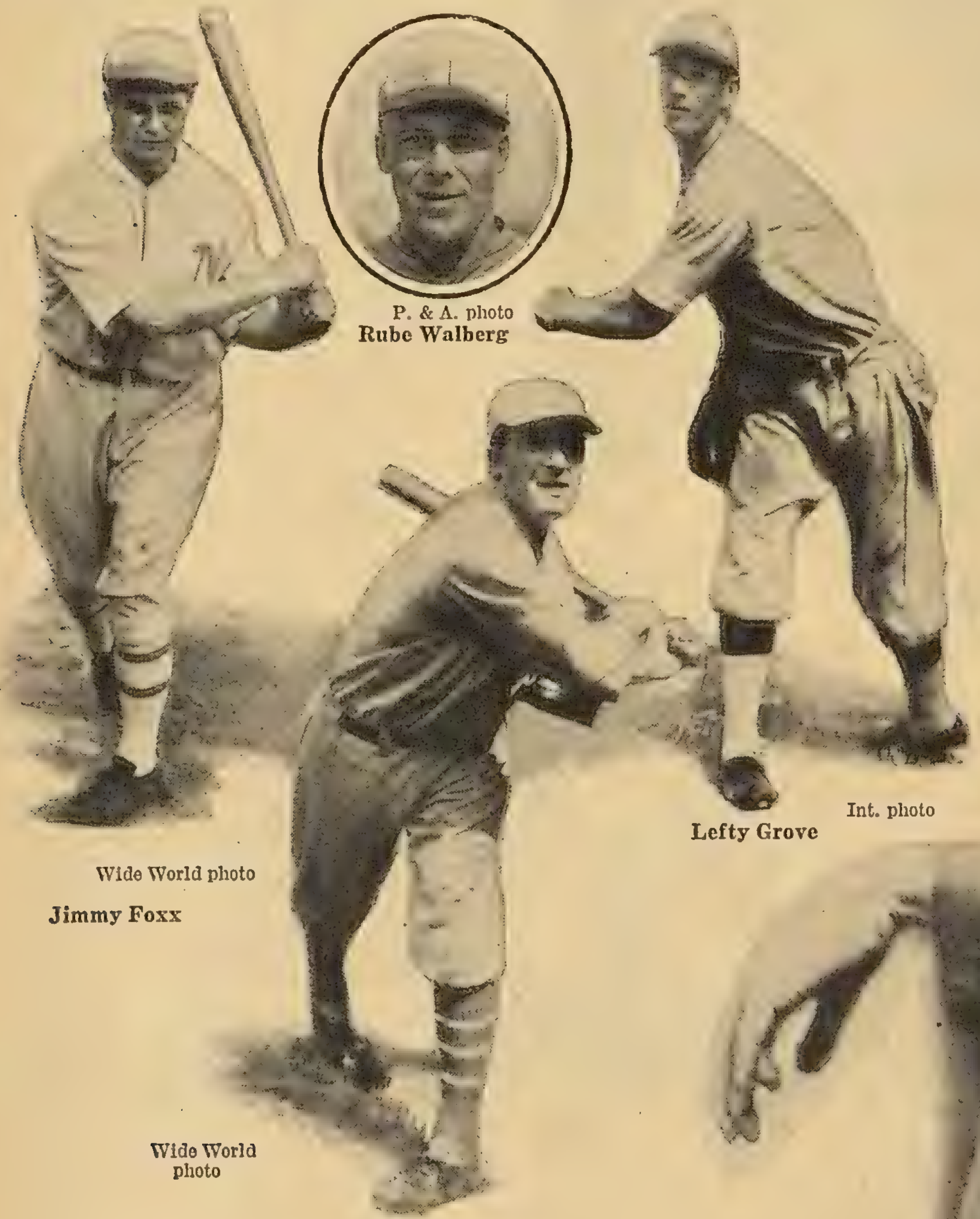
Managed the Pirates from 1894 to 1896 with no success. Moved to Milwaukee as player manager. In 1900, Milwaukee was awarded franchise in the American League.

In 1901, Milwaukee American League franchise transferred to Philadelphia. Connie Mack became manager of the Athletics and retired as a player. In 1902, Connie Mack won his first pennant as manager of the A's. He won subsequent pennants in 1905, 1910, 1911, 1913, 1914, and 1929 for a total of seven.

He won his first World Series in 1910, defeating the Chicago Cubs. His second and third World Series he won from the New York Giants in 1911 and 1913. His latest world championship he won in 1929, again from the Chicago Cubs, for a total of four.

Plank, Mike Powers, and Topsy Hartsel—were winning game after game for McGillicuddy, a young matinée idol by the name of John Drew was appearing in an opus entitled The Mummy and the Humming Bird, Mrs. Patrick Campbell was playing in Aunt Jeannie, the Bijou Theater lured the drama lover with something called Hearts Aflame, and Brandon Tynan played in Robert Emmett.

Lieutenant Peary had just come back from the North saying that he had failed to reach the pole. Old Crow Rye and its excellence were the subject of a one-column advertisement in the leading daily print. An Englishman named Sir Thomas Lipton was preparing a cup challenge and men's hats turned up at the sides.



P. & A. photo
Rube Walberg

Int. photo
Lefty Grove

Wide World photo
Jimmy Foxx

Wide World photo
Al Simmons

The newspapers told you that the place to dine was Rector's, or the Beaux Arts, or Jack's, or Reisenweber's. The night air was just beginning to be made hideous by a new-fangled instrument called a phonograph which played Turkey in the Straw and The Windsor-Clifton Hotel Fire off wax cylinders, and in Washington, D. C., a gentleman by the name of Erskine Sunderland was overtaken by a bicycle policeman on a Sunday afternoon and escorted to the clink for operating his Oldsmobile automobile contrary to the dictates of reason, safety, and all precedent through the streets of Washington at fourteen miles an hour.

Down in the dune and sand and swamp country of North Carolina, two brothers named Wright made a contraption out of sticks and glue and string and canvas, stuck a one-lung engine onto it, and later flew with it in the air—almost two miles. AND—Connie Mack won his first pennant with the Philadelphia Club of the newly born American League.

Nineteen-thirteen! Another decade! Bless them, look at the girls now. Straight up and down, like fountain pens. They're wearing hobble skirts. U. S. Steel is selling for $60 a share. David Warfield is standing them up with The Auctioneer, and Laurette Taylor nightly lugged a scrubby wire-haired fox terrier on to the stage in a heart-warming tear-jerker called Peg o' My Heart. Fanny Ward, then a mere infant, was appearing in Madam President, and Governor Sulzer was expressing great moral indignation over the impeachment proceedings against him in the New York State Senate.

Who, for instance, is that gaunt, leathery gentleman in a straw hat peering from the display layout of the latest soft-drink ad? Great guns! Cornelius McGilli-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Associated Press photo

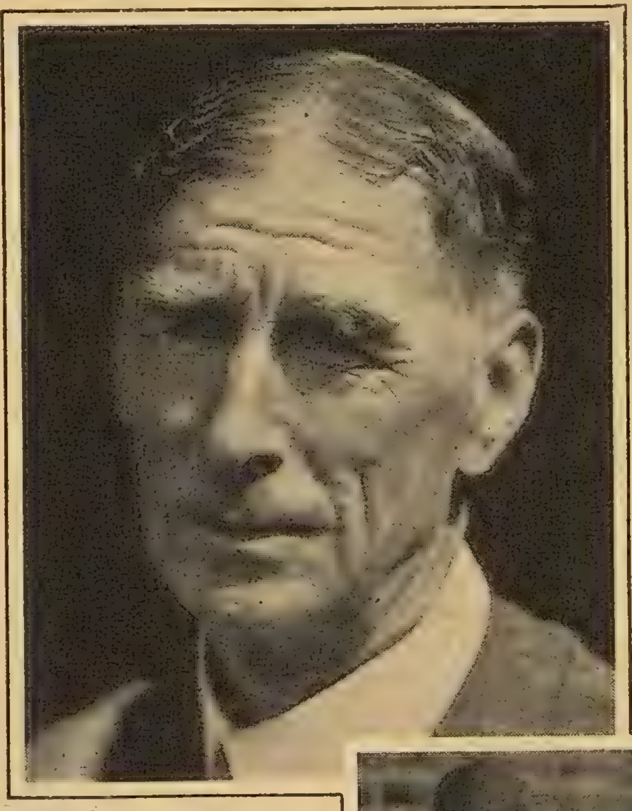
Connie Mack, with his famous score card, as he looks when directing his team from the dugout.

McGILLICUDDY
Continued from page sixty-nine

cuddy—Connie Mack. He has won his fifth pennant through the damp, sticky summer, and is about to take John J. McGraw over the jumps in the World Series.

What names are associated with him now? Bullet Joe Bush, the boy wonder! Bob Shawkey, now the newly named manager of the New York Yankees. Wallie Schang, the great catcher. Stuffy McInnis, Eddie Collins, Jack Barry, and Frank (Home Run) Baker, the $100,000 infield. Herb Pennock, the slim left-hander with the marvelous control, then just a kid, and now still doing it sixteen years later for the New York Yankees.

Well, in another year the war was to break out. Hugh Fullerton was the big-shot sport writer on the New York Times, and they put his stuff right up on the front page, next to the announcement of the great aëroplane race around Manhattan. Some weird, seagoing auto hacks calling themselves yellow cabs announced as a special for the World Series that for five dollars they would ferry a customer from anywhere above Twenty-third Street to the Polo Grounds, wait for him, and return him home after the game. A gentleman in Chicago by the name of Henry Spencer was occupying neighboring columns on page one by admitting to fourteen fine and fulsome murders for pay, and was considerably chagrined when the police cut his list down to seven. And the day that Connie Mack won his third world championship, the Italian liner Volturno burned at sea with 136 lost. Wireless telegraphy saved 521.



P. & A. photo

A close-up of the leader of the world champion Athletics.

Anno Domini 1929! We are the people. . . . We drive $5,000 locomotives at sixty miles an hour down the main highways. The girls are tired of showing their lovely legs and not so lovely knees, and Parisian pansies in cutaways are designing 'em longer. The end of another decade. Connie Mack has won another baseball pennant for the Philadelphia Athletics. A man sits at a microphone and shrieks like a frightened seamstress—"O boy! What a hit! I wish you could be here and see the excitement. . . ." And 10,000,000 people sitting in their homes the nation over listen at instruments, and hear the crack of the ash wand meeting the ball.

LOOK at Connie down there in the dugout, with one knee on the steps, still waving his score card in some mysterious signal to the outfield—gaunt, dried-up, leathery, perennial, kindly Connie. Mysterious signal? In the press coop high in the grandstand, a reporter is punching his portable typewriter, and a bored telegraph operator looks over his shoulder and clicks the words into a newspaper office as fast as they appear. He writes:

"Old Connie's famous score-card wavings of course have no mystery attached to them. Ask Connie about them, and he will tell you frankly and simply, 'I'm just telling those outfielders to move around a bit because I know that feller at the bat is going to hit it to a spot where they ain't!'

"No one in baseball knows better than Connie what a batter is going to do. The outfielders ought to know—but then ball players always will be ball players, and that is what Connie is there for—to wave them around until they stand where he knows they ought to be. When I asked him why he used a score card, he looked at me with his pale-blue eyes for a moment, and then said very patiently in his high-pitched, tired voice, 'Because it's something for them to see, son. If I just waved my hands at them they wouldn't see them, but the score card catches their eyes. I could use any piece of paper. You understand, don't you? . . .'"

Overhead sails a silver frankfurter as a U. S. naval dirigible pokes its shining nose earthward at Shibe Park in Philadelphia to see what is happening. From the outfield a magnavox, a terrific electric throat, speaks to 30,000 gathered at the baseball game, and commands them to be silent. Then it addresses a lady presumably seated among the 30,000 present and brays at her the macabre news that her mother has unexpectedly been snatched by the grim reaper to a happier plane and that perhaps she had better go home. How sweet the uses of modern inventions.

The end of another decade. New ball players—Foxx, and Al Simmons, and Earnshaw, and Walberg, and Lefty Grove. And still McGillicuddy, nearing sixty-seven, a shrunken caricature of the man of three decades ago—but never mind that. His seventh pennant, and amid a rattle of bats against ball, a sudden and wholly unexpected ninth-inning cacaphony that caused a round-faced gentleman sitting in a box, known as Herbert Hoover, to blink his small eyes, and clap one hand against another—Connie's fourth World Series.

This same McGillicuddy!

THE one deed which has made Connie Mack more famous than any other was the breaking up of his famous championship baseball club in 1914. That, and the popular belief that it has taken him fifteen years to bring his club back to its former glory.

Wide World photo

Four members of Connie Mack's family. From left to right, Mrs. McGillicuddy, Rita, Ruth, and Earl McGillicuddy.

Connie's sudden decision to dispose of this great team was merely the move of a smart business man who liquidates when the market is at tops and about to crack. It was not alone the spectators who became indifferent to the Athletics. The players themselves had lost their edge. Connie diagnosed their trouble. "They all had money—too much of it," he said. And the Federal League was stealing players.

He sold. And realized in the neighborhood of $160,000 for his stars. That was velvet. Dough in the bank. The fury of the war storm broke, and McGillicuddy, the quiet, wise, old fox, withdrew to the cellar, both literally and figuratively, until it should blow over.

It took five years. And each of those years the Athletics were in last place. Connie didn't care a lot. He was experimenting with youngsters. There was no extraordinary interest in baseball—or any other sport.

November, 1918, the air became still for the first time. Ears attuned to constant rumbling listened for the thunder that had ceased. Picture now the fox, emerging from his hole, blinking and sneezing, cocking a wary eye at the sun, shaking himself, trying out muscles, mental and physical, grown stiff from inactivity. That particular hunting season was over, and McGillicuddy had not bothered to prepare for the next. Nevertheless, in the head of the tall manager, Philadelphia's quest for another championship had begun.

Now, as I enumerate the succeeding years and Connie's position at the end of each, make yourself a mental graph and note the terrific upswing of Mr. McGillicuddy. In 1921 he was still in last place. At the end of 1922 he had moved up one notch to seventh. In 1923 he finished sixth. Up another to fifth place in 1924. And in 1925 he left the second division for good and all. He finished second. The following year he dropped to third, but in 1927 and 1928 he was second both years behind a phenomenal Yankee team that was so good that in two years it won eight consecutive World Series games.

Correction then. It took Connie Mack ten and not fifteen years to win himself another pennant. And three out of those ten he was in second place. Two out of those three he was licked by a fountain pen. And there you can begin to formulate a picture of the eternal youth of McGillicuddy who was already forty years old when horse cars began to vanish from the streets of New York. He matched fountain pen against fountain pen, check book against check book. He was fighting the millionaire brewer, Jacob Ruppert. He paid $106,000 for Lefty Grove. The price tag on Mickey Cochrane was $50,000. Sammy Hale cost $75,000. George Earnshaw took the same amount from the Shibe-McGillicuddy treasury. That is the modern way to get a championship ball club in a hurry. You go out and buy it, as Colonel Ruppert bought the Yankees, and as Mr. Wrigley purchased his Chicago Cubs. And if you reckoned up Connie's expenditures for ball players, you would find that the old gentleman outspent and outmoderned his younger opponents.

P. & A. photo

Connie Mack, Jr., six feet four and a chip of the old block.

The reason that Connie Mack was not fired from his job during his unproductive years, as other baseball managers are fired, was that Connie was half owner of the club. Anyway, old B. F. Shibe was a great old fellow. He loved Connie, and it was he who advanced Connie the money back in 1901 to buy out two quarter interests held by a couple of fellows anxious to sell.

When B. F. was gathered to his ancestors, his two sons John and Tom took over the reins. Connie gets along with them all right, but it isn't quite the way it was with the old man around. Kindly, fatherly Connie. His men love him. His associates love him. He has no enemies.

In his younger days when his hair was black and curly and his eyebrows two thick black smudges over gray-blue eyes, Connie had more the look of a pert Irish humorist. Now Time has taken tucks in the leathery folds of his face, and the pleasant eyes have retreated behind twin ledges, white, tufted, and with the wrinkles of years of smiles at the corners.

His mouth is human and sympathetic, and never forms into the tight, thin, cruel lines of moral indignation and condemnation. He carries locked in his skull a most staggering amount of baseball knowledge, information and instinct. He can tell Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker things about playing the outfield and also playing certain batters that they never knew, and he frequently did. Cobb told me so.

IT has been a source of considerable mystery to the younger generation (and the oldsters too) from whence springs Connie's gentleness. When Connie played ball, and when he first managed ball players, the game was disreputable, and decent hotels would no more accept a ball club as transient or permanent residents than theaters and fashionable restaurants cared to be patronized by sailors. The ball player was supposed to gravitate between the saloon and the diamond. He was a rough, foul-mouthed fellow who spat on the floor, would get drunk more often than not, and had no social connections whatsoever. He was always getting into fights, and traffic between player and manager was conducted with all the finesse you could find in a Bowery flop house or a river-front saloon.

And from out this uncouth and violent era and pastime has come this mild-spoken, easy-going, and benevolent gentleman who behaves more like the nice old man in the play who is always losing his glasses than a baseball manager, or at least the way a baseball manager is supposed to behave. McGillicuddy will not even scold a delinquent player in front of his team mates. He waits until he can get him alone in the lobby or some corner of the hotel that night.

I am minded of the stories in point. During some important series or other, when the men had money riding

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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One of the First Signs of a Clogged System

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McGILLICUDDY
Continued from page seventy-one

on every pitch, one of the boys began counting his profits on the base paths. He was just on his third hundred thousand when the second baseman ran over to him and screwed the ball into his ribs; but what really woke him up was the umpire bawling, "Yer AHT!"

The players in the dugout were furious because the young man had gone to sleep on their money. They growled and cursed and allowed they'd tell him a few things. The man came shambling off the diamond with his face the color of a fireman's suspenders. It is reported that Connie looked almost a little frightened.

"No, no, now, boys," he said. . . . "Don't say a word to him. Don't just say a word. You all ought to know how bad he feels. Now, let's not say anything at all to him right now. . . ."

And so the felon walked into his dugout through a heavy curtain of silence and nothing was said. But maybe down at the bottom the man who knows men knew silence at that juncture was greater punishment than expletives.

Or, in the old days, when Mack had the weird and irresponsible eccentrics, Waddell and Schreckengost, on his hands. Schreck was a great catcher, and a great lover as well. One day, in the presence of Schreck in a hotel room, Connie turned to Monte Cross, his spidery shortstop (now in the men's clothing department of a store in Philadelphia), and a rather model young fellow as young fellows went in those days, and said:

"See here, Mont, I'm sorry to have to speak to you this way, but it's for your own good and the good of the ball club. You'll have to cut out drinking and staying out late nights and carousing around and a lot of other bad habits. What's more, you'll have to do it now or I'll just have to let you go. Now you know I mean that. . . ."

Ring photo

Joe Bush.

MONTE, who had never taken a drink in his life and who turned in promptly at ten P. M. nightly, never batted an eye. Later, when he and Schreck were alone, Schreck said:

"Gee whiz, Monte, I didn't know you were a cut-up. Say, he was mad, wasn't he? If he ever found out about me he'd fire me in a minute. Maybe I'd better go easy. I'd better cut out a lot of things, huh? We'll both get let out. . . ."

"You damn fool," said Cross. "He means you!"

Rube Waddell was the greatest pitcher that ever lived, but not when he was stone sober or had been sober over a stretch. Harry Davis, first baseman, and for years Connie's captain, used to keep a bottle of brandy in his locker. Now and then, between innings, he would sneak Rube a drink behind Connie's back. That is to say, Connie would always know when it was coming off and so managed to have his back well turned at the proper moment.

All this is, of course, no mystery at all. Neither environment nor circumstances could ruin the sweetness of McGillicuddy's character. The early treatment he received when a catcher, instead of embittering him, merely made him determine not to behave similarly to players should he ever find himself in a position of authority. He has the Irishman's sensitiveness to rebuke coupled with an understanding of human nature to an extraordinary degree. He is one of the foremost children of that lovely lady Mrs. Do-As-You-Would-Be-Done-By.

THERE is a tendency, especially if one is a newspaper man, when pursuing a lovely character through a series of personal tributes to grow both suspicious and cynical. I have seen too many character studies of virtuous athletes curdle overnight. But a fairly exhaustive research into the past and present life of McGillicuddy has developed nothing more scandalous and reprehensible than a predilection for the bat tipping, or sometimes bat holding, on the part of a long, skinny Irishman who caught in the old days.

This is a practice at which McGillicuddy was an adept and it can secure a catcher a fine punch in the nose (if his mask happens to be off). It is a stratagem that has practically gone out of style today. Just as the batter is at the most tender part of his swing, that crucial moment when there must be perfect coöperation of eye and muscle and nerve and concentration, McGillicuddy would reach up with his big catcher's mitt and give the end of the bat a bit of a shove. The batter would twitch, the ball would fly past, and the umpire would bawl, "Strike!" McGillicuddy would look very innocent. Where more drastic action was needed to keep the batter from bashing the ball out of the lot, McGillicuddy would in some manner get a firm hold on the bat. The umpire, who in those days stood behind the pitcher, was too far away to see what was going on.

That sort of thing was considered pretty smart in those days. Shortly after the last World Series, I saw a piece in the paper to the effect that Jimmy Dykes, Philadelphia first baseman, confessed at a banquet that the Athletics had stolen the signals of the Chicago team and used them against them. But I cannot say that I find in this any indication of a leavening streak of human meanness or cussedness that would make the person of Cornelius McGillicuddy a little more comprehensible to the average citizen. I don't want the reader flinging this book against the wall in disgust, murmuring, "Hell, the man must have *some* faults. . . ." Of course he must have some. For all I know, he eats crackers in bed or improves his lie in the rough or sleeps in his underwear. But he doesn't seem to have any that count.

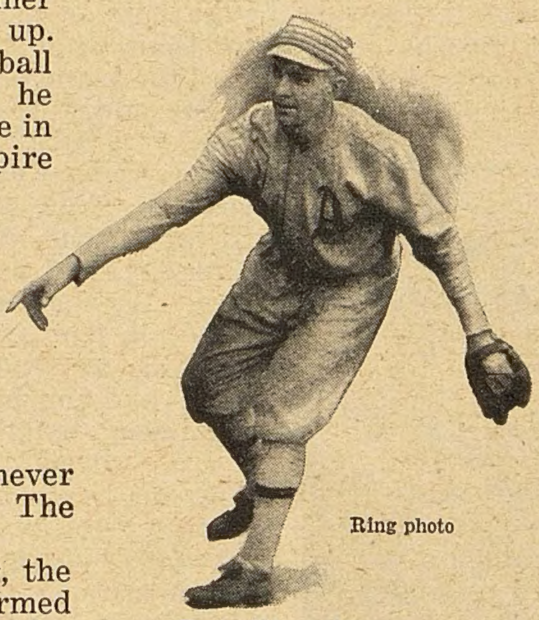
As a matter of fact he is apparently the only baseball manager who has any notion of what constitutes sportsmanship. The Athletics were involved in one of their World Series back in 1911 or 1913, and the Giants had a runner on third. There was a play on the batter and a try at the home plate, but the Giant runner came in standing up. Everybody in the ball park noticed that he overstepped the plate in scoring. The umpire called him safe and then awaited Connie Mack's protest which he would have had to allow under the rules. He even looked over into the dugout at Connie who never moved a muscle. The game went on.

When it was over, the newspaper men swarmed Connie and asked him why he hadn't protested the run for failure to touch the plate. You must picture the quiet, quizzical expression on Connie's face as he looked at the excited reporters and said, "He beat the throw, didn't he?"

McGillicuddy the man, gaunt, gray, a little tired, lives in Germantown, on the corner of Cliveden Road, in a comfortable, attractive house furnished in the modern American manner. He has lived there for thirteen years and the place has become a part of his life so that it is no longer just a house but a part of the McGillicuddys. He lives with his second wife and four of his children—Betts, Connie, Jr., Rita, and Ruth. His eldest son is Earl. Mary, his oldest girl, recently entered a convent. And if it hurt Connie to lose her to something which has always been a very deep and sincere part of his life, no one outside his family has ever heard about it. But it did hurt him. His pride is Connie, Jr., a strikingly handsome boy, who inherited his father's six feet four. Connie, Jr., can box. Recently he won the amateur championship of his school. In private, the thought made his father's face crinkle into a smile more pleased and proud than the one he wore when his ball club won for him his fourth world championship. It went deeper and spread around his heart.

MOST of McGillicuddy's storms are over, and his home is a splendid port. His distractions are golf and bridge, the radio and the theater. Simple, solid tastes, a plain solid family where love and companionship of children are the daily lot of Father McGillicuddy home from work.

Nor is there any sudden change that comes over Connie the man during the trip from his home to the ball park, his walk through the sheet-iron tunnel of his private staircase from his office to the dugout where he emerges as Connie the manager. His person remains the same quiet, benevolent, fatherly gentleman illuminated by occasional flashes of humor and dry comments, as when his eye will catch some youngster grandstanding in practice with one-hand stops, and megaphoning his inevitable score card he will call over, "Hey! Sign up that other hand, out there!"


Ring photo

Bob Shawkey.

CONNIE knows hitters better than any man living, probably. On defense he is the tenth man on the team. He accepts full responsibility for errors when he plays his outfielders wrong against batters, but play them he does, like an orchestra leader his band, and with his score card as his baton he places them, a few feet this way, a few yards that way, in, out—and behold, a three-base hit becomes a line drive into the glove of an outfielder who doesn't stir from the spot to pull it in.

Connie's pitchers are on their own, but his batters carry out offensives that Connie has planned two innings back. Connie is always playing from two to three innings ahead. Some little motion or action of the opposing pitcher has awakened some tiny furrow on Connie's brain, three-quarters of whose convolutions must have to do with baseball. The thrower is weakening. A few more innings and he will be ripe for what Connie knows he likes least. And he'll get it.

On the field he plays his men for what they can do best and no more. His philosophy embraces the futility of the square peg in the round hole. If a man about to come to bat is notoriously a poor bunter but can hit from his toes when hits are needed, Connie won't order him to sacrifice when that would appear to be the obvious move. He figures that he is putting his man at a disadvantage and himself as well. But he will expect the batter to come through with what he can do best.

Connie is no hell-fire dressing-room operator. He talks quietly, with great feeling, emotion, and, above all, logic. Typical was a meeting he called on one of the western trips last season after the boys had blown a couple of series. He called it in the garish and empty ballroom of a chain hotel. And he addressed not so much his youngsters as the veterans on his team.

"You boys who have been with me when we were trying to get out of the cellar . . . was there anybody trying to show you a good time when we were down in seventh place? The

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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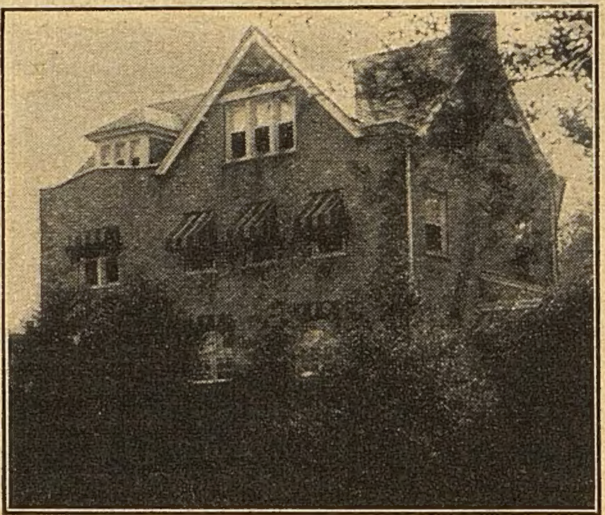
McGILLICUDDY
Continued from page seventy-three

women didn't bother to come around in those days, did they? And you boys who have come to us from clubs who finished in the second division last year . . . didn't notice any crowds waiting for you outside the gates after the games, did you? . . . Forget all the crowds and the flatterers, forget anything that won't let you play the best ball you know how."

He talked for quite a while in his high-pitched, earnest voice. The team filed out solemnly and began to win ball games again.

In his quiet way, Connie can blister a man who needs it, and his players have found that bluff and bluster don't work with him and that the easiest thing to do is tell him the truth. When a man comes in off the field after having perpetrated some gross misplay, Connie will merely say to him, "Did you understand that play you made there a minute ago?" If he is intelligent, he will tell the truth and admit that he didn't. With infinite patience, Connie will explain it to him. If, on the other hand, he is just the average ball player and says, "Sure I knew what it was all about," Connie will give him his tolerant quizzical look and say, "Well, then, why didn't you do it?" And from there on the ball player begins to dwindle and shrink until by the time he is through he is about small enough for Connie to pick up and put into his pocket.



The McGillicuddy home in Germantown, Pennsylvania.

There is nothing in baseball that Connie hasn't seen and nothing in human beings either. Someone once asked me how Connie handles the bad boys. The answer is that he doesn't keep them. Before he buys, or engages, a ball player, Connie looks up enough of his personal history to know whether he is going to fit into his organization. The bad ones don't stay, not because they're bad, because McGillicuddy's great, lean frame is filled with tolerance, sympathy, and understanding of human desires and cravings and failings, but because their baseball goes sour.

Connie put up with the weird Waddell because, drunk or sober, Rube was the greatest pitcher that ever lived. Monte Cross, between selling an overcoat to a portly Philadelphian and a two-pants suit to a skinny ditto, told me one time that Waddell was advertised to pitch in Detroit and never showed up either at the hotel or the ball park. Connie had to stick in Plank. At eight o'clock that night, Rube came clattering up in front of the hotel driving a six-horse tallyho, his face cut and bleeding. He had gone off into Canada and played lacrosse all day long. Connie just smiled his dry smile and told him to get his face patched up. Rube was so contrite he won the next four games he pitched.

Long after he had left him, and to his dying day, Connie took care of Rube and sent him money. And only Connie knows how many of his old-timers are on his private pension list.

NOTHING apparently ruffles the tremendous placidity of the man. The happenings on the field pass through those quiet eyes into his shaggy head and that apparently is the end of it. The good, the bad, the dull, the exciting, all are merely a part of life's ceaseless and eventually pleasant stream to this leader of children.

Perhaps this last notion more than any explains McGillicuddy's success with ball players. He sees them as the confused and irresponsible little boys they are, and they in turn look to him as a father to whom they may bring their troubles, spiritual as well as practical.

Through his head whirl constantly the thousand details that are part of the existence of a successful baseball manager—the intricate scouting systems, for instance. Connie never turns down a player who writes to him. Everyone receives an answer and possibly a tryout. Philadelphia still has no Sunday baseball (great and moral community), and up to a few years ago McGillicuddy would be found of a Sabbath on a day coach or reeking excursion train, bound for Baltimore to look at a certain young outfielder, or Newark to watch a pitcher who had been recommended, or for New Haven to study a well-spoken-of shortstop.

In those crazy days when he was trying to build up his ball team (and looking over some 600 players in the process) a curious individual by the name of Rettick got down off a delivery wagon in Philadelphia and went into the ball yard and struck Connie for a job as pitcher.

Connie's eyes wandered over the heterogeneous assortment of throwers in his bullpen and said, "You can't possibly be any worse than what I've got. Get in a monkey suit and go on out there and pitch this afternoon." Rettick's eyes popped. He said, "You mean I'm to pitch now?" "Sure," said Connie. "You did say you were a pitcher, didn't you?" That was the year the Browns, who were playing there that day, had a lot of toe-hold hitters. At the end of the afternoon they all had strained backs from waving at Rettick's high-school curve and at what Connie called his "nothing ball." He beat them, 1—0. Old man Shibe was late getting out to the ball park. He came hurrying over to Connie, crying, "What's happened here?"

"A miracle!" said Connie. Rettick never won another game.

CONNIE has a weakness for college men. One of the things that the Carnegie Foundation report did not mention is the number of young men whose four-year tuition bill has been paid by Connie Mack, and who later signed with him. Newspaper men would consider it a breach of confidence to reveal at which school Connie has prospective ball players. One of them, a recent graduate and a pretty slick ball player who had been put through by Connie, came to him and said:

"Mr. Mack, I feel pretty bad about this, but I'm not going to be a ball player. I've had a wonderful offer as a football coach. And I want to pay you back."

Connie patted his shoulder: "Now don't you worry, son [he calls everyone son]. You go ahead and do what you think you're best fitted for."

No one has ever heard Connie use vile language. He doesn't drink outside of his home. He dresses in dark clothing, never wears a soft collar, and parts his hair in the middle. He occasionally breaks a hundred on the golf course. He likes to fish, doesn't smoke, is an ardent church member, and is amused by practical jokes. His players worship him. No player who ever left Connie Mack for another club had an unkind thing to say about him.

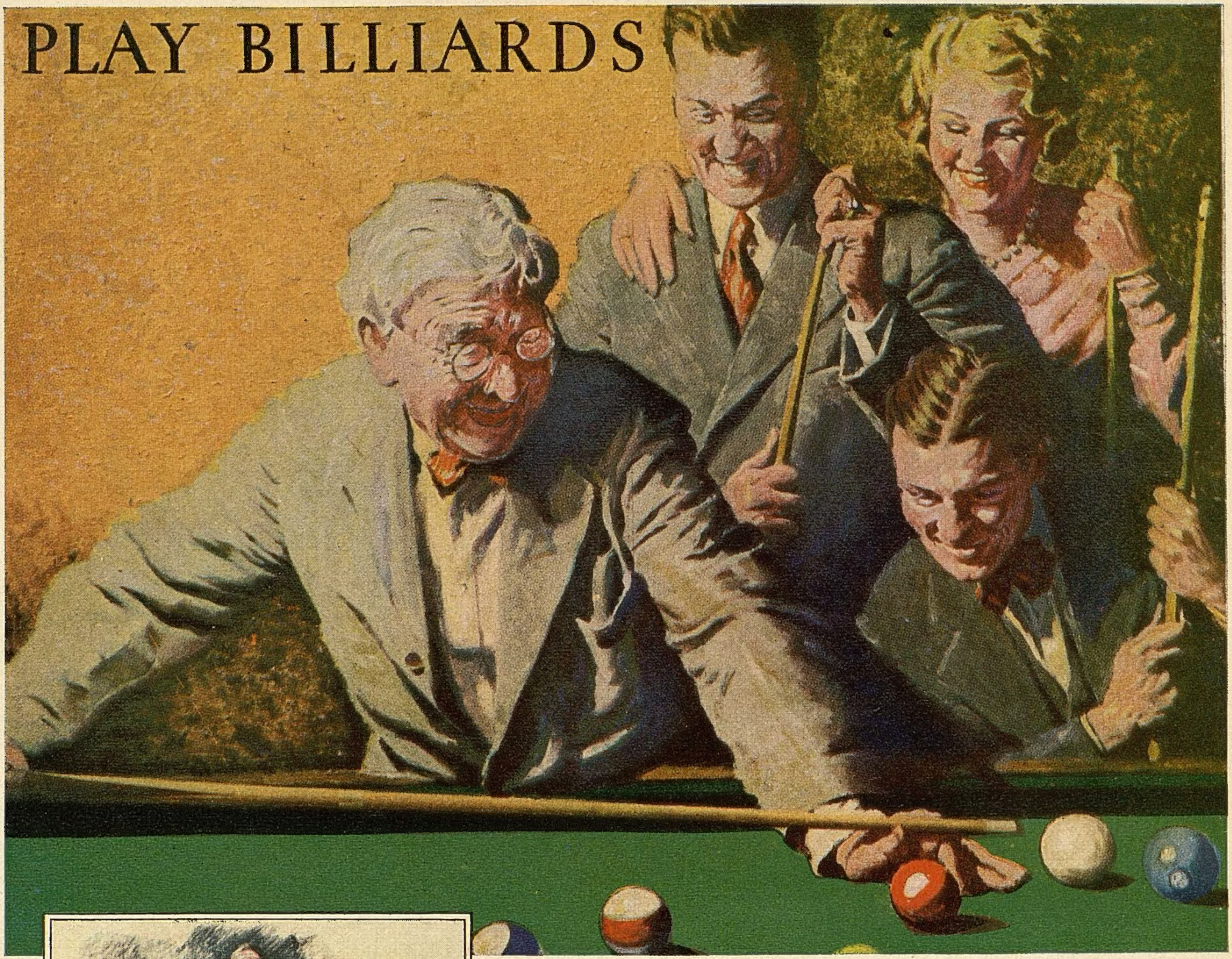
The last time I saw McGillicuddy he stood like a benevolent and slightly bewildered parish priest in the lobby of the Penn A. C. at Philadelphia while his friends swirled around him and wrung his hands and told him how happy they were that he had succeeded.

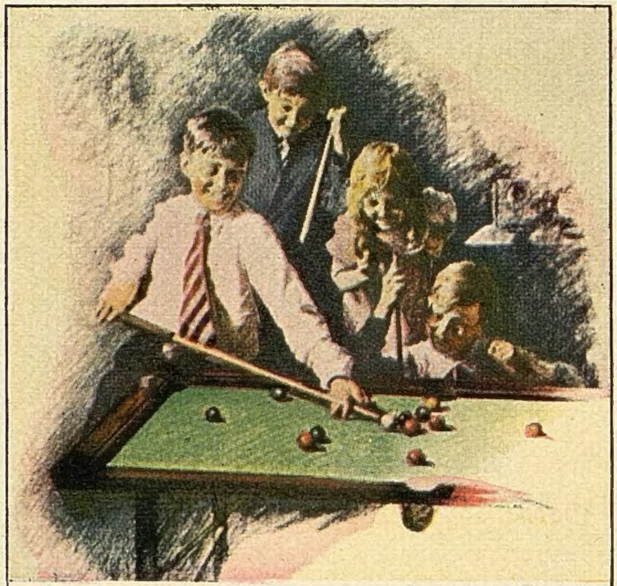
Doubtless there were present many of the solid citizens of Philadelphia who had demanded that Connie be got rid of during the lean period of the club, and doubtless, too, Connie knew it. And I thought as I watched him surrounded by sycophant and true friend that nobody was fooling that old man over there and probably no one ever would.

For an old man to succeed in a young man's world as Connie has just done is a pretty wonderful thing. Connie's day and age ought long to have been over. As it stands now, there is every possibility that McGillicuddy will win a major-league pennant in his fourth decade as the manager of the Philadelphia American League baseball club. The other major-league managers will tell you how they love good old Connie and what a wonderful thing it is to have him still around winning pennants, but in their hearts, the younger ones, all of them, will be glad when McGillicuddy wearily cries "Enough!" and retires.

THE END

PLAY BILLIARDS





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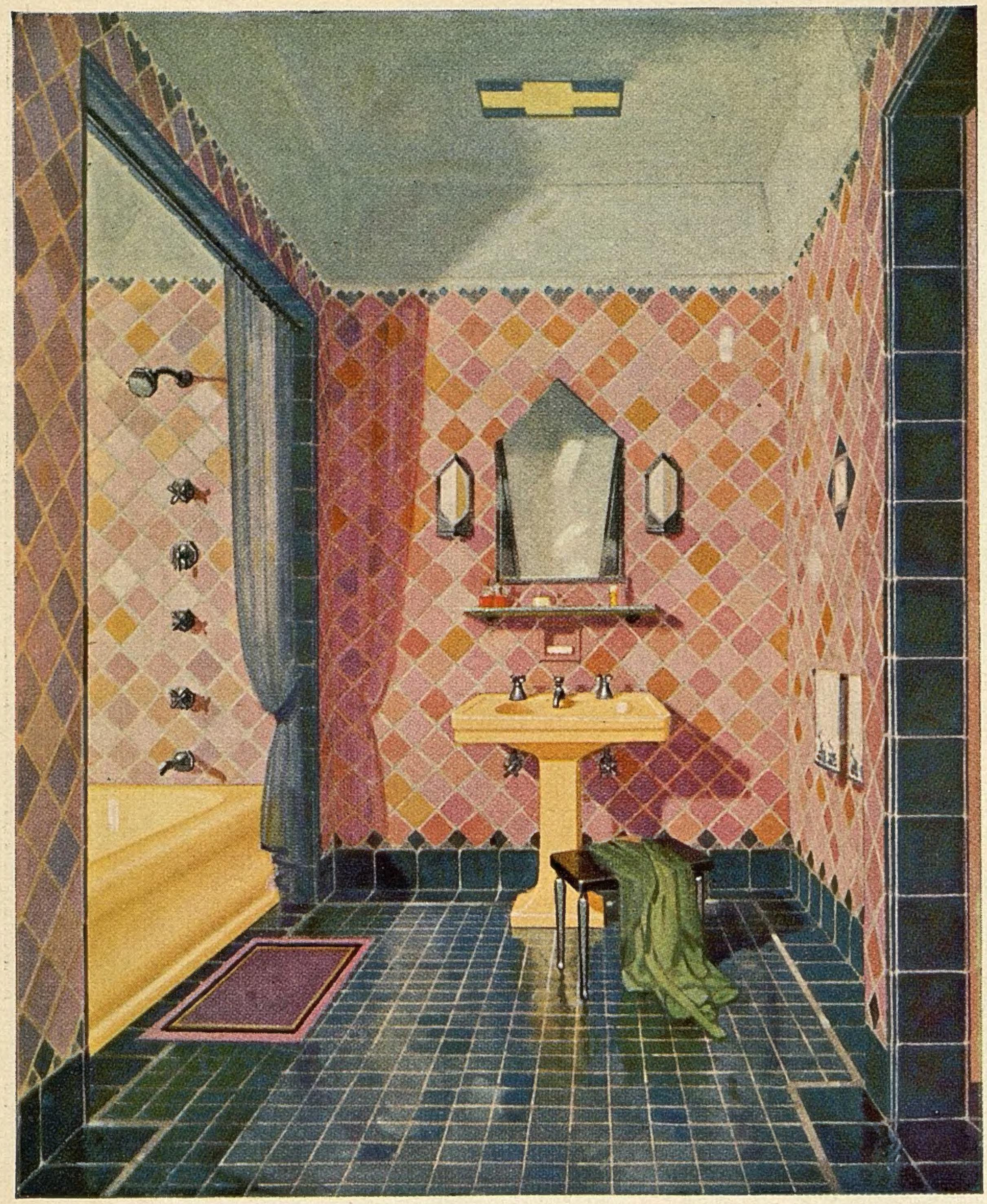

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